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THE

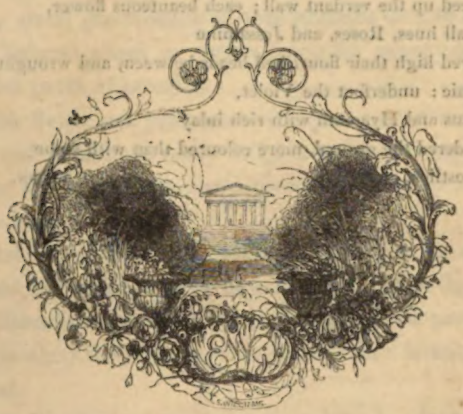
PARTERRE

OF

FICTION, POETRY, HISTORY, AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

WITH TWENTY-EIGHT ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. III.



SEMPER FLORENS.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY EFFINGHAM WILSON, JUNIOR.

CHRISTMAS,
1835.

The Roof
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade
Laurel and Myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant Leaf: on either side
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, Roses, and Jessamine
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic: underfoot the Violet,
Crocus and Hyacinth with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem. *Milton.*

LONDON:

PRINTED BY MANNING AND SMITHSON,
IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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PREFACE.

As a fond mother sleeks the silken curls, arranges the handsome attire, and pats the soft cheek of her pretty boy, before she sends him forth to his daily walk to be stopped and caressed by all in whose path he chances to come,—just so do we, dear and enlightened Public!—invest our darling *Parterre*, on this its third appearance before you, with that finishing stroke to its structure—*a Preface*.

If, however, a Preface be, in general, little better than a dull cuckoo note, it is no small gratification in this instance to find that the merits of the new Volume afford no scanty limits for panegyric, and open no few untrodden paths of promise.

The "fresh fields and pastures new" possess too many beauties in themselves, and proffer too many delights to him who approaches them, not to render the mere invitation a pleasant labour to him who stands porter at the gate.

We venture to think it may without arrogance be asserted of *The Parterre*, that its volumes have now attained (what the genius, judgment, and liberality combined in its production so proudly evince to have been its aim) that throne, near which there is not only no *Rival* but no *Equal*.

But perhaps the highest ground we can take in advancing the claims of *The Parterre* to a continuation of the notice it has already enjoyed, and an enlargement of the circulation which has already ushered its elegant pages to the dusky towers of old continental towns, and the forests and cities of transatlantic realms, is this—that while, in its illustrations, the most liberal disregard of expense has been manifested—all paltry jealousy on the one hand, and all sordid servility on the other, have been equally avoided in the arrangement of its literary garniture.

While Original Papers have been courteously invited, and have

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received, when deserving, the due encouragement of impartial insertion —no respect of persons, no fear of offending, no desire of propitiating, have influenced the admission of contributions unworthy of *The Parterre;* and as for that portion of the work drawn from contemporary sources, it needs only a perusal to shew that its selections have been regulated by minds deficient neither in taste nor good sense.

Joy then to the Christmas hearth by whose kindly glow and under whose dark-green ivy, and yellow misletoe, and scarlet-beaded holly-bush, these pictured Pages shall be read!

Peace to the sanctuary of solitude, that glimmering in shine and shadow, with its gusty taper light, is cheered by these Romantic Legends!

Sweet dreams to the curtained pillow which these gentle Stories shall haunt to sleep!

To one and all we wish no worse employment on these lowering and solemn evenings than that which at once filled with enjoyment and awe the dead Necromancer of Ettrick:

> And when that mountain sound I heard,
> That bids us be for storm prepared,
> The distant rustling of his wings,
> As up his force the tempest brings;
> 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
> To sit upon the wizard's grave,
> On which no sunbeam ever shines,
> (So Superstition's creed divines:)
> Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
> Heave her broad billows to the shore;
> And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
> Spread wide, through mist, their snowy sail,
> And ever stoop again, to lave
> Their bosoms on the surging wave.
> Then, when against the driving hail,
> No longer might my plaid avail,
> *Back to my lonely home retire,*
> *And light my lamp, and trim my fire;*
> *There ponder o'er some mystic lay,*
> *Till the wild tale had all its sway,*
> *And in the bittern's distant shriek,*
> *I heard unearthly voices speak!*

December 18*th*, 1835.

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ERRATA.

Page 21, second column, line the thirty-second, for "sacred," read "second."
—— 28, second column, for "N. P. Willis," read "T. S. Fay."
—— 50, second column, line the eleventh, for "ancestor," read "another."
—— 106, first column, in alluding to Sharon Turner, we have erroneously designated him "Reverend," instead of "LL. D."
—— 129, second column, for "fewer," read "no fewer."

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THE PARTERRE
OF FICTION, POETRY, HISTORY, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. 53. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1835. Price Two-Pence.

Page 2.

THE ASSAULT OF IVRÉE.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

(From the French.)

During the campaign of 1800, the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and of Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battle-field of Marengo, had yet to surmount that vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying, the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the result of natural position; there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices, or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivrée, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three youngest, but already most illustrious, Generals in Europe—Massena, Lannes, and Bernadotte.

Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient moreover to assume his positions for the investment of Milan, the Commander-in-chief, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary

combat, of fierce attack and the most heroic defence, a handful of the defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves, as a last resort, into the quarters of Adjutant-General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as they could. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loop-holes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded, for a last desperate resistance.

Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer in command of two battalions, to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer, equally distinguished among his fellow-soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way, at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went, upon the bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation, opposed the entrance of the republicans; and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old General aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once and for ever, had it not been skilfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and wearied veteran—he fell; and in another moment, the apartment was filled with the republicans.

The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his military life, stepped forward to despatch the fallen General, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth in a voice of terror and despair—

"Spare him—oh spare him—do not take his life—he is my husband—the father of my child!"

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant, with an eye in which there was no trace either of anger or of pity—and then, deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart!

The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet, and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who at the sight of his father's massacre had hidden himself, pale and trembling, under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican, and exclaimed—

"Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work, and destroy the son!"

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French General, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de théatre*. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; pallor overspread his features, and his limbs shook; while Madame H., as if by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the General, with a single cry for "vengeance!"

The General raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same moment an explanation of the scene before him. There was but little need for words; the objects upon which he gazed bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse—that female, upon whose lineaments were stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with his pallid cheeks, and his eyes streaming tears, calling upon his father, who answered not. The General perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be admitted. His eye flashed fire, and striking his glove forcibly upon the palm of his left hand, he turned abruptly and with a lowering brow, to the assassin, who stood before him speechless and trembling, and exclaimed—

"Sir, you are a coward and a savage! What! murder in cold blood an unarmed man—defenceless—a veteran—before the eyes of his wife, imploring mercy! It is the act of a fiend!"

"But, General," muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice—the voice of one who feels that he is lost—

"Be silent, sir!" interrupted the General; "I listen to no excuses; I admit of no defence. You are unworthy to serve the republic. Give me up your sword, your epaulets. From this moment you are dismissed from the brigade you have disgraced, from the army upon which you are a stain!"

The Major raised his head with a proud, fierce look.

"General," he said, but with a voice that betrayed his emotion, "I surrender my sword; but I demand a trial by my comrades."

"You shall have it, sir, and within the hour."

Then turning to the officers who had accompanied him to the spot, and reverentially baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them—

"Unite with me, gentlemen, in rendering the tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy."

The remainder of that dreadful day was passed by Madame H. in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honours, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of such peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her, except her boy, sunk into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body; but now, when the assassin had undergone the shame of a public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hapless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed, when, early the next morning, a French aid-de-camp waited upon her with a request from the Commander-in-chief that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of inquiry or remonstrance, she arose, took her child into her arms, and followed the messenger of the General.

Led to the council-chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H. found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those celebrated men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost, and of whom, in after years, so many were to lose, on battle-fields, amid the intrigues of cabinets, or the corruptions of a court, the honour for which they were now panting, or the lives they were now so ready to peril in its winning. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche, and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the General, who, with his arms folded on his breast and his eyes fixed upon the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation.

On the entrance of Madame H., he stopped abruptly—motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment upon the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk. Madame H. began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception, the silence that prevailed around her, all combined, first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might call forth a solution of her doubts. All at once the roll of a drum, at a little distance, startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the General, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below, the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

"Look, madam," he said, in a calm, yet impressive tone; "the man whom you see lying dead upon the ground, was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms have condemned to death, for the assassination of an Austrian, in a city taken by assault."

He paused for a moment; then glancing round upon the officers who stood near them, he continued—

"You are at liberty to quit Ivrée this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell, madame; report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French."

This General, at that time First Consul, was afterwards the Emperor Napoleon. ——— J. I.

JULIA'S GARLAND.

(For the Parterre.)

—

Everybody has heard or read of *La Guirlande de Julie* — Julia's Garland; but it is much to be doubted, if everybody is familiar with the facts relating to it. A better authority cannot be quoted than that to be found in the *auto-biographical* work of the learned Huet, Bishop of Avranches; an elegant translation of whose book, from the original Latin, was given to the public, some years since, by the late Dr. John Aikin. The passage is here transcribed from the doctor's version; and the reader will be pleased to recollect that it is *Mons. Huet* himself who is the interlocutor.

"The plan adopted by MONTAUSIER, for the elucidation of the writers of antiquity, reminds me of another truly elegant device of his, breathing all the sweets of lettered politeness, and highly celebrated in the verses of the French poets, under the name of 'JULIA'S GARLAND.' For being at that time deeply enamoured of JULIA d'ANGENNIS de RAMBOUILLET, he paid his court by all the attentions usual to lovers; and at the approach of the first of January, in which it is customary to send and receive new-year's gifts, he thought of making a present to the young lady of drawings of all the flowers afforded by that unpropitious season. He employed an artist who at that time was considered as the most excellent for painting flowers in the manner called miniature; and to each flower was subjoined its epigram or inscription, in verse, composed with great elegance and ingenuity, partly by himself, and partly by the most refined poets of the age—CHAPELAIX, DES MARETS, and several others his friends, in which all the excellencies of JULIA, mental and corporeal, were celebrated. These pieces were written out by a penman, so eminent in his art, that all the relics of his hand now in being, are valued at a high price. The collection magnificently bound, and inclosed in a case of scented Spanish leather, which was then an article of learned luxury, was presented to JULIA; and from that time 'JULIA'S GARLAND' was the theme of every polite circle, nor was there a person of cultivated taste of either sex, who did not wish to examine all its beauties.

"I had hitherto never obtained a view of this treasure, and had frequently complained to MONTAUSIER that I was almost the only one of his acquaintance who had not been gratified with the sight. Once, when I was making this complaint, JULIA-MARIA, MONTAUSIER'S daughter, the wife of CRUSSOL DUKE of UZEZ, by whom I was sitting, whispered in my ear that I should obtain my wish on the next day. She kept her word, and on the morrow took me into her library, which was small, but filled with a select collection of valuable books, elegantly bound, and ornamented according to the female taste, which she had procured for her own use. Then taking down the desired volume—'Here,' (said she), is 'JULIA'S GARLAND;' read and enjoy it till I return, and that no one may interrupt you, suffer me to shut you up under lock and key in this closet, where you shall be my prisoner till sun-set.'

"This captivity continued for four hours, and was sweeter to me than any liberty could be, as I seemed to be left in the company of all the most celebrated men of the age, for wit and politeness."

It would be paradoxical to suppose that a work which had obtained such contemporaneous reputation—a reputation descending even to a succeeding age, should have been confined to the bookshelf of JULIA, or of JULIA'S DAUGHTER; and should not by actual transcription, or the retentive memory of some favoured reader, have had its poetical beauties preserved through the medium of the press. Nevertheless, the writer of this article has no recollection ever to have met with a single production beyond the one which will be found subjoined; and which is, in fact, copied from Dr. Aikin's "Notes" on his translation. It is an epigram on the VIOLET; and was composed by JEAN DES MARETS de Saint Solin, one of the members of the French Academy, at the time of its institution; and presents no unfavourable specimen of poetical talent. An attempt is here made to render LA VIOLETTE into English; but the translator is aware, that, in aiming to give the *sense*, his copy fails in the *epigrammatic point* of its original.

LA VIOLETTE.

"Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon sejour,
Franchi d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
Mais, si sur vôtre front je puis me voir un jour,
La plus humble des fleurs sera la plus superbe."

THE VIOLET.

Shrinking instinctive from the public stare,
I veil my charms beneath some neighbour's shade,
And, unobtrusive, shun the gay parterre,
To court seclusion in the pensive glade;
But, if transplanted from my low retreat,
To form a chaplet for fair JULIA'S head,
I'd rise triumphant o'er my meaner state,
Unfold my purple and my odours spread.

—

Before dropping the subject of "JULIA'S GARLAND," it may be considered no irrelevant question to ask, What may have become of it? Should the noble families of MONTAUSIER, of RAMBOUILLET, and of UZEZ, have survived the lapse of two centuries, and the ordinary mutations of human life, it is too much to expect that they should have escaped the political convulsions, which have distracted their unhappy country, in these latter times. Their exalted rank exposed them to expatriation, and their wealth to the spoiler; and their very names are probably now only remembered through the annals

of the age they embellished, and the writings of a VOITURE, a BALZAC, a CHAPELAIN, and others, their illustrious contemporaries. What then has become of "JULIA'S GARLAND," the combined effort and *chef-d'œuvre* of the POET, the PAINTER, and the PENMAN? Is it yet an heir-loom in the family, or is it deposited on the shelf of a Royal Museum? No, let such hope be relinquished; it is more rational to believe that its fate has long since been decided *on the stalls that occupy the quays of the French capital.*

NOTES OF A READER.

The subjoined remarkable narrative is extracted from the "Recollections of the Marchioness de Créquy," a singular and amusing French work. The story is sufficiently wonderful, but the Marchioness vouches for its truth, as within her own knowledge.

—

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

THE Countess de Saulx Travanne et Busaneois had always passed for a strange person; she had savage habits, occult pastimes, and mysterious conduct. No suspected connexion, indeed, but no avowed friendships, and no more intimacies with her own relations than with her husband's family. She generally inhabited an old and dismal castle, named Lux, which is not far from Saulx le Duc, in Burgundy. The castle of Lux is the principal place of a barony, which is named after its chief. Madame de Saulx sometimes disappeared from her house without the knowledge of any one, without any individual having seen her go out, and without their being able to imagine what was become of her. After seven or eight days' absence and profound silence, they heard her bell ring, and found her again in her apartment, as if nothing had happened, and always in the same clothes which she wore the day she disappeared. The Prince de Condé, the governor of the province, and Monsieur Bouchat, the intendant of Bourgogne, always said that the most cunning and clear-sighted in the country could neither see nor comprehend any thing in it. The Countess de Saulx retired into her room one Saturday evening; she sent her women to bed, telling them she would not undress, as she was going to read: they heard her bolt the door of her room, and the two girls talked of it on going away, because their mistress hardly ever read or wrote, and there were neither books nor writing materials in her room.

"Do you comprehend what Madame is going to do, shut up quite alone in this old tower?"

"Heaven knows, and Heaven alone will."

It is right to tell you, that it was a turret of the castle which formed the partition to this room. It was lighted by a single casement, with very close and very solid iron gratings. The chimney, according to the ancient style, was barred in the opening with a double iron cross. This room was without closets, without issue, and without any other opening than the grated window, the barred chimney, and the door of entrance, of which this strange person had taken care to push the bolts. In fine, this said room was entered by a large chamber, in which slept an old demoiselle d'Aguesseau, whom her niece had received into her house because she was a sort of idiot, and perhaps also because she could pay a handsome pension. This was the state of the place, and such was the state of things.

They entered as usual at seven o'clock in the morning into the large room, which served as an ante-room or passage, and where Mademoiselle d'Aguesseau slept. They found her extended senseless on the floor, in her night-dress and night-cap, with her feet bare, and grasping tightly in her right hand the bell-rope, which she had pulled down. All that could be gathered from her when she recovered her speech (her intellects were gone for ever) was, that she had been much alarmed, and that she could not recollect any thing. They began by tapping gently at her niece's door, then they rapped loudly and long, but no answer was returned. They sent for the curate, the baillie of the manor, and all the head persons of the country around, who decided at length on breaking open the door, but after having deposed in writing that the said door was bolted within, while the key was on the outside of the door in the lock, and on the same side on which the deposition was signed by the witnesses. The Countess de Saulx was never seen again; nothing in her apartment was deranged, and her bed had not been slept in: two wax lights, which her maids had brought the night before, and which they had placed on a little table near her arm-chair, had been extinguished in the middle of the night, for it was calculated that they could not have burned above two hours and a half. One of her slippers, which I have

seen at her son's (of green velvet, with a red heel), had remained on the floor, near the large arm-chair, and it is all that has ever been found belonging to her. It was known that her son, the Cardinal de Tavannes, had hastened to the spot to institute judicial proceedings, but it was surmised that the Attorney-General of Bourgogne had intimated to him that the honour of his house might be compromised. Be this as it may, the cardinal suddenly abandoned his project of inquiry, and hastily returned to his diocese of Chalons. He was not at this time archbishop of Rouen. Some talked of sorcery and suspected relations with Bohemians; others spoke of the Deacon Paris, or the Chevalier de Follerat; then again of vampirism, which, however, could never account for the evaporation of a large woman of five feet four, without any trace. Every one talked of it, and for a long time, for the reason that they did not know what to say on the subject. The Chevalier d'Aguesseau has frequently repeated to me that he did not know any more of the circumstance than we did, and that it was an unfathomable event. Forty years have elapsed, and no explanation has come to light.

ARAB MARRIAGE.

THE following interesting account of an Arab marriage is given in M. de Lamartine's "Travels in the East."

This moment of calm and leisure was occupied in the preparations for a marriage between Giarah, son of Fares, chief of the tribe of El Harba, and Sabha, daughter of Bargiass, the most beautiful maid of the desert. Fares begged the Drahy (the most powerful chief of the Bedouins, and to whom the French emissaries had particularly attached themselves) to accompany him to Bargiass, to demand the lady in marriage. The chiefs of the tribes, in their richest dresses, escorted them. We arrived at the tent of Bargiass without any one coming to meet us. Bargiass rose not to receive us: such is the custom on the occasion. The least appearance of an advance is considered indelicate. After a few moments of silence, the Drahy spoke; "Why," said he, "do you give us so bad a reception? If you will not offer us refreshment, we will return home." Meantime Sabha, being concealed in a part of the tent reserved for the women, regarded her wooer through an opening in the cloth. Before the negotiation commences, it is necessary that the young maiden should make a sign that she accepts the lover presented to her; for if, after this secret examination, she tells her mother that her destined husband does not please her, the contemplated marriage is broken off. But, on the present occasion, the young man was handsome and of a noble and proud bearing, and Sabha made a sign of consent to her mother, who then replied to the Drahy, "You are welcome! Not only will we give you to eat, with all our heart, but we will grant you all that you desire." "We have come," replied the Drahy, "to ask your daughter in marriage, for the son of our friend; what do you ask for her marriage portion?" "One hundred nakas," (female goats of the finest description), replied Bargiass; "five hundred horses of the race of Nedgde, five hundred sheep, three negroes and three negresses to wait upon Sabha; and for her *troussean*, a shawl embroidered with gold, a robe of damask silk, ten bracelets of amber and of coral, and yellow boots." The Drahy made some observations on this exorbitant demand, saying, "You wish, then, to justify the Arab proverb—If you desire not to marry your daughter, exaggerate her price. Be a little more reasonable if you wish the marriage to take place." Finally, the portion was settled at fifty nackas, two horses, two hundred sheep, a negro and a negress. The *trousseau* demanded was granted. After having written this agreement, I read it with a loud voice. Then all present recited the prayer *Faliha*, the paternoster of the Mussulmans, which gives a sanction to the contract; and then goat's milk was served round to all the guests. After this repast, the younger persons of the party mounted on horseback to hurl the dijierid, and amuse themselves in other warlike pastimes. We separated at the close of the day, and nothing was thought of but preparations for the nuptial festival. After the expiration of three days, the marriage portion was ready. An immense *cortège* took the road to escort it, in the following order: in front marched a horseman with a white flag on the point of his lance; he cried out, as he advanced, "I am the bearer of the stainless honour of Bargiass." After him came the camels, decorated with garlands, flowers, and foliage, with their conductors; then the negro on horseback, richly dressed, surrounded by men on foot, singing popular airs. Behind them marched a troop of warriors, armed with matchlocks, which they fired off con-

tinually. Then followed a woman, carrying a vase of fire, in which she threw incense. Then the flock of milk sheep, driven on by shepherds, singing the same songs as Chibouk, the mother of Antar, sang near two thousand years ago; for the manners of the Bedouins never change. Then came the negroes on horseback, and surrounded by two hundred women on foot; this group uttered cries of joy, and sang nuptial songs which pierced the ears. The procession was closed by the camel which bore the *trousseau:* the shawl, embroidered with gold, hung like drapery over its back; the yellow boots dangled from its sides; and the objects of value, arranged in festoons, and built up with great taste, formed a sumptuous coronal. A little child, of the most illustrious family, mounted on this camel, cried out aloud, "May we be for ever victorious, and may the fires of our enemies be for ever extinguished!" As for me, I ran about from one side to the other, the better to enjoy this spectacle.

TAKING OFF A HEAD.

Mr. Hoskins, in his recently published "*Travels in Ethiopia*," relates the following anecdote, which is highly characteristic of the great men of the East.

"In our tent, yesterday, we took the figure and costume of a Bishareen boy, about eighteen, whose father, a powerful sheakh, had attempted to excite a revolt against the Pasha. Not being successful, he fled, and his son was detained in prison until the father paid a fine of 250 camels. By way of a jest, though a barbarous one, which I should not have allowed had I known of it, the Bey and his officers told the poor boy that we were to cut off his head, being Turks deputed from Cairo for that special purpose. He sat down on the ground in the attitude represented, with his head turned on one side, and remained motionless, in the same position, nearly three quarters of an hour. We remarked that we had never had a subject who sat so patiently. When we had finished, we told him he might get up, making him, at the same time, a small present; when, with a look of bewildered delight, he told us how differently he expected to have been treated, and that he had been awaiting every moment the stroke of the sabre.

"In the evening, when we were with the Bey, he sent for the poor youth, and frightened him again by telling him that, by virtue of the drawing we had made, we had a magical power over him, and should transport him with us into our own country. He opened his mouth aghast, asked everybody if it were true, and seemed struck with horror at the idea of never again seeing his native deserts. He addressed his inquiries particularly to Sheakh Seyd, who, as chief of the Ababdes, he did not think capable of deceiving him; but I verily believe many of the meliks and chiefs present, who affected to join in the laugh, really had doubts and misgivings that such, in truth, was the necromantic power of our pencils, and particularly of the camera lucida, with which I drew several of them. My artist took the Bey's likeness, at his own particular desire; I conceive, for one of his favourites. He was very well satisfied with the representation of his figure, rich costume, his sword and accoutrements, and of the fierceness of his mustachios; but he did not understand the shading, and begged my artist 'to take away those black things.' Before leaving Makkarif, the Bey shewed me round the indigo and hide manufactories belonging to the government. I parted from him with some regret, for he is decidedly the best Turk I have ever known; and it was a great pleasure for a few days to meet with such courtesy in these wild regions of interior Africa."

BOOKS RULE THE WORLD.

As Robinson Crusoe has sent many a spirited youth from the safe footing of dry land, in quest of adventures on the unstable element, so I believe can the influence of every volume be traced in its effects on a peculiar tribe of followers, to whom it has given an impulse in some path of life. There are those who have shaped their character according to the sage advice annually doled out in the appendix of an Almanac; and a select few have had their souls fired with heroic daring, by perusal of the bold achievements of Thomas Thumb. Wherever a book falls, there arises a spark which nothing but death can put out. Every man looks into a book as he looks into his glass—to adjust his opinions, and smooth down some rough spot on the face of his character. A book is a sort of little philosopher, whom we can force to chat whenever we choose, and draw from him an oracle without a fee; whom, as we bring fresh and warm from the book-shop, we tuck under our arm as if a wife or bosom-crony; and, retreating with it into some snug corner, hold agreeable and uninterrupted gossip.

HISTORIC GLEANINGS.

" History is philosophy teaching by example."
Lord Bolingbroke.

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RICHARD III.

Tudor well knew that he had no right to the throne, save the right of the victor, and that, after his spontaneous welcome as king, a time of re-action would come, when the vanquished party might obtain the sympathy, at least, of the people; he judged that nothing was more likely to intercept the return of those kindly feelings, than the widely-spread rumour that Richard was a monster of iniquity. There has always seemed to us somewhat of deep policy in the variety of murders with which he is charged. For the Lancastrians and the devout, there was the murder of "good King Henry," a charge which rests not, on the slightest foundation; for the adherents of the house of York, there was the murder of Clarence and the two young princes; while, to excite the rage of the whole female population, there was the murder of his wife, who unquestionably died of a lingering disease. Thus, to Lancastrian and Yorkist alike, Tudor stood forth as the avenger of their wrongs; while many a simple-minded man, who knew or cared nought about abstract political rights, listened with horror to the tale of the children's death in the Tower, and prepared to do homage to the upstart house of Tudor, as the instrument of signal vengeance in the hand of Providence.

That many circumstances conspire to render it probable that Richard had some hand in the mysterious disappearance of his nephews, and perhaps in their death, cannot be denied; but then there was a reason for this, while in the other instances, he would seem to have been actuated by a mere love of murder. As to the point of Richard's extreme deformity, altogether unimportant as that is, in comparison with the weightier charges brought against him, it yet proves the bitter spite by which his enemies were influenced. How could a deformed man, an absolute hunchback, have "cased his limbs in complete steel?" how could he have poised a lance, the mere weight of which would have overburdened half the soldiers of the present day? But the truth is, that whoever is an object of fear or hatred, is always invested with deformity. Cromwell was the most disgusting of objects, according to the Cavalier faith; and many of our readers doubtless recollect that the personal beauty of Napoleon, could not prevent his being represented as a deformed dwarf by the furious anti-Jacobins.

Most of the foregoing remarks, by the Editor of the *Athenæum*, are perfectly just; but there is nothing new in them. It has always appeared to us as more than doubtful, that Richard was *hump-backed*, though doubtless round-shouldered; and, as most round-shouldered men generally are, a very powerful fellow. The deformity was such as the armour of that time might be made to cover. As to his carrying a lance which would have been a load to a soldier of the present day, the idea is ridiculous; the lance of that period was not so formidable; and there are hundreds of men in our foot guards as strong as those who did battle at Bosworth field, much as we have degenerated. If any man doubt this, let him take a look at the Oxford Blues, and some of the Grenadier regiments. It is in large cities only that the human race is warped and stunted. Let the Editor take a trip into the counties of Devon, Somerset, Cornwall, Gloucester, or Wilts, and go to some wrestling match or single-stick meeting, and he will soon alter his opinion, and come to the conclusion, that although the staff of Richard's spear was a stout one, it was not quite so large "as a weaver's beam."

[Ed. Parterre.]

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IMITATED FROM GOËTHE'S WILHELM MEISTER.

Know'st thou that land, the land of love,
Midst emerald leaves, where gaily shines
The golden orange—in whose grove
Laurel with myrtle fondly twines?
Beloved! thither let us flee—
Those scenes were made for love and thee.

Know'st thou the clime in ruin grand,
Where mould'ring palaces appear,
Proud remnants of the master hand
That governed once the earth's wide sphere?
Beloved! dearer thou shalt be,
Mid wrecks of long past majesty.

Know'st thou the land, whose mountains guard
Its fairy plains with frowning mien?
Fear not their awful watch and ward,
Well know I every wildering scene—
And thou, beloved! shalt dearer be
Mid nature's proud sublimity.

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THE NATURALIST.

A TAME PANTHER.

Mrs. Lee has just published a volume under the title of "Stories of Strange Lands," which contains a vast deal of amusing gossip on various subjects. The following account of a tame panther, is amusing, as all such accounts are; but we are obliged to confess that we would rather not subject ourselves to a trial of the docility of any wild animal.

Such license to brutes of this species has often led to frightful catastrophies.

"This animal (says the lady), came from Coomassie with Mr. Hutchison, the resident left there by Mr. Bowdich, and, as he was very young, the efforts made by that gentleman and others to tame him, were completely successful. Nothing alive was ever given to him to eat; and so well was he trained, that frequently on their march to the coast, when the natives would not contribute any provisions, he would catch a fowl, and lay it at the feet of Mr. Hutchison, who always rewarded him with a select morsel. On arriving at Cape Coast, he was tied up for a few days with a slight cord, and after that remained at liberty, with a boy to watch that he did not annoy the officers of the castle. He especially attached himself to me and the Governor, probably because we bestowed more caresses on him than any one else: we took care, however, to keep his claws well filed, that we might not get an unintentional scratch. He was as playful as a kitten, and a few days after his cord had been taken away, he took it into his head to bound round the whole fort; the boy ran after him, which he, mistaking for fun, only increased his speed, and caused him to dash through all the narrow spaces. Most of the inhabitants were frightened out of their senses, and it was highly amusing to see the sudden disappearance of all living things, even to the sentinels. When tired he quietly walked in at my door, and his pursuers found him lying on the ground beside me, composing himself to sleep, whence he was taken without the least resistance. —— Saï's chief amusement was standing on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on the window-sill, and fixing his head between them, in this posture to contemplate all that was going on in the town below. The Governor's children, however, often disputed this post with him, and dragged him down by the tail, which he bore with perfect good-humour. —— An old woman, who always swept the great hall before dinner, was performing her daily office with a small hand-brush, and consequently going over the floor nearly on hands and knees. Saï, who had been sleeping under one of the sofas, suddenly rushed out, and leaping on the woman's back, stood there with his head on one side, his tail swinging backwards and forwards, the very personification of mischief. —— The Governor and myself, hearing the noise, also came to the scene of action, when Saï descended from his station, and held his head to us to be patted, as if in approbation of his feat.

The time came for him to be embarked, and he was shut into a large, strong cage, with iron bars in front, and put into a canoe; while there, the motion made him restless, and he uttered a howl, which so frightened the canoe men, that they lost their balance, set up a howl in echo, and upset the canoe. We were watching his embarkation from one of the castle windows; and when we saw the cage floating on the waves, we gave our pet up as lost, and I am not sure that we did not make a trio in the cry; but fortunately a boat immediately put off from the ship, the men in which caught hold of the cage just as it was on the point of sinking. The panther was installed close by the fore-mast, and I did not fail to pay him a visit the moment I went on board. He was very dull; and, perhaps, a little sea-sick, but was half frantic with joy on seeing me.

THE EARL AND THE LOWLY LADY.

The sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed—O yes! worse than widowed! as he stood there, and followed with his eyes the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the

day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness, to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. "I am sick of all this idle pomp!" he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!"

Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of Derby, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H——. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. "At least, I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it," he said; and, in a few moments he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognized as the Earl of Derby, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers, and straggling bushes of birch, sufficiently high and thick to meet over-head, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her bosom, and a curly-headed urchin distending his cheeks with puffing at a little painted trumpet, the horrid grating of which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good-humoured, that the earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging. "Not in that merry village we have just left," he said, "for I am unwell and tired."

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood, overhanging the river; and directed him to follow it through a large corn-field, and up a very steep, sandy lane; and then, for about half a mile over—but such directions are tiresome enough when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way; here, they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds, which, in the quiet fields, on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him; he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and stedfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully, half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on, about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at

last she smiled; and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her trouble; and the only expression on her fair face was innocent gladness.

Let no one suppose, that in this fair country girl we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. What was she? a fair and happy maiden of low birth; if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education, beyond reading and—let me remember—yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was full of natural melody; and practice, and genuine feeling, and above all, piety, had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful; but their modest, innocent expression, was better than mere beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though they were delicately, nay, exquisitely shaped: their little palms might have been softer; but, if it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milk-maid, "she makes her hand hard with labour," it might have been well added, "and her heart soft with pity;" for they who knew her, say she was the kindest creature that ever lived, and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner, that gave a charm to every look and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor, uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say—in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure-minded maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart, the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love, that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word) "vagabond." They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer and blush; and thus, in fact, to make them really suspicious: for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

"You see," said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, "you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or rather have been, till now, when you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and, suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please Heaven, I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what," he said, "brother and sister" (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking very wise), "don't be in a hurry to give your consent: Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes! I say it again (though you seem to smile), young man—fit for any lord in the land."

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were pennyless; but she felt, that without the consent of her parents (servants of God, and kind parents, as they both were), she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will, on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak; her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her duteous child. Mothers, or wives, I meant to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or (in truer words) calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her love on this condition—that the answer to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, &c., proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually silent, reco-

vered all her cheerfulness, and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of the neighbourhood were waiting round the church door, to fling basketsful of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessings of many poor, aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them, and blessed them.

"High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as these!" he said to himself; "but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood!"

"That is a grand place, indeed!" said Lucy, as, toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; "but does our road lie through the park?"

"Not exactly through the park," he replied; "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years, and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to shew us any little attention in their power; and we have time enough, though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home."

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

"Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture, are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?"

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length, she said, "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

"How many questions have you given me to answer, Lucy? Let me consider! Yes, he is a married man: he married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy."

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

"Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded. "Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and as she said this, she drew more closely around her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one!" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; "I sighed in pity for the poor young lady (for a lady she is now): such a change is enough to turn her head!"

"Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said.

"Perhaps it might," she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?"

"My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought he had never before seemed so tenderly respectful towards her; "my sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions: you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "I must be lady here; you must make me Countess of Derby!"

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service: then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the Countess of Derby, his wife!

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the colour forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession; and, raising her innocent

face, she courtesied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of Derby above her: but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit, than that LOWLY LADY.

MOUNT CAUCASUS, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE MARQUIS DE CASTELNAU.

(For the Parterre.)

MOUNT Caucasus is a name given to a chain of high mountains, running between the Black Sea, and the Caspian Sea.

The Caucasus have from time immemorial been the resort of refugees, banditti, and thieves: and certainly there is not a country in existence, where refugees can find a safer, or more fertile, or diversified abode than the Caucasus; the perpetual warfare in which the inhabitants live is in part a consequence of their numerous castes; these mountains contain hordes of wandering Tartars, of Persians, and of the people called Bohemians; and descendants of the ancient Genoese and Greeks are to be met with, who emigrated thither after their expulsion from the Crimea: the remnants of the first Turcomans may be found amongst them, and particularly a great many Kalmucks; these latter are either colonies from the people of that name, or discontented refugees.

The Tartars being the most numerous, have subjugated many of the other tribes, and have partially communicated to them their manners, customs, and religion. The blending of these many nations, has imparted a resemblance in the cast of countenance, assimilated their manner of living, and kept them to a torpid level of ignorance. The Tartar blood is dominant; and they all may be included in this latter denomination.

The most civilized and powerful amongst these tribes, are the Georgians.

Georgia, properly so called, is situated at the foot of the Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

This part of Asia, abandoned to the carelessness of its inhabitants, smothers the productive germs that nature has lavishly bestowed upon it. A delightful garden is but a poor image of this country, lost to industry, unknown to commerce, and regretted by the travellers who pass through it. The loveliness of the climate rivals the fruitfulness of the soil: all that is most estimable in other countries is here accumulated in profusion; the valleys are covered with the richest pasturages, all the rivers abound in fish, the plains are wealthy in wheat, millet, flax, hemp, rice, and fruits of every variety in the highest perfection. The mountains have not that sharpness of outline remarked in the Alps and the Pyrenees on the northern side, nor that barrenness so often displeasing to the eye in the Appenines: the chestnut, oak, walnut, and ash, cover the whole ascent of the mountains, forming mighty forests crossed in every direction by delicious valleys; the cotton and the vine grow almost without culture, in the soil not darkened by the forests. The vine, however, is to be found throughout this fairy land, hanging in rich wreaths amongst the branches of the trees it encircles, and bearing fruit that is never gathered; every where likewise, the cotton rising humbly, but a few feet from the ground, bursts its shell, scattering its wealth hither and thither, amongst the leaves of the shrubs, or tossing it aloft in the air. This disregard of the lost gifts of nature, is attributable to the indolence of the inhabitants of these fine countries, and the torpor of their government.

It is not surprising that Georgia was formerly one of the most populous and wealthy provinces of the world; the ruins of several cities are to be found, equal in extent at least to Teflis, its present capital. The luxuriance of the soil, and the gentle influence of the climate, have given a suitable superiority to the Georgian blood over that of other nations. The beauty of the Circassians yields to the perfection of the Georgians. Their form is more elegant, their features softer, their proportions more perfect, and their complexion more delicate and brilliant: the colour of the hair likewise is different; if the bright light hair of the Circassians distinguish them favourably, the long black tresses certainly fall with more majesty down the alabaster throat of the Georgian. In addition to these

many advantages, it may be added to the praise of the Georgian ladies, that they know how to read and write; a valuable talent, not possessed by all the great men of the country.

It is painful to shade the colours of this delightful picture, but it must be acknowledged the manners of the Georgians do no honour to their education. They are bold and imperious, and wanting in softness and delicacy; whilst the Circassians, on the contrary, adorn their natural advantages with a greater refinement of feeling.

The costume of the Georgian ladies is Persian, but varies with the mode. The attire of the men resembles that of the Kogaks: the *noblesse* often tinge their hair and beards; in ceremonies, the Persian dress is worn.

Teflis is the capital of Georgia: it is situated on the river Kour, which comes down from the Caucasus, and empties itself into the Caspian sea. A lofty citadel commands the town, the streets of which are very narrow; the houses are covered with terraces; the principal buildings are in the Persian style of architecture. The Armenians inhabit Teflis in great numbers, but their race is in low esteem there. Teflis has silk manufactories in repute with the Armenians.

Natural talent is a characteristic of the Georgians; but instead of making it available by a good education, they neglect it, or employ it only in heightening the delights of dissipation.

The Georgians are reproached with being treacherous and deceitful, and addicted to intoxication, which they consider as an amusing variety in the diversified situations of life. It is, say they, as natural to be intoxicated as to sleep. The clergy are in accordance with the national character, and inspire therefore no other respect than that awarded to the character with which they are invested. They distinguish two individuals in the priest, by separating him from his dignity and functions: he is listened to whilst in his sacerdotal garb, and laughed at and with, when he puts it off. The Greek religion is the dominant; but there are in Georgia, both Catholics, Mahomedans, and Jews. The priests are paid with young slaves, cattle, wheat and wine.

The revenues of the prince of Georgia are limited; but the confiscation of property and fruit, being almost arbitrary, he has an indefinite supply of provisions.

The Circassians inhabit the lower banks of the river Couban, the islands formed by this river, the upper provinces of the Caucasus, and the plains at the base of the mount. Nothing positive can be asserted as to the origin of this people; they were formerly subject to the Georgians, and afterwards tributary to the Khans of the Crimea. Their features have little resemblance to those of the Tartars, although there is much intercourse kept up between the nations; the Circassians appear, however, to form a *caste* quite distinct from the rest. The Circassians are tall and well formed, they are distinguished by an excessive cleanliness, and have nothing in common with the other inhabitants in their manner of living. The women are in general handsome, and possess more taste, and better manners than the Georgians.

The Circassian nobles are distinguished by the airiness of their dress: though in many respects resembling that of the Tartars, it is gayer, neater, and in particular more rich. The vest is short, the boots of curiously wrought leather, the caps covered with gold lace.

They wear their hair in the Polish style, and let the mustachio grow. A cuirass composed of rings of polished brass, a bow, a quiver elegantly worn round the body, pistols, and a dagger in the belt, with a sabre pendant, give to to the Circassians a military and imposing air.

The dress of the lower orders is heavy; they keep their furs through every season, and always walk armed. When business or labour retains them near their own fire-sides, they carry a long staff terminating in a point of sharp iron, which they handle as a javelin; they can throw it with sure aim to a considerable distance. It will be seen that they live in the state of perpetual apprehension common to their forefathers: they are in continual dread of a surprise, and are compelled to unceasing watchfulness; accustomed, besides, to march at the first signal, their costume is, of course, assimilated to the continual warfare in which they live.

The nobles, or *usdens*, disdain agriculture, which they abandon to the care of their slaves: these latter are more to be pitied than any reasonable beings; they possess no kind of property; they are subject to every caprice of their masters; but different from the ancient Helots, they have neither to fear the ignominious punishment or the death so often allotted to the slaves of Sparta.

There are, however, proprietors who are not nobles; the title of *usden* is disposable by the prince, who can grant or recal it. The *voturiers* pay large contributions; they are a kind of farmers, whose harvest is not only subject to the inclemency of the seasons, temperature, and storms, but also to the plunder of a proud and greedy nobility. Each cultivator is obliged to supply the prince, or his *usden*, with seven sacks of millet for every beast he employs; an imposition the more severe, as the peasants generally yoke six oxen to a cart. In addition, they are required to collect the hay and wood required for the household of the master. It is the custom of the Khans of the Crimea to take Circassian slaves for wives; and the princes, the sons of these Khans, are educated by the Circassian nobles. The same custom is in use in the families of the Circassian princes; the first-born is abandoned to an *usden*, often the first that happens, rich or poor; he educates the prince in the grossest ignorance; politeness, faith, honesty, benevolence, and justice, have, perhaps, no name in their language actually expressive of them. The young lord is taught the art of subtle deception, and all the artifice that with them goes to form the knightly character; he is trained betimes to draw the bow, to rule the horse, to decapitate an animal at a single stroke, and to gallop at full speed, with slack bridle, without encumbrance from a weight entrusted to him. When sufficiently expert in these exercises, he is worthy to be presented to his father, and is then brought to him, who sees him for the first time.

The Tartars of the Couban, the Nogays, the Kists, and the Kumuckian Tartars, also inhabit the Caucasus.

It is the Kumucks, with whom the warm baths of Kisliar are in such repute. But notwithstanding the fame and salutary efficacy of these baths, there is some danger in going to make trial of them; the avidity of the Tartars is boundless, and their dependence upon Russia is rather nominal than an allegiance well observed.

In general, the Tartars are tall and well made; tawny, thin, and with a lively and intelligent countenance. The Nogays must, however, be excepted; they are distinguished at a glance by their repulsive appearance.

The Kumuck women have more resemblance to the Circassians than to the Georgians; they are well formed, gentle, and enjoy more liberty than the other Tartar women do; this liberty is perhaps a proof of their subjection, as they till the earth, and share all the fatigues of the men, except those of war. Beauty, in their opinion, depends much upon having red hair, and art is often employed when nature has denied this advantage.

Although the Tartars cultivate the earth, they are far from possessing either the wealth or industry of the Circassians: the habitations, neatness, and manners of the latter approach civilization; whilst the Tartars are half-savages, who would become entirely so, were they not enclosed and kept in by the surrounding powers.

Dialects differ in the Caucasus with the tribes inhabiting it. In no portion of the earth does a greater variety exist; even detached villages do not understand the language of the adjacent villages. Amidst this jargon, Tartar words are dominant, whence this language may be regarded as the primitive; but variations of the Sclavonic and the Finnish are to be met with, as well as a corrupt Italian. Two causes contribute to perpetuate this confusion of dialects, and to keep up a shading between the *patois* of the tribes. The first is the ignorance in which they live: before we comprehend a matter, we must have a wish to do so, and from the wish we pass to the means: reading and writing not being in general use amongst these tribes, natural talent dies with its possessor; neither are the benefits derived from it transmissible to others. The second cause is a stratagem in use with allied hordes during a time of plunder: this consists in the adoption of words foreign to their language, and which their neighbours do not understand; but as these latter do the same, there follows a continual succession of new words, that, gradually incorporated with the old ones, form a jargon of which craft is the principle, and confusion the result.

There is more uniformity in the clothing of these several people; they generally all wear a long robe. The rich use silk, and the others, cotton: the *brodequins* are all of the same shape, distinguished only by the choice and richness of the embroidery.

The food of those in easy circumstances is carefully prepared; spirituous liquors are in great esteem with all classes. They habitually inebriate themselves with brandy, mead, and strong beer; but from respect to the prophet, abstain from wine.

Their religion is nominally the Mohammedan, but they blend with it the ceremonies of other beliefs. The sacred and revered sign of the Christians is profanely added to the monstrous and imbecile rites of Paganism. They are seen to prostrate themselves to a white sheep, to adore the sun, to place on the same tomb the cross and the turban, to pray to the *ganinstag*,* to predict the future, to celebrate the Friday by invoking Mohammed, to abstain on Sunday from all servile employment, to keep fasts, and to invoke statues, not as representative signs, but as personal divinities. The confusion of their origin is illustrated by this fusing together of divers superstitions. Their manners are in conformity with their faith; under the pretext of liberty and independence, they indulge in whatever they have a fancy for: one reflection only arrests them — it is the fear of displeasing Russia; they speak of this power with the greatest respect, and pride themselves in praising her; but they are not the less turbulent and dangerous to visit.

B. E. M.

ARTIFICE OF A TROUBADOUR.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and sung of the Troubadours of the Middle Ages, and the romances of La Motte Fouqué to boot, we have always been inclined to consider those gentlemen ballad singers as the greatest scamps of their time. The following story, related by Miss Costello, in her "Specimens of early French Poetry," is both ludicrous and characteristic.

Arnaud Daniel, when visiting the court of Richard Cœur de Lion in England, encountered there a jougleur, who defied him to a trial of skill, and boasted of being able to make more difficult rhymes than Arnaud, a proficiency on which he chiefly prided himself. He accepted the challenge, and the two poets separated, and retired to their respective chambers, to prepare for the contest. The muse of Arnaud was not propitious, and he vainly endeavoured to string two rhymes together. His rival, on the other hand, quickly caught the inspiration. The king had allowed ten days as the term of preparation; five for composition, and the remainder for learning it by heart to sing before the court. On the third day the jougleur declared that he had finished his poem, and was ready to recite it, but Arnaud replied that he had not yet thought of his. It was the jougleur's custom to repeat his verses out loud every day, in order to learn them better; and Arnaud, who was in vain endeavouring to devise some means to save himself from the mockery of the court at being outdone in this contest, happened to overhear the jougleur singing. He went to his door and listened, and succeeded in retaining the words and the air. On the day appointed they both appeared before the king. Arnaud desired to be allowed to sing first, and immediately gave the song which the jougleur had composed. The latter, stupified with astonishment, could only exclaim, 'It is my song, it is my song.' 'Impossible!' cried the king, but the jougleur persisting, requested Richard to interrogate Arnaud, who would not dare, he said, to deny it. Daniel confessed the fact, and related the manner in which the affair had been conducted, which amused Richard far more than the song itself. The stakes of the wager were restored to each, and the king loaded them both with presents.

* They recognise in the *ganinstag* a perfect man: it is he who kills the beasts offered in sacrifice. The *ganinstag* resides near a church containing the statues which no one is allowed to gaze upon; they must be satisfied with the pictures which the *ganinstag* gives them, and believe in the power he ascribes to them.

LEASEHOLD PROPERTY.

A certain party had obtained a piece of land on a *ninety-nine* years' building lease, from the municipal trustees of a small town in the west of England, to the great annoyance of Mr. F—, a wealthy man in the district, and of influence sufficiently preponderating to have put a *veto* on the negotiation, had he taken care to have been on the alert at the suitable moment. Having only himself to blame for the vexation, he was, of course, supremely savage on the occasion.

A year or two afterwards, when the obnoxious building was just completed, Mr. F. chancing to pass in front of it with several friends, said, stamping his foot energetically on the pavement, and thundering out a deep-toned anathema at the same time,—"I'll take care they shan't *renew* the lease, however!" "*Ha! ha! ha!*" shouted his companions, in irrepressible merriment; and Mr. F. "*ha! ha!-ed*" along with them, for he thought they were laughing about a contingent *re-lease*:—and Mr. F. was right, for so they were. B. E. M.

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THE NEW PLANET.

AN EASTERN TALE, FROM THE FRENCH.

(*For the Parterre.*)

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Doctor Zeb was the most learned man of his day. His brain was the focus within which were concentrated the beams of the wisdom and intelligence of humanity. He knew so many things, that he was said to have found out the secrets of alchymy, and the elixir of immortal youth, although he lived in poverty all his life, and died in due season. For it was affirmed, that if Doctor Zeb did live in poverty all his days, it was because he well knew the incompetency of riches to procure happiness; and that, if he came to his end like other men, it was, because having acquired a perfect acquaintance with the things of this world, he was anxious to inform himself as to what was transacting in the other. This justly celebrated man was musing one day in solitude upon the sciences he had learned, and the mighty secrets he had discovered. Although in general as modest as sapient, a glow of pride made its way into his heart. Has not the humblest also his moments of pride? They are of short duration, of course, and are easily repressed by reason, as is but just.

Upon this occasion, Doctor Zeb raised his spirits to the most sublime speculations. He sought to penetrate into the mysteries of creation, and in the details of the magnificent work of a God, he was presumptuous enough to discover some inconsistencies. He ventured even to exclaim against the architect of the innumerable worlds: he was in particular offended with the mixture of perfections and defects, of greatness and of misery, observable in man. "Wherefore," said he, "did the Deity endow him with those unruly passions that torment him throughout the whole of his career, and which are the primary cause of all his errors and crimes? Why has he reduced him to such an extremity of misery and of suffering? Why has he subjected him to pains of the body and griefs of the soul? Ah! had I the gift of creation, certainly I think I should have created man somewhat more per-

fect; I should have essayed to produce beings completely happy." Scarcely had the doctor uttered these words, than suddenly an angel of light descended from heaven. The doctor, dazzled by the splendour, was unable to support the glory of this messenger from the Most High; as he prostrated himself with his face to the earth, the minister of the Deity thus addressed him: — "The Creator of the universe has read the thoughts of thy heart; he acknowledges the depth and extent of thy learning, and makes thee a participator in the glory of creation." At these words, the angel took the wise man in his arms, and, with the rapidity of lightning, bore him above to the unknown regions. In a single minute, they had reached a distance of more than a million of miles from the earth, and the doctor found himself transported to a planet, of which no astronomer had at that day any acquaintance, for it had just been created by the fiat of him, who said "Let there be light." The sage cast around him a glance of mingled wonder and admiration. "What new world is this?" said he. "Is it a dream that is presented to my imagination, and will it vanish as a dream?" "No," replied the angel, "this world is a reality. God has just created it for thee, upon the single condition that thou shalt people it; for as yet it is uninhabited. God endows thee now, and for fifteen days, with the power of creating beings similar to those thou hast seen on earth; but he requires of thee that these beings shall be more perfect and happier. Animate, then, the dust lying at thy feet; let the rocks take a human form; give them a soul; for thy breath shall endow them with the ever-active spirit. But I repeat, the beings who shall awake to life at thy voice, must be more perfect and happier than those who people the earth. Without this, dread the judgments of a Deity, offended with thy weak presumption." At these words, the angel disappeared, to rejoin the celestial choir encircling the throne of the Eternal.

Doctor Zeb had been overtaken in an hour of vain glory. The important part he was about to fill, was by no means calculated to restore his humility. What an eventful mission! To become the creator of a new race of beings, of a new order of society! What! by a single word, a breath, a mere will, to give movement and life to matter; to endow it with a soul, with reason, thought, and sentiment! What a mighty destiny!— He had whereof to be proud! Having well commented upon the words of the angel, the doctor said, "Behold me, then, the master to create men according to my fancy. Let us look about, and reflect a little, before we engage in this mighty undertaking. The threats of the angel do not alarm me. However, I may as well consider a little what path I shall pursue;" and he fell into profound meditation.

"I am decided upon making my creatures social beings. It is only in society that the genius enlarges and developes itself. Without society, talent and virtue would be useless treasures. Were I to create man for solitude, I must make him of moody and concentrated temper. Gaiety, the mother of pleasure, would be banished from the world I am to people. Man derives his happiness both from within and from without: from without, by availing himself of the industry and virtues of his fellows; from within, when he does good; and how can one do good who is alone? Since I desire my creatures to be happy, they must of necessity live in society.

"For the attainment of happiness, I would not have the inhabitants of my planet experience any bodily pain; their constitution must be proof against the evils that afflict humanity on earth. A reflection, however, arrests me. If man be insensible to grief, how can he be sensible to pleasure? Pleasure and pain both result from the delicacy and sensibility of our organs. By destroying the source of pain, I shall also destroy the source of pleasure. Instead of creating a happy being, I shall create a mere automaton. This is more embarrassing than I should at first have supposed it to be.

"But if I cannot spare my creatures experience of physical evil, I may, perhaps, at least prevent their suffering moral evil. The joy and the grief of the heart are superior to that of the senses. I will endow them, then, with every mental delight; with every affection that goes to constitute happiness; carefully removing from them whatever may impair or destroy it: this is easy enough."

Here the doctor made a second pause; and resting his forehead on his hands, relapsed into the deepest meditation.

"But," said he, "if I endow the beings of my creation with the various delights of the soul, there seems a difficulty in guarding them effectually from its pains. No joy can be felt keenly, unless it have

been ardently desired. If the beings of my creation are to be creatures of anticipation, their desires must be a mixture of hope and fear: hence their equanimity may be disturbed; and if they cannot attain the desired good, they will be in reality unhappy. If they obtain what they have longed for, they will wish to preserve the object of their delight; and should they lose it, how can they be defended from regret? If they have no regret, it will be evident they have experienced no delight. Well! let us make them frivolous, changeable, and careless! their pains will be less, and their griefs will be speedily forgotten. Yes! but in that case, they will be unmeet for happiness; they will be dead to enjoyment. In reality there are difficulties to reconcile; but let us consider a little more.

"The men whom I am to create will then, as the inhabitants of the earth, be subject to pain, to afflictions of the body, and griefs of the soul, since I cannot do otherwise even for their happiness. But at least, as they are to live in society, they shall possess every virtue. Vice shall have no entrance into my planet; neither pride, egotism, nor avarice, shall penetrate there. Neither misers, nor dupes, nor rogues, nor ambitious, shall be seen there. I will have none of those men who live upon the blood and tears of nations, who owe their rise to their crimes; who fancy themselves great, because they make the weak tremble, and who reward the adulation of the flatterer with the spoils of virtue. I wish to prevent those fatal wars in which the poor children of Adam engage, often for they know not what. The inhabitants of my planet shall only have the gentler affections and sentiments: from passions they shall be exempt; for passions are alone the cause of all the errors and crimes of humanity.

"To be without passions! It must, however, be conceded, that they impart great energy to the soul; that they open the mind largely, and endow man with incredible boldness, who would undertake nothing without them, and who braves every danger for their indulgence. If my creatures have no passions, they will undertake nothing great; they will see inconveniences, obstacles, and perils, in whatever they may wish to execute. I should produce mediocre beings, who would merely vegetate. There would be no animation in society; and it would never attain to that height of grandeur and splendour to which I should desire to see it eventually carried. The passions must then inevitably be admitted.

"But it is necessary that my creatures should not have all the same passions; for never would they live in peace. If they be all of the same disposition, they would all wish to attempt the same things, and be continually crossing each others' path; would hurt each other in the execution of the same schemes. Friendship would not exist in my planet; and eternal rivalry would spring up from the violent animosities. Why is it that persons, whose dispositions offer the greatest contrasts, are better friends than persons who resemble each other in mental characteristics? Is it not precisely because the difference in their tempers destroys in them the spirit of rivalry, and consequently the germ of hatred and discord? Now when two individuals have no reason to hate each other, it is difficult to avoid finding some cause to love each other, if any favourable circumstance bring them together.

"The dwellers on my planet shall then be endowed with different passions, since I cannot avoid giving them some. But if I divide amongst them the very limited number of passions human nature is capable of experiencing, it is necessary that my creatures have passions of various gradations; for there would still be too great an affinity between men's dispositions, which can only be indefinitely modified by shading the passions. Amongst the many millions with whom my planet is to be peopled, there must then be found every perceptible shade of the few passions of which my nature enables me to form an idea. The variety of character, then, will be in proportion to the shades existing in the passions; for it is to me evident, that this variety is necessary to the perfection and completion of my work.

"But then, how can I prevent vices from creeping into my planet? I wish to remove there from cupidity; but is not cupidity a shade of the love of conservation? I would exclude dupes and rogues, yet at the same time would create good-natured, generous, and ingenuous men; then how can I prevent the introduction of dupes and rogues into a world where kindness, confidence, and generosity, encounter cupidity on their path? I would exclude pride; but pride is a shade of self-love, a motive excellent in itself, and absolutely necessary to self-preservation. I would exclude ambition; this is easy enough to say, but is not ambition a modification of pride? In creating pride, I give rise to ambition. Well, I

will manage matters so that my creatures shall count wealth, and honour, and power as nothing. Fine reasoning! Their pride will be diverted to other objects: they will find some other ambition, and kill one another for something else: but I query if they will find any thing better!

"So then, I am unable to give the inhabitants of my planet other character than that of the dwellers on the earth? My new community, too, is to be then a compound of vices and virtues: meanness and grandeur, pride and modesty, roguery and good faith, will be found amongst them, as amongst the children of Adam. I am compelled, for the accomplishment of my work, to make use of good and evil, as a skilful artist employs two opposite colours to vary the tints of his picture.

"Well! if, however, I cannot make my creatures more perfect than the inhabitants of the earth, at least I can endow them with loftier and more extended talents, a healthier judgment, a more fertile and varied imagination; in short, with great aptness for the arts and sciences. I shall then have formed happier beings, since they will have attained a higher degree of perfection. But this calls for reflection. Let us inquire into the measure of the genius, and extent of the knowledge, to which they are to attain? Shall I give them such a fitness for science, as to enable them to acquire, without difficulty, all that God has hidden from the penetration of the children of Adam? No! for as soon as they shall have learnt every thing, there will be no longer any food for their genius; it will be of no utility to them, but they will languish away into death-like torpor. Many secrets of nature must then be hidden from my creatures. They must know precisely what is requisite to their happiness, and must endeavour to understand the rest. But, this is, I think, the exact bounds which the Creator has set to human intellect. The dwellers on my planet shall have, then, a sounder judgment; shall see things clearer; shall be better able to rate them at their due value. But no: this is false reasoning. Since they will have the same passions as the children of Adam, they will see, like them, objects through the medium of their passions, and will not read them clearer.

"Well! I will make it up to them in the imagination. I will give them the most exquisite sense of the beautiful art: they shall have greater painters, greater poets.—But—what do I say? Art is but the imitation of nature; it can only give the representation of natural objects. The perfection of imitation depends eminently upon the manner of feeling. The children of Adam may one day attain to this perfection, when their works shall be in complete harmony with their sentiments and sensations.

"So then, the inhabitants of my planet are condemned to the same measure of intellect, genius, and imagination, as the inhabitants of the earth. This is rather sad; for the brilliant powers of which the latter make such a parade, are reduced with them to a very small matter. I have one consolation, however, that in my planet there will be no fools. All my creatures shall be gifted with sense. I do not perceive of what utility fools are to the earth, nor why it is that they are to be found there in such abundance!

"Fools!" he continued, "alas! there must, though, be some upon my planet. Shall I endow each of my creatures with an intellect of the same extent? Shall they each be gifted with the same power of reasoning? If all the dwellers upon this new world have the same reach of mind, talent will soon cease to be of value. All emulation will be destroyed. The varieties in dispositions being infinite, they must be infinite also in minds. My work, to be complete, must combine every gradation of intellect, from talent to imbecility inclusive, as it must likewise include all varieties existing between good and evil; and, since the inhabitants of my planet cannot possibly be of greater genius than those of the earth, the fools I must of necessity create, will consequently be as foolish as those of the globe on which I was born.

"Well! I will at least contrive it so that my fools shall do justice to themselves! I will make it up to them in modesty. None shall ever be seen here to attempt anything above their capacity. Men destitute of talent or parts, shall not deluge the world with their numberless wretched books, and miserable systems of politics, morals, &c.; nor men without imagination, affect to be poets and novelists; nor mere daubers assume the title of painters. I shall keep up good order in all departments, and each shall confine himself to the place assigned to him. Vain project! All this doubtless might be brought about, if I could banish vanity from my planet. But it must necessarily exist there, as a shade of self-love. How then can I prevent it from infusing itself into the feelings of

the imbecile? Is it not too fortunate that the weaker passions should take up their abode in ignobler spirits? And is it not much better for vanity to be so blended with folly, as to shew itself in its true light, than with talents that would be degraded by the association? If modesty were the heritage of the feeble, would it not be an equivalent for ability? It would then cease to be the finest ornament of genius, and no one would wish to possess it.

"Thus, then, I cannot create beings more perfect or happier than the men in whom I am every day finding so many imperfections! This is very humiliating to me!"

Doctor Zeb spent a whole fortnight in these profound meditations. The longer he mused, the more clearly he saw the impossibility of creating a community of men without passions or vices. He perceived that it was requisite to create dupes and rogues; good and wicked; spendthrifts, misers, ambitious, and vain folks; fools, and originals of all descriptions. The fifteenth morning dawned, and the doctor was in extraordinary perplexity, for as yet he had not created any thing.

"What!" said he, "to be endowed with the attribute of creation, and shall I not make use of it! In a moment of triumph I beheld myself gifted with a divine power, and shall it only serve to make me sensible of my own helplessness! No! I will not return to earth without creating something, were it only a fly! It is an indispensable condition, without which, I cannot avoid incurring the disgrace of the Deity."

At these words he relapsed into a reverie as deep as that in which he had indulged, when he meditated the creation of men. He had seen many flies in the course of his life, and had minutely examined them, for the earth contained not an insect with the organization of which, the sapient doctor was not well acquainted. "A fly! I to create a fly! idiot that I am! Nothing is more perfect than a fly! The marvellous construction of an insect puts to shame the weakness of human reason, by attesting the omnipotence of the Creator. May the Deity pardon an emotion of pride, that for a moment made me forget his wisdom! My ignorance abases itself before Him. I erected myself into a critic of his works; I imagined in my fantasy, that I could make 'beings more perfect than men;' and yet, I cannot devise any thing so perfect as a fly!"

Scarcely had he spoken these words, than a peal of thunder was heard. Doctor Zeb rose, and as he, trembling, lifted his eyes to heaven, perceived the angel who had conducted him to this uninhabited planet. The celestial messenger was gently wafted on a transparent cloud, radiant with gold and azure; he smiled, and said, "Reassure thyself, learned doctor, and fear nothing. The Deity is too just, too glorious, and merciful, not to pardon thy folly, when thou dost acknowledge and repent of it. He tried thee, to see the extent of thy presumption, and whether thou wouldest venture to use thy delegated power. Thy moderation is acceptable. Seek no longer, weak and blind mortal, to compass the mighty chain of which thou seest indeed a few detached links, but of which thou canst not know the immeasurable extent, or the wonderful construction! To form a just idea of the wisdom of a God, it is neither in the contemplation of a man, or an insect that it must be sought, but in all creation entire, whose mysteries are far above thy comprehension. A man and a fly are both imperfect in their nature, but they are perfect in their destination. If He had created beings perfect in their nature, he would have created Gods."

At these words, a sacred peal of thunder was heard. The angel bore the doctor on high in the cloud, and immediately the planet disappeared, and Doctor Zeb found himself in his own house, surrounded by his family and friends, still weeping his loss, as he lay there in a trance before their eyes. After this event, he was yet wiser than he had been before! he felt not the slightest thrill of pride, and was no longer ambitious to create men after his fancy, with the idle mania of so many philosophers.

Bedford. B. E. M.

FRAGMENTS OF A CONVERSATION,

BETWEEN A PHYSICIAN AND AN AUTHOR.

Physician.—I assure you, my dear sir, that full health is not favourable to literary composition. Keenest apprehension, gentle humour, refined eloquence and wit, are most easily attained by authors of slightly debilitated constitutions.

Author.—This is, indeed, a discouraging thought; so then literary fame can be purchased only with one of the most invaluable of human blessings, and a man must never hope to shine as a

poet or essayist, until he has had a touch of the liver complaint or yellow fever. If this proposition were generally established, I can fancy a scribbler offering his services to the proprietor of a periodical, assuring him that he has received a classical education—that he is quite master of several languages, with their literature, but that especially he has been long troubled with the most undeniable symptoms of the *dyspepsy*. We could not, in this case, too, read the great authors without commiseration; and at the melodious morality of Pope, or the fiery flash of Shakspeare, instead of exclaiming, "eloquent spirits, how splendidly they wrote!" we should murmur "poor fellows, how bitterly they must have suffered!"

Physician.—A delicate state of health contributes to abstract a man from the excitements and bustle of life—to withdraw him from society—to fling him upon his own reflections, and thus drive him to beguile his leisure hours by pouring upon paper those accumulating thoughts, which, in health, would be either not formed at all, or dissipated in the hurry of business and pleasure, or escape and be forgotten in the sallies of conversation.

Author.—He, however, who possesses sufficient resolution to spend certain periods of the day in solitude, or in the companionship of books, will always be visited with thoughts of greater or less strength and interest, according to the natural organization of his mind and the nature of his temperament. The art of expressing thoughts after they are once conceived, is mechanical. Nor does it matter greatly to what degree of perfection it is cultivated, inasmuch as mere style should be subordinate to matter.

Physician.—No man in health will take such views of the world as valetudinarians. A writer in sound health may draw you up a better report upon any practical subject—revise a statute-book, or perhaps compile a history; but the moral philosopher, the poet, the novelist, if they do not require less matter-of-fact investigation, at least demand additional imagination and feeling. That the mind is affected by physical causes no one can deny. You remember the history of Père Mabillon. He was a youth of dull capacity till a tile fell on his head, after which he displayed extraordinary talents.

Author.—But these are phenomena. Scott was healthy, or he could never have written the Waverley novels.

Physician.—I might, in reply, say Byron was ill, or he could never have written Childe Harold. Sickness has its moments of relief and inspiration, when the soul mounts and floats upon an atmosphere, more clear and ethereal than that of common life. When the noble poet wished to write well, he took salts. Exceptions, like phenomena, prove nothing, and no liberal reasoner should attempt to draw arguments from a source which he knows supplies them in equal abundance to either side of the question. An atheist, for example, reasoning on the subject of religion, tells you of a sceptical friend, who died calmly; his antagonist rejoins the example of another who perished in terror. The first declares he has seen the best Christian sink to his grave in affright, and that the whole matter is an affair of the nerves; while the other asserts that such and such a one was acknowledged by all to be a man of the strongest nerves, and yet he died in terror, because he had been an unbeliever. The religion of our blessed Redeemer is too broad in its foundation to rest its claims to our faith on such casual and conflicting trifles as any separate incidents, and so all topics worthy of being reasoned about at all, are worthy to be judged upon higher grounds.

Author.—To say that a man can write better in sickness than health, is to speak vaguely. What do you mean by writing *better?* What do you mean by sickness? Sickness is not a definite term. A man may have convulsions—that is sickness; but he would not then be in a situation to *write*. He may, from indigestion, be flung into such a state of irritation as to acquire the energy of an indignant man; and his expressions may be vivid and striking, however incorrect may be the matter. He may thus write more vividly, but not better.

Physician.—You are rather too fast, my dear sir. My proposition was simply that *full* health was unfavourable to the most intellectual development of literary genius, which moved more freely in "slightly debilitated constitutions."

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, like an evergreen, will brave the inclement blast;
And still retain the bloom of spring, when summer days are past.
And though the wintry sky should lower, and dim the cheerful day,
She still preserves a vital power, unconscious of decay.

LOCUSTS.

Translated from "Renaudot's Tableau du Royaume d'Algér. Paris, 1830.

During my residence at Algiers, I was witness to a curious fact respecting locusts, which may be reckoned one of the plagues of this region. Being one day, in the month of May, in the country, we perceived in the air an innumerable multitude of these creatures. They came from the south, and appeared to direct their course northwards, flying very high. They were yellow, slightly spotted with light brown. We ascertained them to be twenty-five lines in length, and seven in circumference. These insects continued their flight throughout the day, resting only in the night; that is to say, at sunset, or when they wanted to eat, and always on trees. The fig-trees were entirely stripped of leaves, during the twelve days of their traverse. The vines were likewise injured, as well as the green peas, beans, and other vegetables. Having learned that they had plunged into the sea, it was hoped we had got rid of them; and such of the inhabitants as had been vigilant enough to preserve their gardens from the voracity of these locusts, were already congratulating themselves upon their good fortune, when it was rumoured about that legions of young ones were slowly approaching in the direction of the first. They soon made their appearance. June 18th, they were perceived at a league and a half from Algiers, walking with great animation, employing their four front paws. When they were caught, they leaped up, resting on their two hind ones, which they only drew along after them when not interrupted in their course. Their body measured but six lines in length, by four in circumference; they were of a deep brown, spotted with yellow. Their wings were small and motionless, and consequently were of no use to them. These locusts were in such numbers, and moved so thickly together, that the road they covered resembled a running stream. I calculated that they made rather more than a quarter of a league in a day's journey on a strait road. As they advanced in their route, they gained strength and size. On the 6th of July they had already reached the sea-shore; by which time likewise they had consumed every green herb. The verdure of the gardens through which they had passed, and the bark of the trees, were all stripped off The grapes they had touched, in endeavouring to eat the leaves of the vines, withered up a few days afterwards. Every variety of melon; the salads, cabbages, and hedges, excepting those of ivy or orange, had all disappeared. As soon as they had reached the shores of the sea, they retrograded, and made more than another league before attaining their natural size. On the twelfth of July I saw immense numbers that had returned, in the hedges of our gardens, where they remained for four days without moving. On the fifth we discovered that they had commenced freeing themselves from their envelope, and were preparing for flight. We examined this curious metamorphosis, which lasted several days. Nothing ever seemed to me more clever: having attained twenty-three lines in length, and six in circumference, they affixed one of their hind legs to a branch of a thicket, and let their body hang from it. In this attitude, by their exertions they tore the envelope above the neck. This opening effected, their efforts were increased, and the weight of the body caused the creature to fall out, leaving its shell on the branch to which the leg had been suspended. Immediately after the mutation, these insects had gained three lines in length, and one and a half in circumference. Their wings, at first broken and humid, dried; the body, which was cold and clammy on emerging from the shell, hardened so rapidly, that in three or four hours they were able to take their first flight; but they did not attempt it until the greater number were able to set off. Then the whole swarm together fell upon the little remaining verdure, and abandoned the country. The greater part reached the sea, the rest took the direction of the interior. I observed that the operation of the metamorphosis lasted about thirty-four or thirty-five minutes; and that their wings, in hardening, were silvered, in singular contrast to the colour of the body, which was of a pale rose.

The Moors of Pisqueria, a small district in the province of Siteria, who do the baser work for Algiers, ate all the locusts they could catch, after having taken off the head, and laid the body on the gridiron. They even collected some, and salted them for preservation. We were told this was a general custom in their district, which these insects generally crossed every year. The last swarm of locusts had so completely devastated the country, that not a leaf was to be seen in the month of August; but by the end of September, they were as abundant as in the spring. Several trees

blossomed again, and some even bore fruit. These insects had not been able to injure the wheat, because the husk was too hard for them to penetrate; but the pasturages that they had gnawed and tainted, produced various maladies which destroyed many large animals.

B. E. M.

WOMAN.

A BALLAD, BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Be gentle with woman, our heart of hearts,
Who loveth us even while life departs!
Oh, call her not fickle, nor false, nor vain!
Oh, touch not so tender a heart with pain!

What! woman, the treasure, the gem, the flower!
The star that is bright in the wildest hour!
The bird that comes singing to the stern breast!
Ah! should we not teach it to love its nest?

Come on! let us vow that they all are fair;
Let's shout of their virtues to earth and air!
Let's soothe them and guard them, and so repay
The love that they lend in our darker day!

Oh, value their gifts beyond gifts of gold,
All you of the sterner and coarser mould;
And learn that their love, amidst toil and strife,
Is the spirit that calmeth and crowneth life!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

No. II.

ROME, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

SEVERAL weeks have glided away, and found us still at the interesting toil of *seeing Rome*. Our persevering industry has carried us, again and again, over the whole ground of the ancient and modern city. Crowding images of fountains, obelisks, arches, pyramids and towers; temples, amphitheatres, statues, palaces and columns; porticos, baths, walls, aqueducts and frescoes; gates, sepulchres, bridges, galleries and squares, mingled together in broken and ponderous ruins, amid silence, gloom, desolation and solitude, interrupted only by the step of some mute and awe-struck spectator, or by the thousand immortal phantoms of the past, fill and impress our minds to weariness, and furnish ample and almost painful employment for our dreams. A residence here forms a memorable era in one's life. A still and golden climate disposes the stranger to reverie, independent of its moral influences. The story of old Rome sweeps through his imagination with the power of a bold and solemn romance, whose characters are to him as familiar companions. In his quiet study, he has walked with her warriors, consuls, emperors, tribunes and kings. He has conversed with her sages, poets, orators and statesmen. Even while mingling in the common, present world, he has met their stern and lofty forms in the pomp of marble, paintings, and theatrical representations. With their chaste maids and heroic matrons he has sympathized as with beloved relatives. His blood has boiled at their wrongs, and his bosom has swollen over their loss, as over the tomb of a mother, a wife or a child. When Brennus, Hannibal, or Alaric swarmed beneath her walls, and thundered at her gates, he started as if his own home were assailed; and from the good Numa, to the brilliant and unfortunate Rienzi, her children have been the companions of many a lonely hour. The objects of his hate, his love, his wonder; gliding about him in all the aspects of human power and passion, and startling his spirit sometimes as if with the blast of a war trumpet. The sensation of connecting these glorious visions with the real world, of linking the Camillus or the Cicero of the imagination with the spot where the hero and the orator actually trod, with the identical scenery which impressed their eyes and their minds, must suggest even to the coldness of a philosopher the idea of a pleasing enchantment. It is like entering the mansion of a friend who but yesterday departed from the earth; beholding the table where he studied, the books which he read, and the garments which he wore; or going forth into his garden among the flowers which his hand had just weeded, and discovering upon the walk the print of a foot, whose echo can never meet his ear again.

We have been this afternoon to review at one glance, from the Capitoline Hill, the whole scene of our labours. This elevation—the head of the Roman empire—the citadel, throne, and centre of the earth, is an abrupt, but not lofty acclivity, about four hundred yards in length, and two hundred in breadth, and is ascended on several sides by flights of steps. Here Romulus built his fortress, Tarpeia betrayed the city, Cæsar fell, and Petrarch was crowned; and temples and deities, porticoes and walls, monasteries and fortresses, mingle in its sacred dust. We climbed the broken steps. A withered woman craved "*carita*," a bare-footed friar glided by from a convent, and a blind beggar was feeling his way beneath the lofty equestrian statue of the great *Aurelius*. A square, nearly completed by three lines of buildings, or as they are here called palaces, at present forms the *piazza*. In front of us, as we reached the top, rose the senator's palace, whose tower commands, perhaps, the most extraordinary view on the globe. We

entered the neglected building, toiled up the steep and winding stairs, and leaned from the lonely turret. The stillness and radiant beauty of earth, air and sky, were unparalleled. Around, the *campagna* (for an account of which see vol. II., page 168) stretched away on either side, with the immense level of an ocean; and the azure mountains in the distance were silvered with snow. At our feet lay the vast and sublime panorama—ancient and modern *Rome*. The latter, a broad extent of dense and burnt roofs, leads the eye along the shadowy line of the Corso. Amid a world of bristling domes and spires, at a short distance, the massy bulk of St. Peter's looms heavily into the heaven, and the roar of the thousands, the eloquent hum of human life, rises faintly on the air like the remote beating of surf against the beach. On the other hand, death has hushed all sound. The vast, voiceless, unpeopled plain, spreads before the eye like a vision. Colossal fragments of a stupendous city, totally abandoned to solitude and ruin, lie scattered about, their huge forms softened in the mellow light, and their shadows thrown into lengthened proportions upon the fresh, untrodden turf. Above them all, the tremendous remnant of the Coliseum lifts its blasted form in the noiseless and sublime solitude, chilling the heart like a spectre, that, shrouded in the mysterious horror of other worlds, stands before you at midnight, without speaking. Should a musing wanderer by the ocean-side, on a summer afternoon, when the rose-leaf scarcely stirs in the air, and the ripples on the beach do not move the tiny shells over which they break, suddenly behold the vestiges of some wrecked war-ship, the gigantic ribs and spars strewn confusedly along the strand, and the huge masts and mighty cannon still in the positions in which they have been cast by the billows, he would wonder at the extremes of life and nature, with a sensation not unlike that with which, from the tower of the capitol in this soft and lovely hour, we regarded these traces of mighty power overcome and dashed to pieces by a mightier. The stupendous monster which for nearly three thousand years made the globe his lair, at first sating his infant appetite with the paltry prey of Tiber and Prænestè, till grown a leviathan among nations, he gorged himself with the rights and blood of Europe, Africa and Asia; at length, swollen and diseased by age and intemperance, has sunk in death; and lo! his gigantic skeleton and mighty limbs. They have been stripped by noisome insects, and lie crumbling into dust.

The solemnity and grandeur of this scene are much more lively to an American. The old continent, even from Britain to Syria and Ethiopia, is everywhere marked with the physical traces of Rome. Her walls, towers, roads, arches, and amphitheatres, arose wherever her iron sceptre waved, and a thousand obscure plains and villages are consecrated by their vestiges. Her medals, too—those minute but imperishable monuments, are found buried in *all* parts of the old world, and alone testify her former greatness, and the boundless extent of her dominion. Sometimes the beggar, and sometimes the horse and the ass, dwell beneath a stately arch, or in an abandoned temple; and the pedestrian over Europe may often rest his limbs upon the fragment of some superb column, or by a costly fountain erected perhaps before the Cæsars. The American alights amid these hallowed relics, a visitant from a new world, as effectually as if the continent which gave him being, hung, a silver planet in the sky. Half the wondrous events and characters of the old world have insensibly mingled themselves in his imagination, with the giants and dragons of the nursery; and the first sight of these speaking wrecks, these gloomy and prodigious realities, broken, discoloured, and blasted from their course through centuries, as a ship after a long voyage, startle with emotions which cannot be described.

Although the view from the capitol might account for a rhapsody, if it did not excuse it, yet I will not detain you with our reveries or our raptures. Of both we enjoyed an ample share, (indeed it *is enjoyment*) as all must, who have the happiness to behold it. One or two questions, however, occurred to me as we beguiled the afternoon hours on the summit.

Is the principle which has reduced the edifices of Rome to ruin still in operation; and will they crumble from their present majestic outlines, and pass away from the earth, so that at some future period the antiquary will inquire where they stood? While contemplating what time has done in so many thousand years, we are apt to forget that he is still in motion. The moment when Romulus slew his brother, was once the present. Here spread the grass, there rolled the river, yonder bent the sky. This lonely hour in which I have enjoyed so much,

will one day belong to antiquity. Look! (for the expanded sun is on the horizon) it has already commenced its backward course, amid the mystery and the eternity of the past. The Coliseum, the most remarkable monument of all these mouldering wrecks, appears, from its present form, to be most liable to new changes; and though it has remained nearly two thousand years, and, had it been left to time and nature alone, would have probably perished only with the "great globe itself." It has been a theatre, a market, a fortress, a convent, a temple of christian worship, and a common quarry, from which brutal rapine long drew materials for other edifices. Three hundred years ago, the whole exterior circumference of one thousand six hundred and twelve feet stood entire! It is now rent asunder, and an immense segment of the wall is supported only by artificial aid. Whether the strength of its original construction, and the assistance of the modern architect, will succeed in preserving it for the amazement and admiration of posterity, is a question probably not yet decided, or perhaps discussed; as the holy fathers of the imperial city have, at present, other fabrics to prop, beside those reared by the ambition of Titus. But, while measuring the stupendous and broken summit from its base, the giddy, insecure height appears tottering in the air, and I half expected, as I turned away, to be astounded with the crash of its downfall. We may sympathise, in anticipation, with the regrets of posterity, for the loss of a spectacle so extraordinary and magnificent.

There is, however, cause to hope that most of these monuments will remain without any important change—an impressive lesson to future ages. The four great causes of their present ruin mentioned by Gibbon, are the injuries of time and nature, the hostile attacks of the barbarians and christians, the use and abuse of materials, and the domestic quarrels of the Romans. It may be presumed that the last three have ceased their operations, and even the first must act with diminished power. The injuries of natnre arise from tempests, earthquakes, or inundations. The first may overthrow a fabric, but cannot destroy the materials. The geological character of their situation, and the authority of experience, exempt them from serious apprehensions of the second; as one elegant historian observes, that the city has ever been free "from those convulsions of nature which in the climate of Antioch, Lisbon, or Lima, have crumbled in a few moments the works of ages into dust." Danger from the Tiber is also now terminated, in consequence of the remarkable elevation of the plain, by the deposits of its once ungovernable flood. The vague and unassisted enmity of time, then, is the only foe which these mighty vestiges have to fear; and, as even his destroying step requires an indefinite number of centuries to dissolve to dust and air the rock and marble, their solid fragments may almost aspire to the same duration as the earth on which they lie.

With these emblems of mortality before him, another reflection forces itself upon the most casual observer. Asia, Africa, and Europe, exhibit, trains of other more ancient and resplendent cities, abandoned like this, to solitude and desolation. Palmyra, Thebes, Athens, Sparta, all moulder like wrecked ships, dry on the shore. Will the present metropolises of the world lie thus exposed to the wonder and pity of remote generations? Will some new barbarians strip St. Peter of its golden ceilings and precious marbles, and leave its grassy arena thus open to the sun and storm? Will Paris, London, and the fair and rising cities of my own land, at length sink to ruin, their busy millions swept utterly away—their fields unpeopled, and grown with weeds—their dwelling-houses and churches the haunt of owls, wolves, and robbers? These questions involve others of yet broader importance. Is human nature capable of a permanent improvement—may the earth at length unite in adoring truth, virtue and wisdom? Have two thousand years elevated the moral character of mankind? Was Washington more than Cincinnatus? Were the subjects of Alexander, or of Constantine, less than those of Napoleon? In the tremendous vicissitudes of human affairs, which have placed the images of two Christian apostles on the triumphal columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, which have reared the standard of Mahomet on Mount Calvary, and molten a statue of Jove into one of St. Peter; may not some new hero, drunk with the conquests of accident or military genius, lead the hordes of over-populated Asia and Europe, upon the broad and vacant fields of America, massacring her defenders, dragging her women into slavery, and passing the ploughshare over the site of her towns? What enterprise of Romulus or Cæsar, was more unjust than the

oppressions of Great Britain against Ireland, or us, her American colonies? Was Commodus or Caligula more monstrous accidents of circumstance and nature than that of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre? And where have antiquity and paganism equalled the satanic horrors of the inquisition? But Rome is not the spot where human nature would choose to be judged, unless an orator of surpassing eloquence stood here to defend her against the accusations of yonder plain.

The renowned churches amply repay a visit from their intrinsic splendours; their gorgeous displays of statuary and paintings, and the perpetual profusion of precious marbles. But they advance a more serious claim to interest in their *relics*, nearly all being blessed with some sacred deposit, of divine origin and miraculous virtue, from the thumb to the head, of a saint or an apostle. In spite of the thunders of Luther and his successors, a train of supernatural agents is yet in attendance on the Pope and his bishops. The nymph of Numa has fled from the fountain of Egeria, and Jupiter and Minerva, with all their pagan pomp, are no longer present to their earthly worshippers; but the hierarchy of saints and angels, with their subordinate deities, which the sturdy reformers imagined they had quieted for ever, are yet often occupied upon their old ground; and, if nature is no longer, as of yore, "the obsequious handmaid of the pope," she still sometimes waits upon him in a friendly way. The power of setting aside the course of the universe, still resides in these old relics. You would be astounded to hear a grave priest enumerating or exhibiting a lock of the Virgin Mary's hair, and a piece of her petticoat—a robe of Jesus, sprinkled with his blood; some drops of his blood in a phial; some of the water which flowed out of the wound in his side; a piece of the sponge, the lance, and the chain of the passion; the table off which he ate his last supper; a piece of the stone of the sepulchre on which the angel sat; the porphyry pillar on which the cock crowed when Peter denied his Lord; the well of Samaria, (a fine circular case of marble); the seat whereon the soldiers cast lots for the garments; the pillars of the temple rent asunder at the moment of crucifixion; the heads of Saints Peter and Paul; the baby-linen of Jesus, and the rod of Moses. Most of these we saw in *San Giovanni in Laterano*. One or two are, or at least *were*, exhibited in France. It is natural enough that these should be shewn to the lower order of the Roman people, who devoutly believe their bishop can procure any favour from heaven by their potent aid; but it is curious that they should continually expose them to the impious incredulity or ridicule of strangers. But perhaps the two or three *paoli* received as a *douceur* by the exhibiter, may afford the apothecary's argument in Romeo and Juliet—"my poverty, and not my will, consents."

This mania for relics and saints is the remnant of the corruptions consequent upon the conversion of Constantine, and for twelve hundred years raged almost beyond the credulity of these more enlightened days. The disinterred bones of a martyr, or a malefactor (mistakes will happen), among other miraculous virtues, possessed the power of raising the dead. At Minorca, the relics of Saint Stephen, in eight days, converted four hundred and fifty Jews; and in the seventeenth century, an inveterate ulcer was cured by the touch of a prickle from the holy thorn. In dismissing this subject, let me transcribe for you the following interesting passage from the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Empire."

"After the final destruction of the temple, by the arms of Titus and Hadrian, a ploughshare was drawn over the consecrated ground, as a sign of perpetual interdiction. Sion was deserted; and the vacant place of the lower city was filled with the public and private edifices of the Delean colony, which spread themselves over the vacant hill of Calvary. The holy places were polluted with monuments of idolatry; and, either from design or accident, a chapel was dedicated to Venus, on the spot which had been sanctified by the death and resurrection of Christ. Almost three hundred years after those stupendous events, the profane chapel of Venus was demolished by the order of Constantine; and the removal of the earth and stones, revealed the holy sepulchre to the eyes of mankind. A magnificent church was erected on that mystic ground, by the first Christian emperor; and the effects of his pious munificence were extended to every spot which had been consecrated by the footsteps of patriarchs, of prophets, and of the Son of God.

"The passionate desire of contemplating the original monuments of their redemption, attracted to Jerusalem a successive crowd of pilgrims, from the shores of the Atlantic ocean, and the most distant countries of the east; and

their piety was authorized by the example of the Empress Helena, who appears to have united the credulity of age with the warm feelings of a recent conversion. Sages and heroes who have visited the memorable scenes of ancient wisdom and glory, have confessed the inspiration of the genius of the place; and the Christian who knelt before the holy sepulchre, ascribed his lively faith and fervent devotion to the more immediate influence of the divine spirit. The zeal, perhaps the avarice of the clergy of Jerusalem, cherished and multiplied these beneficial visits. They fixed, by unquestionable tradition, the scene of each memorable event. They exhibited the instruments which had been used in the passion of Christ; the nails and the lance that had pierced his hands, his feet, and his side; the crown of thorns that was planted on his head; the pillar at which he was scourged; and, above all, they shewed the cross on which he suffered, and which was dug out of the earth in the reign of those princes who inserted the symbol of Christianity in the banners of the Roman legions. Such miracles as seemed necessary to account for its extraordinary preservation and seasonable discovery, were gradually propagated without opposition. The custody of the *true cross*, which on Easter Sunday was solemnly exposed to the people, was intrusted to the bishop of Jerusalem; and he, alone, might gratify the curious devotion of the pilgrims by the gifts of small pieces, which they had enchased in gold, or gems, and carried away in triumph to their respective countries. But as this gainful branch of commerce must soon have been annihilated, it was found convenient to suppose, that the marvellous wood possessed a secret power of vegetation; and that its substance, though continually diminished, still remained entire and unimpaired."

A paragraph from the notes of a traveller, at present in Rome, describing the Vatican as a "large building erected by several popes prior to the French revolution!" while received by most as a matter of merriment, I shall improve into one of instruction. I may add, however, under the license of personal impression, that the Fountain of Egeria, so much painted and praised, did not appear to us invested with other charms than those derived from association; that the shapeless and enormous fragments, usually scattered by travellers over the Palatine-hill, are either so diminished in size and number or perhaps so sunken in the soil, as to be invisible to the prosaic coolness of a second visit; that notwithstanding the evidence of the guide-books, and the collateral assurances of the *cicerone*, the sceptical student will often find his classic fervours abated by doubt and dissatisfaction; and that the Tarpeian Rock, (whose identity, by the way, was long disputed by the antiquarians), is approachable only through scenes of beggary and filth; and that the eager visiter will never be more likely to inquire "Where is it?" than while standing on its summit. But Rome is changed, not only in a moral sense. The climate is no longer the same, but appears yielding to the encroachments of the awful morbific principle which already afflicts its people with disease and premature death. The shrunken river winds through an obstructed channel, (over what unheard of treasures!) and is nearly lost to the purposes of navigation; the remains of the sewers are of such a magnitude, that precludes even their repair by the papal government—the city has descended from the Seven Hills, the plain itself has risen many feet, and the dreadful summit of the Tarpeian Cliff, which frowned over the Forum in the days of Caius Manlius, has itself fallen, and its rocky fragments have disappeared with the names of its thousand victims!

Well, we have *seen Rome*. If it has been a sincere gratification, it has been also a heavy labour. So powerful are the necessary exertion and excitement, both mental and bodily, that candidly, the spirit faints under the task, and we long for the repose and dulness of the common world. In some cases it is greatly prejudicial to the health; and an instance came under my observation, of a young man who actually killed himself here by sight-seeing. For after dragging the rounds of this imperial city across the sunshiny squares, amid filth, offals, market-women, beggars, asses, barefooted friars, and skinned bull-frogs; into churches, whose sudden chill threatens health and life; now by torch-light exploring dungeons; now, with an umbrella, climbing hills, towers, steep flights of steps; here within the hall of St. Peter's, there in the Marmentine prisons, panting and sweating, you wish Rome and all her classical associations at the very devil. Then the *cicerone*, a dull, unceasing, unfeeling rascal, dinging your ears with swollen descriptions of heaven only knows what! Some one says, not without a shew of reason, "the pleasure is not to *travel*, but to *have travelled*." N. P. Willis.

THE FRENCH OFFICER.

"Well," said I to myself, getting into the diligence to go from Havre to Paris, "a pretty day I shall have of it, to be crammed from sunrise till sunset in a jolting prison, face to face with a parcel of folks I have never before laid eyes on!"

To tell the truth, I was in a mood for grumbling, and on looking at my companions there was nothing to soften it. They were well dressed, to be sure, but there was a general air of coldness, distance, restraint, that promised badly.

"What are we waiting for?" I inquired, rather pettishly, of the conducteur.

"Only for Colonel Aubin, and it wants a few minutes of the time. Ay, yonder he comes."

Hardly was the word said, before a genteel, elegantly-formed man, in a military dress and a blue Spanish cloak, made his appearance. In spite of large black eyes and mustaches, the smile on a handsome mouth with ivory teeth indicated habitual gaiety and good humour.

"Ah, gentlemen," said he, looking round on taking his seat, "I am glad to see we are full. A diligence is a dull affair, which nothing can make tolerable but good company."

My blue-devils took flight in a minute. The officer had made his remark in such a pleasant tone that it seemed immediately to banish the reserve and awaken the kind feelings of every one, and the next moment we were as merry as if we had been over a bottle of champagne. The Colonel was the life of the party; witty and easy, at the same time well-informed and polite.

The diligence rolled on rapidly, and as we suddenly turned round a hill that overhung the river, one of the passengers cried out, "There is Caudeback; what a beautiful landscape!" In a moment every eye was directed through the windows and fixed in admiration. It was, indeed, a lovely prospect. The valley below, swelling in gentle undulations, was covered with wheat and rye fields in their tenderest green, and far away rose lofty hills in softened blue. Not a fence or hedge-row broke the wide-spread sea of verdure, but here and there wooded spots with lofty trees lay like islands, and white cottages sprinkled over the scene, shone like so many distant sails. Just at our feet glided on the river, broad, still, and silvery, which, here making a bend, enclosed most of the valley in its semicircle. The day was one of the sweetest to give effect to picturesque beauty; clear, without being dazzling, with a few light, white clouds now and then skimming across the sun, and varying the tints of the landscape beneath. Our handsome officer, who had hitherto been the life of the party by his wit, intelligence, and good humour, sunk back in his seat, with his hand passed over his eyes.

The diligence rattled on through the town, ascended the hill beyond, and entering a road, bordered on either side by formal rows of apple-trees, the beautiful landscape disappeared behind us. Once, and only once, as our lumbering vehicle was passing through the town, the officer looked hurriedly out of the windows, and convulsively shrinking back, resumed his former position. I know not how it was, but his sudden and incomprehensible taciturnity seemed contagious. From being as gay as a wedding party, we became as grave as the attendants of a funeral. The officer was the first to break the silence, and, by his conversational powers, our former hilarity was soon restored.

"And now, Monsieur l'officier," said a passenger, "if I be not too bold, pray tell me why you were seized with such a fit of the blue-devils—you, 'the gayest of the gay'—just when every one else was enraptured with the finest view on our route?"

The officer's countenance fell, but he immediately regained an appearance of composure.

"I have no reason, gentlemen," said he, "to make any mystery; and perhaps my involuntary conduct demands an explanation. I was in that town once before, and the sudden mention of it brought to memory one of the most eventful and awful scenes of my life—one which I cannot even think of now without shuddering. I would detail what, after five years, has lost little of its original intensity, did I not fear of tiring you."

We all earnestly begged him to proceed, as we well perceived it was no ordinary circumstance that had produced such enduring effects on one of his temperament.

"Five years ago, then," said the officer, "as I was on my way from Paris to Havre, to join my regiment, the diligence, in passing through Rouen, took in an old gentleman and his daughter, whose whole air and appearance

bore the stamp of birth and education. I occupied a back seat, and as they entered, I alternately offered it to both of them; but they declined, coldly, though politely. The other seats were filled with young officers, destined for the same place as myself. They were all strangers to me; yet, as there is a kind of free-masonry among military men, conversation soon became general and unrestrained among us. The father and daughter seemed alone excluded from the common gaiety. It was not until after perhaps an hour, that I bethought me of the want of good feeling, not to say of politeness, in making these two individuals feel that they were the only strangers. I addressed some few indifferent words to the old gentleman, who replied readily and freely, and we soon got into a steady and interesting conversation. He now, of his own accord, requested me as a favour to exchange seats, as riding backward affected him. This change brought me alongside the daughter; not a little to my wishes, you may be sure, as I was gallant to all the sex, and especially to those having any pretension to beauty. I had not distinctly seen my fair fellow-traveller, on account of her veil and bonnet; but a fine form, and glimpses of sparkling black eyes, and a lovely complexion, were quite enough. Never in my life did I use so much exertion to render myself interesting, and never with less success. She always answered me intelligently and politely, yet so very briefly, that after several attempts I desisted, and renewed my intercourse with the more sociable father. When we arrived at the hotel, in the town we have just passed, we officers agreed to sup together. The father and daughter withdrew to their apartments. Our supper was prolonged until pretty late in the night; but, as we had to depart at the break of day, we at last separated to get a few hours' repose. Whether it was the fatigue of the journey, mental excitement, or the effect of an extra glass, I know not, but I felt no inclination to sleep. I took books out of my trunk—novels, travels, and poetry—but all to no purpose. My eye glanced over the pages in a kind of vacuity, that left no distinct impression on the mind. I looked out at the moon, and paced up and down the room with a vague feeling of impatience and unhappiness, for no assignable reason. It was so very still that the ticking of my watch struck me with a distinctness so painful, that I stopped it.

"While in this state, I was startled by a voice quite near me, which I immediately knew for that of my fair fellow-traveller, warbling exquisitely, in a soft under-tone, the beautiful air 'Nel Corpo,' from the opera of Idalide. For a moment I experienced a thrill of satisfaction that a human being was awake, and so near me. On examination I found that there was a door between my room and hers, apparently long nailed up and disused. Two or three times I was on the point of tapping, and of attempting a conversation, but the utter impropriety and indelicacy of such conduct has often struck me. As I was impatiently ruminating, she commenced in the same *sotto voce* the song from *Trilby Lutrin*, 'Ecoute.' I listened till she had concluded the first verse. Then taking up the tune, I sang, loud enough for her to hear, the second verse, where Trilby replies to Jenny. Her voice immediately ceased, and after a few light footsteps and gentle movements, I heard no farther noise in her chamber. I listened long and eagerly, and then reflected with compunction that I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in breathing one accent to a strange lady in her bed-room.

"It must have been very late, when, wearied more in mind than body, I threw myself, without undressing, on the bed. As for sleep, I had no expectation of it. I did sleep, however—a sleep I shall never forget. Frequently I was awaked by sudden starts, and when I slumbered again I was surrounded by strange forms and faces, that stared frightfully at me, and shouted in my ear. My dreams eventually assumed greater distinctness on my senses. I seemed to hear tumultuous voices, the roaring of drums, the ringing of bells, and occasionally peals like thunder: I felt oppressed by the glare of light. Even now, I am conscious of having suffered much in the throes of that deep and feverish sleep. A noise like thunder, and a violent vibration, startled me from my uneasy couch, and I sprung on the floor; I looked around me with half-scattered senses; my dreams still continued, for I heard the shouts and screams of hundreds of voices; the drums rolled their alarms, as on the eve of battle; numerous bells clanged forth their jangling notes, and the room glared red with rapid flashes, as if illuminated by the burstings of a volcano. Accustomed to danger, I soon collected myself; I approached the

window, and saw that the town was on fire, and that the conflagration was raging around the very spot where I was sleeping. It was the blowing up of a house in the vicinity that had suddenly aroused me. The wind blew high, and the flame, rolling on in broad sheets, was spreading from house to house. My hotel was evidently burning! It may well be supposed that I did not gaze long. I rushed toward my door, but at the very moment I recollected the lady near me. I paused—I confess it—but it was only a pause—whether I should not save myself. 'What, leave a helpless woman! never!' I knocked violently at her door—this was not a time for ceremony; I tried with all my strength to force an entry, but in vain; the door resisted my utmost efforts. Meanwhile the light became more and more bright, and the noise of the crowd increased below, as if nearer and more numerous. I sprung to my door, and found it closed; I remembered well, locking it before going to bed, and taking the key out, but had utterly forgotten where I had put it. After attempting to burst it open with my foot, I essayed with a chair, and then a table, till both were shivered into fragments, without as much as shaking the solid fastenings. I relaxed my exertions, exhausted and bathed in perspiration. Once more I went to the window to try and ascertain my exact situation. I discovered that the conflagration was rapidly hemming me in, and that they were actively plying fire-engines, and now and then blowing up houses to try to arrest its progress. As I could see by the light that the street below was crowded with people, I determined to call for assistance. The window-sashes closed by a construction that I did not understand, and my efforts to open them were unavailing. In my impatience I dashed both hands through the panes of glass, and though severely cut by them, I felt no pain at the time. The smoke poured in so dense and hot through the aperture I had made, that I had to retire; but reaching the window a second time, I called loudly for aid. Amid the clamour of voices and the roaring of the flames, a cannon could scarcely have been heard. I hallooed till I was aware that it was in vain, and the stifling vapour drove me from my position.

"The room began to be oppressively hot, and the floor parched my feet. I had faced death in a hundred battle-fields, and feared it not; but to die thus amid excruciating and protracted torments! I sank down on my bed in despair. The black smoke that had dashed against my window, was now mingled with gushes of dark-red flame, that shivered the remaining panes, and covered the room with a murky cloud. 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'it is all over! I have nothing to do but die like a man.' My eyes, irritated by the vapour, were filled with tears, and I could no longer distinguish objects; my body was scorching, and I panted for breath, inhaling at every respiration a poisoned atmosphere. At this time a loud splash rattled through the shivered panes, and I was deluged with a shower of water. The fire-engines were playing on the house, and the streams had penetrated my chamber. By the sudden affusion of cold water I was restored to life, and with it to hope. The air of the room was more clear and freshened. Once more I arose, resolved to make another effort at preservation. I seized the tongs and poker, and tried to force back the locks of the two doors. My strength seemed to increase with my desperation. I toiled till the skin was rubbed from my before lacerated hands, and they were bathed in blood. It was all useless, and hope died thoroughly within me. Almost fainting, I staggered back against the wall. In that position I saw my reflection in a large Psyche, and in spite of my absorbing situation, I was appalled at my appearance. My eyes were haggard and blood-shotten; my hair, bedewed with perspiration, hung in lank spikes; my lips were black and parched, and the pallidness of my skin was frightfully contrasted with spots of soot, and streaks of gore from my bleeding hands.

"What I have related was but the events of a few minutes, for hours seemed compressed in the hurried thoughts and rapid action of that horrid period. The consummation was rapidly approaching. A wooden portico covered with tin, just under my window, had long resisted the furious element, and had been kept below ignition by the engines; but at length, overcome by the intense heat from the neighbouring houses, it spouted up in a pyramid of fire, that was borne by the wind, with whirls of smothering smoke, immediately into my room. My lungs were so overcome with the heated and deleterious air, that I felt choked; my head swam round, and my knees were sinking under me. I remembered to have heard that there is always in

such cases a layer of pure air near the floor, and I threw myself on my face. In fact I did breathe more freely there. I listened for human accents or movements in the house, but heard none. All at once the noise of the crowd subsided, and from the few occasional shouts through speaking-trumpets, I understood that the house was about to be blown up. I almost felt relieved to think that this would speedily terminate my dreadful fate. While thus extended on the floor, my eye caught the door-key near me. I remembered afterward having hung it on a nail just above, from whence it had fallen. A ray of hope rushed into my mind. I seized the key and gained the door; but the dense, sulphureous medium into which I rose, overpowered my exhausted frame. I reeled round, and fell senseless. I only remember that as I sprang from the floor, it seemed to me I heard something like footsteps and voices, and that as I fell, a loud crash rang in my ears.

"How long I lay insensible I know not. When I recovered, I found myself on a bed in a handsome room, a gentleman in black, who I afterward discovered was a physician, close by me, and several servants around. As soon as I moved, he begged me to remain quiet, and indeed I had no other inclination. I felt as if there was scarcely force in me to inhale or expire my breath. I had achings in my limbs and a soreness along my veins, especially in my arms; but the worst of all was a most insufferable nausea. The burns were inconsiderable. My head was bathed in Cologne water, leeches applied to my chest, and iced water given me to drink, till finally the irritability of my stomach was allayed. It was, however, three days before I was restored to any thing like comfort. Even then I was as weak as a child, but the disease was conquered. I had made many attempts to question my attendants, and they had as often positively refused to talk with me. When they saw me really convalescent, my queries were satisfied. How had I been saved? Who had thought of the stranger, when every one was intent on his own safety and that of his property? Who but woman, weak, timid woman, who, careless to the impulses of ambition, perils all when she can serve humanity! My lovely neighbour had been awakened by her father a few minutes before, and hurried off to a place of safety. As soon as the inmates of the hotel were assembled, and she saw that one was missing, that I was not there, she beseeched the firemen, the landlord, the officers, her old father, to save me. They declared with one voice that the attempt was useless—madness. Hardly had her father left her to look after his trunks, when again she begged and implored the firemen, until moved by her tears and a full purse, two of the strongest and most resolute offered to go. But who was to shew them the way? Before the question could well be asked, she rushed before them, while a scream was heard from every one near her. She led the way to the room she had so lately occupied, now almost as dark as night with smoke. The firemen recoiled till they saw her still press on. A sturdy blow from their axes, and the door flew in shivers. A fireman rushing in, raised my lifeless body on his shoulders, while at the same time his companion had to catch up and bear off the heroic girl, who had sunk on the floor the moment she had seen my prostrate form. 'And where is my preserver?' I exclaimed, when I had heard the history. 'She is in the same hotel where you are at present,' said the physician; 'but with her delicate frame, her convalescence cannot be as rapid as yours.' The first use, you may rest assured, that I made of my returning health, was to visit one to whom I owed every thing. With my ardent gratitude, I should have been fascinated had I found her less beautiful, or less amiable; as it was, I found her an angel. I will not tire you with the details of what may seem to you a mawkish love-story of common romance. Suffice it to say, that awful night, which still makes my blood run cold, made me what I still am—a happy husband.

CONVERSATION.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend ——, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sand-pit, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal, made a very *mal-adroit* use of one. "Ah," said he, with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "*we* are fearfully and wonderfully made!"

A BABBLER REBUKED.

A garrulous barber, being called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "How shall I shave you?" "In silence," was the reply.

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A TRUE THOUGH TOUGH YARN,

ABOUT PATTYGONEY AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY TYRONE POWER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIR," "THE KING'S SECRET," ETC.

"Ye gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas!"

A few years back it was my hard fortune to be penned, for four months, on board a transport taken up to convoy to glory and the liver-complaint, some two hundred soldiers and thirteen officers, being detachments of four different regiments serving in his majesty's Indian territories.

In this "glory-box," as the soldiers not unaptly christened the ship, after getting a terrible clawing in a gale of wind in the Western ocean, we hauled in for the "Cape de Verds," where, by keeping the soldiers on constant fatigue duty, for I verily think if left to themselves, the villains would have preferred sinking to pumping, we at length happily arrived, dropping our anchor in the harbour of St. Jago; and here we discovered we were likely to quarter for some time, the ship requiring a complete overhauling. Having seduced a comrade to join me, I got through two days, by rattling over the island, after my Tartar fashion, much to the astonishment of the Portuguese of all colours, who I fancy set us down for mad; and not without some reason, when it is considered we were pelting up and down their arid sand-hills, with the thermometer at one hundred.

When this course was over, we had nothing left for it but to stay frizzling and playing whist to the accompaniment of the carpenter's hammer, on board our prison ship, or to pass the day in social chat, with a very agreeable pirate crew, who occupied a cage-like den, adjoining the guard-house, and employed themselves in making cigars for the use of their visitors, handing them through the grating, with a hospitality and benevolence of manner quite enchanting. These were gay, lively, good-humoured-look-

ing robbers, such as it would be quite a pleasure to have one's throat cut by—chaps that would hand a man over a ship's side, to walk the plank, with the hearty squeeze of the fist, and give him a cigar to light himself to the bottom by. This was certainly the pleasantest society of the city of St. Jago, and I fancy the most exclusive; the gentlemen were perfectly unembarrassed about their fate, feeling pretty confident that before the Portuguese authorities would decide on their condemnation, they would be once more at large, rocking on their ocean-mother's breast. Their schooner had been run ashore on the island of May, by a British sloop-of-war, and there they left her, well knowing it was more their interest to surrender to the Portuguese government, than to his Britannic majesty's sloop. The governor's schooner had, a few days before our arrival, gone down to wait for, and bring up the captain of this gentle crew, who was reported as badly wounded; and this captain, I felt a vast curiosity to become acquainted with, having learnt that he was a countryman, through a servant of mine, who had made a confidential acquaintance with the *soi-disant* Spanish cook of the crew; a fellow with a red head, a Celtic phiz, and a Munster brogue as rich as buttermilk.

In the harbour was an American ship bound down to this same island for salt; so by way of killing time, and satisfying our curiosity, two of us resolved to take a passage in her, and come back in the governor's schooner, which was to return in about six days. Accordingly, on board we went; and on a fine moonlight night, or rather morning, stood with the land breeze on our beam, out of the harbour of St. Jago. Our first-mate was an Englishman, with whom I had, on several occasions, whilst roaming about the town, held sundry palavers; his name was Tibbs, and a more thorough-going tar, of the old school, I have seldom encountered. He abominated steam, and all recent inventions connected with his profession. Although a sober man, he had a positive love for grog, and a superlative contempt for the temperance society; the which, looking at it as of American origin, was, as Mr. Tibbs said, "a fashion he could by no means understand; seeing that the people were no fools, that rum was both good and plenty in the States, besides very drinkable whiskey, and noways dear withal."

He was, like most old sailors, a bit of a grumbler, and, as I soon discovered, no great lover of America, or American ships, although he frankly admitted, that they were clipping boats, well found, and capitally provisioned; good-living being a first-rate consideration with all tars, who are greater gourmands in their way, than the uninitiated imagine. The merits of American sailors, also, he admitted with equal frankness; yet still, after all this, it was pretty plain he had no absolute love for his present mess. I at once saw by his manner there was some mystery lurking in Mr. Tibbs's mind, and this I inwardly resolved, if possible, to fathom before we parted.

On our second night out, coming upon deck during the first watch, I found my ancient friend more than usually wroth, muttering all sorts of expletives against Yankee ships, and Yankee crews: as in this mood he paced by my side, I ventured to observe, that it struck me as odd to find him hanging on so long in a service he disliked; since, if I rightly understood him, he had been in it for six years at the least.

"Well!" said the old boy, turning shortly round on me, thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his pea-jacket, and pausing for full half a minute, during which he chewed "the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," and his huge quid of Cavendish together—"well, now, that is reason too, Mr. Thompson, and yet after all, you'd say my logic about the matter is none so bad, if you know'd how the land lays—seeing that I can't help myself no how."

"Not help yourself, Mr. Tibbs?" I exclaimed, purposely throwing a little quiet surprise into my query. "Why, how is that? I should have thought that a thorough-going seaman like you, might sail under any flag he chose to lift his hat to."

"Not if I was to be hanged for it, can I get clear of the stars and stripes of these Yankees, any more than if my only shirt was made out of a bit o' their buntin'. By jingo, I begin to think sometimes that I'm clinched to it for life."

Again we resumed our walk, and a pause occurred, which I was fearful to break with any direct question, knowing well that no yarn is half so good as that which is yielded voluntarily from the full fraught bosom. I felt I had got him on the right tack, and considered it best to give him his own way.

Having surveyed the clouds awhile, and consulted the dog-vane, he crossed the deck, hailing the watch, with "Step along here, some of ye, and square away

the yards—let go the buntlines afore; come aft."

The sleepy "Ay, ay, sir," was succeeded by the tramp of the watch, lazily; straggling along the waste, and handling the rigging, until the yards being duly adjusted from main to sky-sail, back rolled Mr. Tibbs to where I stood leaning against the rail, enjoying my cigar.

"Will you try one, old boy?" asked I, perceiving at a glance that he was big with his story.

"Thank ye, sir," responded Tibbs, and to it we went—puff, puff.

"Clippers in light winds, these American craft, Tibbs!" I muttered between the puffs, deliberately leading back to the old ground, where I felt assured there lay good sport, if I could only rouse it.

"They are all that," puffed Mr. Tibbs, in response, "and no want o' rags—I will say,"—puff, puff,—"carry on's the word with them, through all weathers; they never mind makin' a few stu'n-sail booms, because why, you see, spars is as cheap as molasses among 'em, and uncommon pretty spars their yellow pine makes surely, as ever clean cloth was bent on to."

Here followed several long satisfactory puffs; whilst, under cover of the smoke, on I pressed with, "Then you really admit that they do possess some good points, these Yankee ships—eh, Mr. Tibbs?"

"There is no better swims salt water, depend upon, Mr. Thompson," promptly answered the mate, with the air of a man resolute to do justice, in defiance of his prejudices, "nor none better found in every way, that I'll say for them as long as I live."

"Then why, in the name of wonder, do you appear so anxious to quit them, eh, my old friend?"

"Why, in the first place, because I'm a Briton born and bred, and like old England better than I ever can America. In the next place," and here the old man's voice dropped a note or two, "because I've gotten a sister, and a little slip of a girl, a daughter of my own, living about four mile off Falmouth. But, mostly of all, I do really believe because I can't get away for life."

"Can't get away!" I muttered, "what, are you then chained to America, Mr. Tibbs?"

"Fast as a Carolina nigger!" rapped out Tibbs, in his former very emphatical tone.

"As how, and by what means?" asked I, really becoming anxious to hear how the old tar had become possessed of this odd notion, with the which he was evidently most seriously imbued.

"All along o' being twice cast away, Mr. Thompson," mournfully sighed Tibbs, whilst, in my most encouraging way, I cried,

"Well, now clap on, old messmate, and tell us all about it."

"It's a long yarn," says Tibbs, in a deprecatory tone, evidently most desirous to spin it off to one towards whom, as a countryman, and a piece of a sailor, he felt some sympathy.

"Never mind, but lay along the sooner," returned I, quite as willing to listen, as my companion, despite of all his coquetry, was to talk. After a finishing puff or two at his cigar, therefore, he passed the back of his hand across his lips, and with a half smirk on his weather-beaten phiz, began:—

"Mr. Thompson—it's a queer story; though, to be sure, I'll be bound it will make you laugh to think o' my being such a fool; but howsomever you shall have it, end for end. Well, you see, it was in the year 1816, I sailed mate of a Liverpool ship, bound for Sable Island, and an uncommon tidy run we had for about fifteen days, when, just as we got to the westward o' the Banks, we fell in with unaccountable foul weather,—rain, and hail, and wind, and fog, and more of all on 'em than we much cared for; however, we kept on, making westing, in hopes o' gettin' a southerly blow, out of all this dirt, till at last down it came all of a lump, tails up, a regular roarer, about nor'-nor'-east. The first thing as happened partic'lar, was, just as we had clew'd up top-gallant-sails, away went our main-topsail-yard in the slings. 'O Lord!' squeals our skipper, shootin' up the companion, and clappin' his two fins fast together; 'what shall we do, sinners as we is!' No sooner said, than puff, away flies the foresail and foretopsail-yard—jam goes the skipper's two fins together agin, chock-block!—but afore he could rap out a single word this time, snap, snap, flies cross-jack-yard, and mizzen-top-mast; and with that, out bolts his O Lord! with half a dozen little saints tack'd on to it for this last spell. Our skipper, you must know, was one o' your new-fashioned sea-saints, a regular white-o'-my-eye chap, as read the Bible in his berth all day Sundays, and got drunk every blessed afternoon on shoushong-tea, with a trifle o' brandy in it by way o' milk; and yet, if you'd believe his long yarn, he'd as soon ha' toasted

his cheese with the devil's three-pronged tormentor, as fairly fist a can o' right rum grog. Well, any way, there he stood this time, staring aloft, like Peter's pig; and I must confess, it was a little bit puzzlin' to fix where to begin first. However, one at a time's best, thinks I; so up the fore-rigging I starts with a gang, to send down the crippled spars, to see and get 'em fish'd — we wasn't partic'lar well handed, and it was just as much as both watches could do to overhaul one mast at a time, while the saint, and a boy at the helm, look'd after the deck. Well, there I stuck aloft, for five precious hours the very first spell, and then I sent the hands down to get their suppers—we'd gotten both yards on deck by this time, and I stopped aloft, puttin' the riggin' a little to rights, afore I come down to fish the sticks. As I was a workin' away, thinkin' what a precious job I'd gottin' afore me, bang we comes, right stem-on agin something cruel hard; tumble goes I, off the lifts, right head over heels into the loose sail—hold on thinks I, for I felt it was no feather-bed that was slippin' under our kelson—reel goes the ship over on her beam ends, and squash goes the foremast into the water—well, I kept scrambling and wriggling, to get my head out o' the sail, if it was only to tell how near I was to the bottom; and at last seeing there was no time for being over nice, I fumbled out my knife, and 'cut away,' was the word for dear life. But, would you believe it, no sooner was I got into daylight agin, than I spies, pullin away to leeward the only boat we had, with all hands aboard, and our sanctified sea-cow of a skipper in the stern sheets, half slewed round, squinting like a dog-fish at the poor barky. I found out that the mast I'd been on was floating along side, held fast by the lee-rigging; so I scrambled over it, till somehow or other I got up into the weather chains, and waved my arms over head, and shouted blue murder, for I saw the ship was settling down fast; at the same time, yowl goes something under my foot, and looking down, there stood shivering our captain's little poodle, Gracy, as he used to make such a pope of, skrewin' herself close under the lee o' the bulwarks. Well, yelp and yowl went poor Gracy, and shout, hallo, and whistle, went I! but it was all o' no use—once the men lay on their oars for a minute, but I saw our saint jam his fins together, so I knew no good could come o' that; and so it proved, for they gave way again, leaving poor Gracy and old Bill Tibbs, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, going right for heaven."

"What! Mr. Tibbs, did they then desert you, conscious of your being yet alive?"

"Conscience be cursed!" cried Tibbs, mistaking the word; "the lubbers hadn't as much conscience as would bait a cod-line among 'em."

"Were they then English?" I inquired with an indignant air.

"Every mother's son of 'em, excepting the skipper, and he was a Paisley weaver."

"Yours must have been but a bad sort of berth, just then, old boy."

"Why, I thought so myself at the time, but I've had worse before and after. Well, when I could'nt see the boat no longer, I crawled further aft, and got outside, on the starboard main-riggin', where I was high and dry; and after I'd shook myself, I begins to look about me—both the after-masts were yet standin'; on the weather side, the quarter deck well out of water, the sea wasn't much, and the barky seemed tryin' to right herself every lurch she made; so, thinks I, if I could come by an axe, I'd lend you a hand, old lass, by easing you of these spars—as we'd been all ready to fish, when the second squall nipp'd us short, I guessed the carpenter's tool basket might yet be lying somewhere in the lee-scuppers, so I bends on one of the loose leading-lines, takes a turn o' the bite round my wrist, and slips right down to leeward, where, after a good deal of divin' and duckin' about, I sure enough gets hoult o' the vere thing I wanted—now then haul away, ym mate, says I, with a good will, and try your luck, for there's life in a barnacle adrift—slash away, at it I went, and soon doused the lanyards, for they were strained as taut as fiddle-strings—the poor barky behaved like a livin' poor cretur that know'd she must either right or sink, till at last, after a heavy grunt, and a couple o' long dives, luff goes her bows right out o' water, and up she turns, till she was as right as a marlin-spike.—Huzza! cries I — 'bow, vow,' barks Gracy, givin' herself a shake, on finding she could once again keep her feet, without hangin' on by her claws, as she'd be'n compelled to afore. Poor little bitch! I couldn't help takin' a hearty squeeze of her paw, when she jumped up on me, as much as to say, thank'e old chap—for there we two was, any way, officers, crew and supercargo. Soon a'ter night came on, and a long watch I had on't; how-

ever, the weather was moderate, and we wanted for nothin'; for on the quarter, right abaft the skipper's berth, I know'd that there was a lot o' cheeses, and sody-water, of his own, that he'd gotten for his venture — and O dear! how you'd a laugh'd, Mr. Thompson, to a' seen the little poodle a watchin' me openin' the sody bottles. Pop goes the cork, phiz goes the water, and bark-away goes Gracy, all the time wantin' a drink at it, poor brute! ay, and she took to it at last quite natural, and I do believe liked it."

"Could you manage to get any rest at all, Mr. Tibbs?" I here inquired, just by way of filling up the pause, while he turned his quid and glanced upward at the lofty sails bellying in the light breeze.

"Why, I tell you, sir," he again resumed, in the same quiet tone, "it wasn't the best place for a nap, seeing that the fore part o' the ship was every now and then made a clear breach over by the sea, and the wonderment to me was how she kept afloat so long. However, the second night, or I may say mornin', I dropped off, across the top o' the companion, where Gracy and I always kept, and slept as sound as a sunned turtle — and there, I fancy, I'd a slept on till St. Peter had hailed me, if it hadn't be'n for poor Gracy. I was a dreamin' away, and getting all-a-tauto to go ashore at Falmouth in first-chop twig; shavin' away, as I fancied, and swearin' a good un at my razor for scrapin' me so, when all of a sudden I wakes up — and, ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughin' when I think o' that — what, after all, do you think it was I took for a sawin' razor, Mr. Thompson?"

"Why, may be the dog clawing away at your face, Tibbs," replied I.

Tibbs stared for a moment, startled by this cunning guess, then gravely demanded: "Did I ever spin you the same yarn afore, sir?" I assured him, never.

"Well, I guess'd not," he continued, "but blow me if it is n't queer, too, for you've hit the mark, sure enough. When I opened my eyes there was little Gracy, holdin' her nose close to my face, barkin' for dear life, and lickin' away at my mouth with one of her fore paws, as much to say — rouse up, old chap, it's your watch. I sits up in a minute, and, my eyes! what a lookout was there. Land within half a mile — a long, low head, white with surf, glistening in the first rays of sunrise, and the old ship rolling fast on with a heavy ground-swell. Hold on all, says I, for we'll soon be brought up — and sure enough so we was in ten minutes after — bump she comes, and then wheels right broadside on. She never gave a second rise — the old barky was done. On roll'd the next long swell, right over all, and away goes poor Gracy from my side. I managed to hold on, that once, but soon saw, if it was ill to go, it was worse to stay — so, giving myself a bit of a shake, I jumps on my feet, and the very next wave, away I went after the poodle, that still kept head on the ship, as if tryin' to come aboard agin after me.

"I never was no great fish at swimming, and don't exactly know how the devil I made such good weather on it; — any way, in a very short time, roll I comes high and dry on to the beach, and in a minute or two after I spies out little Gracy, scramblin' about the edge o' the surf close to my berth; I run down to lend her a hand, and only to see, Mr. Thompson, the kind natur of the poor brute our Jew-parson deserted; may I be d———, if she wasn't all the while hanging on to the hat, that had been washed off o' my head by the sea that struck us when we took ground. When I see'd her tugging and turnin' keel up in the surf, making no more way than a bum-boat on a bow-lin' — knowin' she could swim like a dolphin — I wondered what ailed her, poor thing! however, I got her to land, hat and all, so there we was at last, sound as cocoa-nuts, altho' it was closer shavin' than I liked or would ever wish to try again, I can tell you, Mr. Thompson."

"Did you ever hear what became of your cowardly captain and his companions."

"Not for certain, sir; but it stands to reason they was all grabb'd for cod-bait by old Davy, as none of 'em ever turn'd up, that I could hear on."

"But Mr. Tibbs," I here observed, "I don't exactly see what reference this wreck and providential escape of yours, has to your long, or as you consider it, forced stay in the States."

"No reference," repeated Tibbs, with a knowing smile; "why, heaven help you, I haven't told you a quarter yet."

"The devil you haven't," thinks I, as Tibbs walked to the binnacle, to look at his watch, at the same time singing out — "*Seven bells* there" — half past eleven o'clock! I felt sleepy, and cast about to find excuse for deferring the balance of this really tough yarn, when the breeze saved me the trouble, by hauling a couple of points forward, rendering a change in the disposition of the yards necessary;

under cover of which movement, I was enabled to make a good retreat, reminding Tibbs, in one of the pauses of his many orders of "A pull o' this" and "a slack o' the other"—that we'd spin the rest of the yarn off the reel next evening —"So, good night Mr. Tibbs," said I, "and here are a couple of cigars to see out your watch.

"Good night, sir, and thank'e," responded Tibbs, his eyes watching the main-top-gallant yard, as it was rounded in by the braces—and down I dived to my berth, to think on the strange accidents which checker the life of the meanest tar one looks upon, although few possess the art of my friend Tibbs, in a smooth unvarnished tale, to make the truth known. The talent is not universal amongst those wonder-seeing sons of the ocean; and a good yarner is in as great esteem in the galley, or on the forecastle, as a first-rate *conteur* in a Parisian circle.

The following night, my ancient friend having the middle watch, I knew an amiable companion would be properly appreciated; and resolved, therefore, should the weather promise well, to keep the short hours with him. As a preparative measure, I turned in for a couple of hours, after an early supper; and possessing at that period, the enviable talent of sleeping whenever and wherever it might prove convenient, enjoyed a most refreshing slumber. Half an hour after midnight, I flung my cloak over my shoulders, lighted my cigar, and chose my post to windward, just abaft the main chains, the station regularly chosen by Tibbs when inclined to 'bacca and rumination; the quarter deck he looked upon as tabooed to the captain's use, and not to be profaned by any such practices. Happily the night proved most propitious for an idler; a light but steady air just kept the lofty sails asleep, the clews of the mainsail were tricked up, and there was little motion to check the ship's way except when, now and then, the huge foresail would flap back against the rigging till the tall mast groaned again, then lazily belly outward before the gentle breeze, that appeared striving, as it were, to sustain the mighty canvass, and control it to its right use. Not a single cloud, not a flitting vapour could be detected within the whole circle of the horizon; whilst high over head were congregated incalculable myriads of stars, dazzlingly bright—not appearing like as they usually do to us shore-folks, as though inlaid within the floor of heaven, but like small globes of flame, flickering within the bosom of a vast lake of ultramarine, transparent as pure crystal, yet dark and fathomless. As I rested here, gazing into that deep sky with painful intenseness, and absorbed in fancies that had wholly obliterated my first light purpose, I was suddenly awakened by the voice of Tibbs, hailing me with—

"Ah, Mr. Thompson, is that you, sir? I guessed it was, a bit agone, when first I catch'd the light of your cigar on the forecastle."

"A very light breeze this, Mr. Tibbs," I remarked, in return.

"There's more aloft than you think for sir, replied the mate, resting his elbows and back against the rail, and eyeing the royals as they bowed steadily outward, continuing, "she's a snaky craft, this here, in light winds, Mr. Thompson, and steals over smooth water faster nor you'd think. Sweet morning for a lunar, aint it, sir?"

"Is there any moon visible now, Mr. Tibbs?"

"It will be wisible about sunrise, if it continues as clear as it is now, and Wenus as well," replied Tibbs. I've seen the day, sir, I'd a given a month's wages for such a morning, when I've bin a boxin' about off the Horn."

"You've doubled the stormy Horn, then, eh, old boy?"

"A few times, sir," grinned the old sailor, taking a longer whiff than usual; then, with a sort of involuntary respiration a landsman would have hailed for a sigh, continued—"Tried once too often, though—worse luck last trip!" Another and a yet longer whiff followed. I was silent, and he resumed—"You know, sir, I was a telling you about my goin' ashore in the Betsey?"

"I shan't forget that story in a hurry, my friend."

"Well, then, you 'll say it's the queerest story ever you heard, afore I finish my log," knowingly replied Tibbs.

Seeing, therefore, that the time and all things were agreed, and by a certain quiet chuckle of recollection visible on the phiz of my crony, feeling that he was ripe for action, I came to the point at once, with—"By the way, Tibbs, let's have out the rest o' that story; and first and foremost, whereabouts had you lighted on the occasion of that same mishap?"

"Close in aback o' Cape Ann, sir. I told you how the skipper's bitch and me got ashore, and a precious tramp we had on 't all that night; knee-deep through heavy, soft sands, till in the

morning we fell in with a big decent-lookin' house. I turned in at the gate, and brought up on the front steps, thinkin' to wait quietly till such time as the people got out o' bed; and, he! he! I promise you that was n't long first, for Gracy, you see, she'd set off rousin' about and overhaulin' every hole and corner, till at last she falls athwart-hawse o' two big dogs, that was moor'd with a chain somewhere or other; and such a shilly-loo as they kick'd up surely! all hands in the house was up in a crack, both watches on deck at once, hailin' from all quarters gruff as a nor'wester. However, when I told them what was the matter, I must say civiller treatment could n't be had.

"Go down quick, and open the door, you Sam," cries an ould chap right overhead; "let the man in, give him plenty to eat, and a stinger of whiskey by way of a nightcap; and, I say, you below there," says he to me, "do n't you get under way in the morning till I 've seen you."—"Ay, ay, sir!" says I; for I know'd he was a seaman by his hail. Anyway there warn't much fear o' my startin' in a hurry; for, after a good mess, and a jug o' egg-nog the nigger servant made for me, I was stow'd away in a warm bed; and blow me if I should ha' started tack or sheet for a blue-moon, if that same old gentleman hadn't piped me up, about meridian next day. Well, I told him exactly how things had gone; and finally, in conclusion, he said next morning he 'd give me a lift to Boston, where the English consul would no doubt do something for me. Well, that 's all right, thinks I; and uncommon kind every body was to us—I mean, Gracy and I; and the young missus, a slim, fair-skin'd girl, with coal-black eyes and hair, and a brow of her own as smooth and white as an ivory fid—ay, as pretty a soul, Mr. Thompson, as you 'd wish to look on—she took such a fancy to the poor bitchy, and made me tell about her hangin' on by my hat in the surf so often, that I see'd she was crazy to have the beast; so, knowin' as such a berth did n't cast up every day, I told her she might keep Gracy if she was so minded; and, to be sure, how pleased that young woman was, he, he, he! She hugg'd and kiss'd, and laughed and cried over that little black curly devil, all at the same spell; and the old gentleman her father—for she'd got never a mother—he laughed till the water come in his eyes; till at last, I 'm shot if I could hold on any longer, but had a sort of a half laugh myself. Ay, it 's comical enough, you think, I dare say, Mr. Thompson, that we should ha' made such ninnies of ourselves," here observed Tibbs, noticing a smile which I found it impossible to repress; "but, it 's my mind, you 'd ha' turned-to yourself if you had been in company."

"Nothing is more probable, my old boy," laughed I; "but when did you start for Boston?"

"In the course of next day," resumed Tibbs; "the young lady, the old gentleman and Gracy, in a coach by themselves, and I and the nigger wallet by the stage. This nigger was an uncommon decent creature, and he told me that his master was one o'the biggest ship owners out o' Boston, and I don't know how it was, but by the time we got into the port, I thought instead o'leggin' about after our consul, which I 'd no great stomach for, though they all said he was as good a soul as ever lived—Manners by name, and manners by nature—I 'd try first if the owner would squeeze me into a decent berth, till I could set square again—no sooner said than done; I put it to him that very day, and he said he 'd ship me at once as second officer, on board a craft of his, then going to sea, her old second being sick, and not liking the length of the voyage. I said done, without even so much as axin' to look at the craft, or where she was bound, which I seed pleased the old man mightily. That same night he gave me an order on his cashier, for an advance, and in forty hours after, I was settin' topsails on board the "MISS OURI," bound on a free trade cruise round the Horn, for not longer than three years, or less than two. That was my first service on board a Yankee, and wasn't it queer that I should a come to it in such a round-about way, whether I would or no, like a press'd volunteer!"

"Now, I think," said I, "that you were in exceeding good luck, to fall in with such a port, and so kind a master; but how did you get on in the 'MISS OURI,' so called after the young lady who fell in love with your dog, I suppose?"

"Well, now, that *is* queer again!" here exclaimed Tibbs, giving way to one of his long, low chuckles. If that was n't the very idea struck me, when first I heard the ship's name; but we was both out—no, 'MISS OURI,' is the name of one o' their long-shore rivers, as they told me, but I can't say for certain; though I fancy it can't be nothing par-

ticular of a river, since I never see'd it laid down in a chart—any how she was a sweet boat, that same 'MISS OURI,'—in as first class order as any king's ship that ever rove blue buntin' — we had a prime crew of one hundred and ten men and boys, mounted ten fourteen-pound carronades, and two long eighteens, man o'war bulwarks, hammock nettins, and arms enough for all hands that could use 'em—a sweeter lookin' nor a better behaved boat at all times I never did put my foot aboard of—it's a shame she should ever bin put into such lubberly hands!"

"Badly handed then, eh, Tibbs?" inquired I.

"No sir, not that," he replied sorrowfully; "I don't delude to the crew, that was all smart enough—but you see we'd gotten a gentleman skipper—a half-cousin o' the owner's, one o' them chaps that comes aboard with a hop-jump through the cabin windows, and never goes further for'ard in a ship than the foot of the main-mast. This bird had been to sea for about eight years, chiefly in the Canton-line, where they square-away, and all hands go to sleep for six weeks at a spell, except the cook and his mate, and Jemmy Ducks, for they're compelled to rouse out and fill the coppers, and milk the cow, and feed the poultry—this captain, then, and the two supercargoes, used to keep below all day playin' fox and geese and such sort o' fun—he kept no watch, and couldn't abide cowld blowy weather—however we went bowlin' on like a porpoise, till such time as the captain guess'd he'd like to get a squint at the coast, afore we haul'd round the Horn—now this I thought at the time sounded uncommon queer, because you see, Mr. Thompson, he said he had gotten a departure from the Snowy Mountains—which, however, I never did believe, nor don't now. That day, bein' Monday, we up stick, and cracks away in for the land; at meridian on Tuesday we got an observation after thickish weather, and the captain made us about one hundred and sixty miles off the coast o' Pattygoney. That same night it came on to blow hard—I had the middle watch, and seein' it come down in heavy short puffs, and gettin' thick as Indian mush, I furl'd the spanker and courses; took a second reef on the topsails, and made her as easy as a hummin'-top. Well, sir, just as I'd struck four bells, who should pop out o' the companion but our captain. 'What are you about, sir, not to make sail?' was the first salutation he gave me, 'loose away main and foresail, and set the spanker, Mr. Tibbs, directly, then call me again in a couple of hours.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' says I—and in less than no time, I'd both watches on deck, and as much sail made as she could look up under. Mother o' Moses! but that hooker made all crack again — the sea went streakin' alongside as white and as frothy as thick milk. We'll soon get sight o' the coast o' *Pattygoney*, thinks I, if we walk along at this pace—when in less than a thought after—bang! we brought up all 'standin'!—I was pitch'd off my feet like an earthquake, and though taken slam aback, when I look'd up and saw the sticks standin', my first order was to lay all to the mast, and bring her by the wind—but I'd no sooner passed the word, than I hears our skipper, mate and supercargo, roarin' in full chorus, 'Hold on, she's half full o' water!' Is she; by jingo, thinks I, then it's time to look after one's traps—for you see, I'd an old pair of slippity shoes on, not water tight, nor any thing else, so having a pair o' new first-rater's below, I thought it might be worth while to slip 'em on in case one got ashore—however, I could not get to my berth, for she kept forging over at every heave of the sea, rollin' about like an empty beef-cask, and shipping water on all sides. O, my eyes! what a scene it was to be sure—cut away was the word; masts, gun-lashin's, and every thing that could be shoved off the hooks, soon went adrift. As the haze lifted, we saw the coast plain enough, stretching away on both sides; and most o' the hands hurrying to go ashore, they sets-to to get the captain's cutter off the booms, for the quarter-boats was both gone, and the skipper himself did not seem no ways particular about being last on the wreck. Now you see, Mr. Thompson, he'd bin a Tartar, so the men, thinking that their mess was now strongest, gave him a broad hint that he'd best wait till his turn come, and that 'ud be when his betters was served—this was tough junk, to be sure, but he was obligated to chaw it. The weather moderated, as it got clear, and by about eleven, A. M., every mother's son was safe ashore on the coast o' Pattygoney, and the Miss Ouri knock'd into as many chips as any empty sugar-hogshead; for you see that pretty hooker was modelled like a wedge, and never meant to take the ground, so the very moment she struck, down she chopp'd, first at one side, then on the other, groaning and ripping every thing to fritters, like a saw-mill.

[*Concluded at page* 59.]

NOTES OF A READER.

EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA.

The effects of the great earthquake of 1783 in Calabria, upon the nerves of many individuals, were remarkable. Some remained for a long period in a state of helpless debility, and trembled at every trifling occurrence. Others appeared as if paralyzed for a considerable time; while some declined rapidly in health and strength, from inability to digest their food; and others lost all powers of recollection for a considerable period. Some remarkable and well-attested instances of the long endurance of brute and human life without sustenance, are deserving of record. Two pigs, which had been buried thirty-two days under the ruins, were heard to grunt, by the labourers removing the rubbish. They were extricated in feeble and emaciated condition, and for some time refused the food offered them, but drank water with insatiable eagerness, and rapidly recovered. At Polisthena, a cat was buried forty days under the rubbish, and taken out in a wretched condition. She exhibited insatiable thirst, but soon recovered. In the same place an aged woman was found under the ruins of her dwelling seven days after the earthquake. When discovered she was insensible and apparently dead, but she gradually revived, and complained of no evil but thirst. She continued long in a state of weakness and stupor, and was unable to take more than very small portions of food, but eventually regained her wonted health and spirits. She stated, that very soon after the house fell, she experienced a torturing thirst, but that she soon lost all consciousness, and remained insensible until her release. In Oppido, a girl of fifteen, named Alioisa Basili, remained eleven days under the ruins without nourishment, and for the last six days in close contact with a dead body. She had the charge of an infant boy, and, when the house was falling, caught the child in her arms. He suffered greatly from incessant thirst, and expired on the fifth day. Until this period the senses of the poor girl had not failed her, but now she sunk under the combined tortures of hunger and thirst. Near Oppido, the prince, with his family and many guests, was seated at table; when the heaving earth began to rock the house, one of the company started from his chair, and perceiving an aperture in the wall, sprang through it and escaped, with only the loss of a shoe. All the others perished.

ANECDOTES OF A DIANA MONKEY.

Although anecdotes of monkeys are as numerous as the beings to whom they are said to owe their origin; although they are brought forward to all ages, and all times, still I have observed that no one gets tired of them, that their histories or portraits create an interest common to all human beings, of whatever race, or in whatever situation. The negro delights in relating the wonders or the rogueries they perform, and the saying, "that monkeys could talk if they liked, only they are afraid white men would make them work if they did," is everywhere to be heard among the more indolent inhabitants of the tropics. English men, women, and children, resemble their black brethren; and there is yet another feeling, in which the most savage and the most refined seem to agree: it is the dislike or mortification, call it which you will, that we feel in seeing how nearly they resemble ourselves. There was a restless, tormenting, agile creature on board a vessel in which I sailed up the African river, who was incessantly teasing and hovering about me. If I called another, he was sure to leap across the deck and come to perform that which the other would have done much better. I never thought myself quite alone, but this fellow's head was sure to start from some unexpected corner; and one day, wearied with his officiousness, I perceived our black monkey sitting opposite to us, and said to him, "Rapoynda, that is your brother." Kind words, presents, naught availed me afterward, for I was never forgiven; the same feeling might be traced in a very different form, when a friend of mine pulled me away from the contemplation of Landseer's admirable picture,* exclaiming, "How can you look at that so long. Such things ought never to have been made, and I am sure ought never to have been painted." I obeyed, but the recollection of Rapoynda flashed across me.

After this, I will not apologize for intruding an old ship-companion of mine on your notice, although he belongs to the never-failing theme of monkeys. He was a native of the Gold Coast, and was of the Diana species *(Simia Diana)*. He had been purchased by the cook of the vessel in which I sailed from Africa, and was considered his exclusive property. Jack's place was then close to the

* "The monkey that had seen the world."

caboose, but as his education progressed he was gradually allowed an increase of liberty, till, at last, he enjoyed the range of the whole ship, except the cabin. I had embarked with more than a mere womanly aversion to monkeys, it was absolute antipathy; and, although I often laughed at Jack's freaks, still I kept out of his way, till a circumstance brought with it a closer acquaintance, and cured me of my dislike. Our latitude was three degrees south, and we only proceeded by occasional tornadoes, the intervals of which were filled up with dead calms and bright weather. When these occurred during the day, the helm was frequently lashed, and all the watch went below. On one of these occasions, I was sitting alone on the deck, and reading intently, when, in an instant, something jumped upon my shoulders, twisted its tail round my neck, and screamed close to my ear. My immediate conviction that it was Jack scarcely relieved me; but there was no help: I dared not cry for assistance, because I was afraid of him, and dared not obey the next influence, which was to thump him off, for the same reason; I, therefore, became civil from necessity, and from that moment Jack and I entered into an alliance. He gradually loosened his hold, looked at my face, examined my hands and rings with the most minute attention, and took the biscuit which lay by my side.

When I liked him well enough to profit by his friendship, he became a constant source of amusement. Like all nautical monkeys, he was fond of pulling off men's caps as they slept, and throwing them into the sea; of knocking over the parrots' cages, to drink the water as it trickled along the deck, regardless of the occasional gripe he received; of taking the dried herbs out of the tin mugs in which the men were making tea of them; of dexterously picking out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars of the grate; of stealing the carpenter's tools; in short, of teasing everything and everybody: but he was also a first-rate equestrian. Whenever the pigs were let out to take a run on deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to keep himself on, produced a squeaking; but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty.

Confinement was the worst punishment he could receive, and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night when about to be sent to bed, in an empty hen-coop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of other monkeys on board, who were all smaller than himself, and put two out of his way. The first feat of this kind was performed in my presence: he began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation; the poor little thing crouched to him most humbly, but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too much frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by any other means. Of course Jack was flogged and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue at the end of three days sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a very original way. The men had been painting the ship's side with a streak of white, and upon being summoned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Unknown to Jack, I was seated behind the companion-door, and saw the whole transaction; he called a little black monkey to him, who, like the others, immediately crouched to his superior, when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush, dripping with paint, with the other, and covered him with white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim, and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself, but I called the steward, who washed him so well with turpentine that all injury was prevented; but during our bustle Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the main-top, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft; no one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope; at length, impelled by hunger, he dropped unexpectedly from some height on my knees, as if for refuge, and as he had thus confided in me, I could not deliver him up to punishment.

The only way in which I could control his tricks, was by shewing him to

the panther on board, which excited his fears very strongly. I used to hold him up by his tail, and the instant he saw the panther, he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes, and pretend to be dead. When I moved away he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously, but if he caught a glimpse of the panther's cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he resumed the rigidity of death. After four months' sojourn together, I quitted Jack off the Scilly Islands, and understood that I was much regretted.

THE ENVIRONS OF COIMBRA.

The environs of Coimbra (says Miss Pardoe, in her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal") are romantic and beautiful to a degree. I look back to my sojourn in its neighbourhood as to the most sunny portion of my past existence. The country was so lovely, the inhabitants so courteous, the sky so brightly blue, that there were times when I could almost have doubted that sickness or sorrow existed in the world! Then, there were *Quintas* and convents to visit, where I was always welcome—rocks and woods, mountains and valleys to explore, where I was always delighted—and a hardy peasantry, amusing and amused, whose happy ignorance often made me smile, as they marvelled how the young lady would be able to exist, when she left their fine country, to return to a land where there was neither sun nor oranges! With the washerwomen of the Mondego I was delighted! and often did I stroll down to the river-bank, and join one of the groups assembled round the large smooth stones, which rose white and dazzling far into the stream; the women, with their small wooden bats in their hands, striking quickly, and singing gaily, as the river-tide washed over the linen which they placed upon those stones to be beaten. It must, however, be confessed, that all English apparel was honoured with heavier blows than their own; indeed, to judge from our individual experience, the strokes must at times have fallen both "fast and furious;" for we found the system infinitely more picturesque than profitable. The scene, nevertheless, was one for a painter—the dark eyes, the white arms, and the finely moulded figures of many of these women, as they stood, or bent, in graceful attitudes over the mimic river-rocks—the constant succession of female water-carriers balancing on their heads the classically formed *panellas*—with the occasional addition of a passing muleteer, or peasant, presented groups which would have inspired the pencil of a Claude: merrily, meanwhile, rang their gay songs or cheerful laughter on the clear air, and the *coup d'œil* was animated beyond description. There was one cluster of cottages close to the water's edge, to which I often directed my steps: it was an humble but a happy community: the sound of the washing-bats made ceaseless music—the vicinity of the city secured incessant occupation—the fine air, the clear sky, and the bright river, almost insured health—while, as to happiness, I scarcely ever rambled to that little washing-hamlet that I did not hear a guitar or a merry voice coming towards me on the wind!

After all, what are our wants? mere factitious creations—enemies which we ourselves raise up to smite us. These humble peasants feasted on a *sardinna*, an onion, and a slice of Indian-corn bread; and when the labour of the day was over, they spread their mats in the open air, and slept through the long sweet night at the portals of their cottages; they had no fear of thieves, for they possessed not wherewithal to tempt the cupidity of the unprincipled; they had no dread of death, for no consciousness of evil pressed like an incubus upon their hearts: they went to work with the rising sun, and, as it set, the dance and the song wound up the day. For all dissipation, a walk to the city and a lounge in the *Roscio* sufficed; while a frequent visit to the confessional of a neighbouring church, and a repeated attendance at its mass, kept their minds ever rightly balanced. Will it be thought that I am painting a modern Eutopia? I only know that I am sketching from the life.

THE DISAPPOINTED POLITICIAN.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF SWEDEN.

TOLD BY A LADY.

"Should you like to be a queen, Christina?" said Count Piper, in a tone of affected carelessness, to his beautiful young daughter, who was reclining upon a couch, nursing a lap-dog.

"Queen of hearts?" said the petite Venus, without raising her head.

"That empire is your own already," returned the politician.

"Then I have no ambition to extend my dominions. I have more subjects, at present, than I well know how to manage."

"How! I was not aware, madam, that you had lovers. Surely you are too prudent to encourage their addresses."

"Indeed! I am not so obligingly grateful for homage which I consider as my due. There is only one man in the world for whom I feel the least tender regard."

The brow of the Prime Minister of Sweden darkened.

"And pray, who is the favoured Adonis?"

"Christina blushed, looked enchantingly simple, and redoubled the caresses she was bestowing upon her dog. The Count repeated the question.

"My cousin, Adolphus Von Hesse."

"You have not been so foolish as to fall in love with that boy?"

"Boy, indeed! No, I walked into love with him; for I cannot remember the day when he first appeared lovely in my eyes."

"Nonsense! You have been brought up together. 'Tis a mere sisterly regard."

"I should be very sorry if Adolphus were my brother."

"But the youth is portionless; has no other maintenance than his commission and my bounty."

"He is handsome and brave; and, when I discovered that he had fine eyes, and that they spoke the most eloquent language in the world, I never examined the depth of his purse."

"My dear girl, you must forget him," said the Count, passing his arm tenderly round her waist.

"My good sire, I don't mean to try. You are not indifferent to his amiable qualities, and love him yourself."

"Not well enough to make him my heir."

"And you will not render us the happiest couple in the world?" said Christina, her fine eyes sparkling like sapphires through her tears.

"Christina, you have been a spoiled child. I have given you too much your own way; and now you demand impossibilities. You are not old enough to choose a husband for yourself. Be a good girl, and your aunt shall introduce you at court; and then you will see our brave young king."

"The rude monster! I have no wish to see him. Besides, he hates women."

"'T is a libel. He is in love with you."

"With me! I never saw him in my life."

"But he has seen you, and he says"—

"Ah, my dear father, what does he say?"

"You do not care for the opinion of a rude monster, and a woman-hater."

"Ah, but he is a king. What did he say?"

But the Count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which feminine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wheedle it out of him.

"Christina, I shall bring an officer home to sup with me; you must treat him with respect, as I intend him for your husband."

"But I will never have him," said Christina, laughing, as the Count left the room. "If I do not marry my soldier, I will die a maid."

"Bravely resolved, sweetheart!" cried Von Hesse, stepping from behind the arras. "It is worth playing at hide-and-seek, to hear you advocate a cause so hopeless as mine."

"Hopeless! why the battle is half won. My father's anger is like the dew upon the grass, which the first sunny smile evaporates. Prithee, do not sigh, and look so sentimentally solemn. Love will pay the piper, and we shall yet dance to a merry tune."

"You suffer hope to deceive you, Christina. I know your father better. Ah, Christina! you will not be able to refuse the magnificent bribe he will offer in exchange for the warm heart and devoted attachment of your cousin."

"I perceive that you are determined that I shall increase the list of faithless lovers," said Christina, pouting, "in spite of the late convincing proof you so treacherously obtained of my constancy."

"Dearest love, you mistake my meaning. Dry these tears, Christina; I am not stoic enough to withstand such eloquence."

"Why did you cause them to flow?" said Christina, still sobbing. "Was it merely to indulge in the levity of kissing them away; or were you jealous of some imaginary rival? What think you of that antidote to the tender emotions of the heart, Count Ericson?"

"Ah, Christina!"

"Why that sigh, Adolphus?"

"Your father will introduce to you, to-night, a new lover, and I—I shall be forgotten."

"You deserve the fate you anticipate, for entertaining these unjust suspicions. But you are a man, and I forgive you."

"Then you really love me, Christina?"

"Am I to tell you so a thousand times? You must be tired of the repetition of that word."

"On the contrary, 't is ever new to me."

"We love each other," said Christina; "but my father will not, at present, give his consent to our union; and we must wait patiently till he does."

"And if that period should not arrive?"

"Never fear."

"But, Christina, I do fear."

"Our happiness would not be increased by an act of disobedience."

"I thought as much, Christina; you have grown very prudent!"

"I cannot break my father's heart."

"But mine?"

"Adolphus, if I am not yours with my father's consent, I will never wed another. But he is so kind—so good—I am his only child. No, no—I cannot disobey him."

The young soldier frowned, and walked several times hastily across the room, at every turn stopping to contemplate the fair tyrant who held his heart in her chains. Christina was trying to look grave; but the roguish dimples, which gave such a charm to her rosy mouth, were ready to expand, upon the first provocation, into a hearty laugh. It was impossible for the little beauty to look sad for two minutes together. Von Hesse was in no laughing mood. He was in the very heroics of love; and his distorted fancy magnified the reasonable impediments to his union with Christina into mountains, guarded by those hope-extinguishing monsters, ambition and avarice. Ignorant of her father's designs, and firmly confiding in his parental love, Christina saw no difficulty in the matter; and she was greatly diverted by the perplexed and jealous askances of her lover. Von Hesse was out of humour. He dared not complain of Christina's coldness; and he therefore endeavoured to draw upon her compassion, by railing at himself.

"Christina, I have suffered a fatal passion to mislead me. I will not repay the debt of gratitude I owe your father by robbing him of his child. Farewell, Christina. I go to join my regiment. Should I fall in battle, sometimes think of Von Hesse."

His voice faltered—the tears rushed into Christina's eyes—Von Hesse was at her feet. All his magnanimous resolutions vanished; and the lovers parted more enamoured of each other than ever.

If Adolphus was inclined to despair of the success of his suit, Christina, on the other hand, was too sanguine in believing that small opposition would be made to her wishes. The influence she maintained over her father was great; but it was not without limitation. She reigned an absolute queen over his household. Her comfort, her taste, and her inclinations, were consulted in every thing; but her power extended no further. To Christina politics were a forbidden subject; the Count suffered no female interference in state affairs. But latterly he had retailed much of the court news to his daughter, and was always eulogizing the young monarch, whose favourite he had the good fortune to be, and who was daily heaping upon him some fresh marks of his affection and esteem. This brave prince, whose eccentricities had filled all Europe with astonishment, had been introduced, incognito, to Christina, and, in spite of his professed antipathy to the sex, was secretly among the train of her admirers; a circumstance which gratified the pride, and called forth all the ambitious hopes, of her father. Nor was it unreasonable for the politician to suppose, that the youth who had commenced his reign by crowning himself, and beating the united forces of Denmark, Saxony, and Russia, would scrupulously consult the etiquette of courts in the choice of a wife. In his charming daughter Count Piper thought he beheld the future queen of Sweden.

The hint which he had dropped about the young king's admiration of her personal charms, did not fail to make an impression upon the lively Christina. She knew she was beautiful; and the agreeable consciousness of the fact was displayed with such natural ease and gaiety, that what would have appeared absurd in another female, increased the attractions of Christina. Fond of admiration, she was pleased with those gallant attentions from the other sex, which all other women secretly love to receive. Her attachment to Von Hesse was steady and sincere; but she thought it no treason against the sovereignty of love to appear as agreeable as she could in the eyes of all men. She received

their homage as a matter of course; but it was only when Adolphus approached that her voice became tremulous; the brilliancy of her eyes softened, and her heart beat with reciprocal tenderness. Christina would not have died for love; but she would have retained through life a painful impression of the lost object of her early affections.

In spite of her lover's jealous fears, the spirit of coquetry induced her to bestow an extra ten minutes on the business of the toilette; and, when she entered the hall, where supper was prepared for her father and his solitary guest with unusual magnificence, she looked perfectly captivating. The stranger advanced to meet her, and in an awkward and constrained manner led her to her seat at the head of the table. Great was Christina's disappointment in recognising in her new lover an old familiar face. "Count Ericson!" she muttered to herself; "what does my father mean by introducing such a dull wooer to me?"

And who was Count Ericson? Patience, gentle reader: a tall, raw-boned youth, in a captain's uniform, with large blue eyes, a high aquiline nose, ruddy cheeks, and yellow curling hair; slovenly in his dress, ungraceful in all his movements, and so blunt and uncourteous in his conversation, that he had long been Christina's butt and aversion. For some weeks past, this half-grown man had been a constant visitor at her father's table, with whom he was often closeted for hours. Christina, out of very mischief, had played off, upon this luckless wight, all her artillery of bright glances and wreathed smiles, without being able to extort from him a single compliment. He would sit and stare at her for hours, without speaking a word; and sometimes, but this was seldom the case, he had condescended to laugh at her bright sallies. Christina had given him up in despair, and great was her indignation at her father's providing her with such a spouse; and she determined to affront him the first time they were left alone together. As if aware of her hostile intention, the silent youth endeavoured to exert his powers of pleasing, and, for the first time, commenced a conversation with his fair enslaver, by abruptly asking her what she thought of Alexander the Great? Christina burst out a laughing, and replied, with great simplicity, "that she had never thought much about him; but she remembered, whilst reading his history, considering him a madman."

Ericson eagerly demanded her reason for pronouncing *non compos mentis* the greatest conqueror the world ever saw.

"Had Alexander been as wise a man as he was a great conqueror," said Christina, "he would have learned to govern himself before he undertook the subjugation of the world."

Ericson reddened, and his proud eye flashed, as he replied with some warmth,

"Cannot you, madam, enter into the noble zeal which hurries a brave man into the focus of danger, and induces him to relinquish life, and all its petty enjoyments, to gain the wreath of immortal fame?"

"No, indeed," returned Christina, "I have no feelings in common with the destroyer. I would rather be celebrated for conferring blessings upon my fellow creatures, than be immortalized by their curses. I have ever looked upon great conquerors as fools or madmen—a scourge to their own people, and an intolerable pest to society."

"My lord," said the minister, striving to mollify the rising choler of his guest, "you must pay no heed to my daughter's impertinencies. Her knowledge of battles and conquerors is confined to the chess-board. On that limited sphere, she enacts the general so well, that even an old soldier like me finds some difficulty in taming her audacity."

Ericson regained his composure, and, turning to the laughter-loving Christina, with more gallantry than she had imagined him capable of displaying, challenged her to play a game with him.

"With all my heart," said Christina; "but if I should beat you?"

"It would not be the first time that I have been vanquished by you, Lady Christina," said Ericson, looking her full in the face.

Christina coloured, and cast her eyes to the ground, only to flash them again upon the Count with a proud glance of mingled coquetry and disdain. But the ice was broken—the bashful youth had gained more confidence; and he met her indignant look with an expression of admiration and defiance.

"There is more mettle in this proud boy than I imagined," thought Christina, as she took her seat at the chess-board; "my father has set me to play a dangerous game."

She shaded her glowing cheek with her hand, and fixed her eyes immovably on the board, determined, out of pure contradiction, to play as stupidly as she

possibly could, to mortify her opponent. The game, however, required no particular skill to insure a conquest on her part. Ericson scarcely looked at his pieces. His moves were made without judgment: they were rash, and easily counterplanned.

"My queen gives check to the king," said Christina, with a triumphant air.

"Fair tyrant," said the defeated, "do not you wish that you could make the king your prisoner?"

"No, it is enough that I have him in my power."

"Most completely," said Ericson, rising, and pushing the board from him: "you have checkmated me."

"Father, how could you impose upon me by bringing Count Ericson here as my wooer? Do you imagine that a girl of any sensibility or taste could condescend to marry that awkward boy?"

"He is nineteen; just two years your senior; is brave, wealthy, and nobly born. What would you desire more?"

"My cousin," said Christina. "As to this Count Ericson, I detest him, and mean to tell him so the very next time I have the misfortune to spend a whole evening in his company."

But many days passed away, and Christina was too much amused in tormenting her unfortunate lover, to put her threat into practice. Besides, Von Hesse purposely absented himself from the house; or, when present, behaved in so cold and distant a manner, that Christina saw no other way of restoring him to his senses than by flirting with the Count.

"I had the misfortune to dream of you last night," she said, one morning, to the enamoured youth; I wish, for the future, that you would not presume to disturb my slumbers by your unwelcome presence."

"I, too, had a dream," said Ericson: "I dreamt that you smiled upon me, and I was happy."

"You must take dreams by their opposites," said Christina. "I know better, waking, where to bestow my smiles."

"How did I appear to you last night?" said the Count.

"Oh, just as agreeable as you do to-day."

"Scornful girl, teach me how to woo you," cried Ericson, suddenly imprinting a kiss upon her ruby lips.

This freedom, the rudeness of which he was not quite aware of, was repaid by so smart a blow, that the offender, as he rubbed his crimsoned cheek, marvelled how it could have been inflicted by a hand so soft and delicate.

"Your father led me to imagine," he said, in a sullen tone, "that you would not receive my addresses with indifference."

"My father knew nothing about the matter," said the indignant Christina, "or he never would have introduced to his daughter such an unmannerly youth. But you are not an object of indifference"——

Before she could conclude the ominous sentence, Von Hesse stood before her.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Ericson, fiercely.

"A soldier," said Von Hesse, flinging his sword carelessly upon the table: "one who has bled in the cause of his country, and is ready to die in her service."

"We must be friends," said Ericson, extending his hand.

"We are rivals," said Von Hesse, drawing back.

"Does Christina love you?"

"She has told me so a thousand times. See what it is to trust to the faith of woman. You are no longer an object of indifference, and I resign my claims."

"To whom?" said Christina, the tears slowly gathering in her eyes.

"The king," said Von Hesse, turning away.

"Stay!" said Charles. The young man reluctantly obeyed. "I have seen your face before—what is your name?"

"Adolphus Von Hesse; the son of a brave officer, who died on the field of battle, and left me no other heritage than his good name and my mother's tears."

"And where did you receive that scar upon your left temple?"

"In the battle of Narva, where your Majesty, with a handful of men, defeated the armies of Russia."

"You need no other passport to my favour," said Charles, raising him from the ground, as he attempted to kneel and kiss his hand. "That glorious day made me act the part of a soldier, and feel like a man." Then turning to Christina, who had already dried up her tears, he said, with an air of pleasantry,

"By my sword, maiden, I am a sorry wooer. That blow of thine has fright-

ened away all the cupids that had taken possession of my heart. Do you love this brave youth?"

"Most sincerely."

"What prevents your union?"

"My father refuses to make us happy."

"On what plea?"

"He has higher views for his daughter."

"Umph!" said Charles, I see through them now; but love has outwitted the politician. Christina, if your father refuses to bestow you in marriage upon the man of your heart, why—I will. Charles, though an uncourteous lover, is not an ungenerous friend."

The delighted pair sunk at his feet; and, with blunt good humour, he united their hands. Then, bending over the blushing Christina, he pressed upon her snowy brow the last kiss of love he ever proffered to woman.

"Will your Majesty pardon me," whispered Christina, "for inflicting such a severe blow upon your cheek?"

"Silence!" returned Charles; "have I not amply avenged the injury? My bride must be wooed in the field of battle, and won 'mid the shouts of victory!"

The following week he honoured the marriage of Christina and Adolphus with his royal presence; and THE DISAPPOINTED POLITICIAN alone wore a grave countenance at the feast.

DIFFICULTIES OF AUTHORS.

Nobody knows the difficulties under which we unfortunate authors labour, in writing a book, without running our heads against the rascally ancients, or the still more rascally moderns, who got the start of us, and stole all our ideas, before they came down to posterity. They have not left us a single original idea to our backs, but have swallowed up every thing with a most insatiable appetite; insomuch, that the writers of the present day are many of them obliged to become absurd or unintelligible, in order to strike out a miserable half-starved novelty, which perishes peradventure at the end of a year, in spite of the dry-nursing and stall-feeding of diurnal puffers. The art of printing has ruined literature, and destroyed the value of learning. Before this mischievous invention, which is justly ascribed to the devil, a manuscript was a treasure, and the writer of it a phenomenon. It was read at the Olympic games and the author crowned with bays, and considered on a footing with the victors in the chariot-races and in boxing-matches. Then a manuscript was a rarity, a *bonne bouche*, only for epicures, on high days and holidays; now a book is no greater rarity than bacon and greens in Virginia; and the clodhopper of this country returns from his daily labours to a book, as to his customary supper fare. Then, too, the fortunate man who got possession of the precious papyrus, or the invaluable parchment roll, had it all to himself, and could borrow what he pleased, without being called upon to pay the penalty of being cut up in a review. There was no such thing as plagiarism—at least, there was no finding it out, which is quite synonymous. Even in later days, after the mischievous and diabolical art of multiplying books to infinity prevailed, we find that a criminal who could read might plead the benefit of clergy; and if he read *legit ut clericus*, he was only burnt in the hand instead of being hanged. But now, in good faith, if every man was to escape hanging, who could not only read, but who had written a book, Jack Ketch would hold a sinecure, and there would be great robbing of the gallows. It is, without doubt, greatly to be lamented, that the practice of burning books by the hands of the common hangman, and cutting off the ears of their authors, is no longer in fashion. In this way the world got rid of some of these crying nuisances, and many were thereby discouraged from inflicting any more of them upon their unfortunate fellow-creatures. But now, forsooth, such is the license allowed or claimed, that the least morsel of a man will sit him down, pen in hand, intermeddle with the deepest matters, run away with a subject he knows not what to do with, and thereby prevent some great scholar from thereafter doing it justice.—Observe the following fable.

A cunning dexterous angler once threw his line into a deep, clear stream, where he waited patiently and watchfully, till he saw a fine trout slowly come forth from his profound recess under the cool, shady bank, and float cautiously towards the bait. But just as he was about swallowing it, a little rascally minnow, not as long as my finger, darted before him, took hold of the hook, and away he skirred with it to the shallowest part of the brook. The trout swam slowly back to his recess; and the angler, pulling up the minnow, and taking it in his hand, exclaimed, "Thou art so small and contemptible, that I would let thee go again, were it not that thy impertinent meddling lost me a fine trout." So saying, he cast it indignantly on the sand, where it perished miserably in the noontide sun.

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THE FUNERAL PILE.

(Translated for the Parterre, from Didier.)

Astura was formerly a Roman city, where Lucullus and Cicero had pleasure houses. In the middle ages it was converted into a strong fortress, of which the story of its dishonour by Frangipani, is well known. Wasted by the lapse of centuries, it is now but a link in the long chain of defensive towers, raised at distances of six miles from each other, to protect the Roman coasts against the pirates of Africa, the plague, and smugglers. Mounting one gun, it is garrisoned like its fellows, by four artillery men, a sergeant, and a deputy from the *Sanita*, (board of health), whose office is limited to putting vessels in quarantine, in event of wreck, or voluntary landing on these semi-african shores, strongly menaced by contagion.

The modern tower is a square keep, washed on all sides by the ocean, whose ravages have, in the lapse of centuries, indented the adjacent shores; it is built on ancient foundations, and is connected with the main land by a stone bridge. It resembles a fortified rock, and might on necessity, sustain a siege. But it is indeed in perpetual siege; blockaded to the sea by the African pestilence, and landward by the fever of the Maremma. Built on the most solitary beach of the Roman desert, between the little town of Neptune, and that Circean mount of Homer, where still floats the shadow of the magician, to the terror of the shepherd; the tower of Astura is merely separated from the Pontine marshes by the narrow belt of forests from Antium to Terracina: primeval forests they might be called; so deep their silence, so profound their shadow! issuing from their gloomy recesses in its descent from the Albanian hills, the ancient Lanurius, now called the Conca, rolls its sandy waters near the walls of the citadel, and, an unknown traveller through the desert, silently loses itself in the Tyrrhenian sea.

The solitude of Astura, and the tried Carbonarism of sergeant Oddo, who commanded it, had made it a rendezvous for the initiated. Eight Italians, all exiles and Carbonari, had repaired thither

secretly from Corsica, with arms and ammunition; they had been there a fortnight, awaiting intelligence from emissaries who were travelling in every direction. For whilst one political missionary, carrying the watchword from Tuscany to Bologna, and thence to Piedmont and Lombardy, was risking his head beneath every scaffold in Italy, he was (according to his passport) a gentleman at large on a journey of pleasure. Entrusted with a similar mission for the sittings in the east of the Neapolitan dominions, another Carbonari was proceeding from Rome towards the two Sicilies, as a learned archeologian, at the expense and beneath the protection of the court of Rome, with the title of *antiquary to his Holiness*. For Italian Carbonarism exists every where, under every variety of title; clothed in every garb, it is a kind of invisible genius, every where present; an unattainable Proteus! Italy is, like ancient Egypt, a land of mysteries and initiations. It is throughout volcanic soil, where thrones tremble like the earth they stand upon; and when the surface is the most calm, even then, perhaps, is the mine kindling, and preparing to explode.

A religious and political institution brought into Europe from Egypt—Carbonarism has traversed centuries under a thousand names. Meeting together in their secret crypts, its adepts regard each other as brethren, and swear mutual aid and fidelity.

Before the torch of history shall light up these political catacombs, it is for fiction to descend thither and lead the way. The enthusiastic mysteries of cotemporaries are as truly in its domain, as are the cold chronicles of remote ages.

If the illusions of the past have power to call up emotion, the misfortunes of the present have likewise their spell. Inspired poets! gifted romancers! all ye potent artists who look with contempt upon your own country, and whose adventurous genius delights to seek its abode in ruins!—your voice surprises and enthrals—your intelligence subdues me; I admire your poems as cathedrals, and your heroes as statues; but I am of my own era, and they wake not my sympathies.

Of the eight Italians under the shelter of the tower of Astura, the proudest spirit was that of Grimaldi, the Genoese. Although a Patrician, he had ranged himself under the banners of the people, and though a Genoese, his hopes were not for Genoa, but Italy. After the restoration in 1814, when Genoa was made over like a flock of sheep to Sardinia, the country of the Adorni and Fregosi had not a more zealous or more bitter republican. When the prince exacted a new oath of allegiance from the Genoese nobility, Grimaldi refused it, and condemned himself to voluntary exile. Having retired to Corsica, he was the first at the meeting at Astura. Remo, ancestor of the outlaws, was a young painter of Parma, as handsome as Raphael; like him an artist, and one who might in other times have resuscitated the great Lombard school; but carried away by the warmth of his spirit into the ensanguined path of conspiracies, he wasted in those rough and clouded struggles, a life of poetry, enthusiasm and passion. But, perhaps, the most interesting person of the group, was a young native of Arona, on the banks of lake Major; who had received in the tower the name of Conradine, from his grace and beauty, which resembled those of the last Suabian, who like him was just sixteen years of age, with blue eyes and long fair hair. He might indeed have been thought a Suabian rather than an Italian. To see his fair feminine face and mild blue eyes, amongst those stern and weather-beaten countenances, with their black and fiery eyes, one asked how it chanced that so fragile a creature was cast amongst those energetic beings? and what community of interest there could be between them? Such are the extraordinary and yet poetical hazards of revolutions.

Compromised in a bloody rising of the University of Turin, where his only brother was killed, with many others, upon the very steps of the altar, Conradine openly swore to revenge him: notwithstanding his extreme youth and the supplications of his mother, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. His weeping mother refused the little consolation of following her only child into exile; she was now detained as a hostage for his conduct abroad. Having entered life under such harsh auspices, the heart of the young man was divided between his mother and Italy. He was to the rest of the banished, an object of affectionate care. Whilst these all waited in their lonely abode, the arrival of advices by which their future plans were to be guided, an individual of a very different character was travelling towards them, an unwilling guest.

Brancadore,—such was the name of the new comer, was one of the body guard of the Pope. About twenty years of

age, the ward and distant relation of Prince Jesi (a Roman patrician, of the old school), Brancadore was, however, a Carbonari; more, it is true, from chance and idleness, than principle; for, the gayest of the gay, he seemed to look little beyond the present hour for amusement or interest.

Having imprudently betrayed some of the movements of the order, and being in danger of denunciation by the police, the superior advised his instant departure from Rome, until the storm had subsided; and traced for him an itinerary of his route for Astura, with directions to avoid inhabited places, and to shape his course through the deepest solitudes of the desert.

Brancadore was stunned by this abrupt departure. He adored Rome, and hankered after it as the Israelites after the "flesh-pots" of Egypt; he, however, accepted exile as a merited punishment, and left the city at full gallop, through the gate of St. Sebastian. As he passed the tomb of the Scipios, the sun had risen above St. John of Lateran, tinging with golden light the cypress groves of mount Celien, and the immense baths of Caracalla.

Faithful to his instructions, Brancadore sped his way rapidly on towards Asturas, through the open country, avoiding both towns and villages. Leaving to the left the Albanian route, and to the right the road to Ardea, he crossed the broad undulations of the Campagna, and gained almost at a heat, the declivity of the Albanian hills, formerly covered with patrician villas. Trampling upon the ruins, or rather the dust of Politorus and Corioles, he rested not with horse, white with foam, until he had attained the banks of the Conca, in the broad *fief* of the Campo-morto.

Compelled to make a pause, to take rest from fatigue and the heat of the sun, he did not reach the shore until nightfall, leaving behind him, on the coast, Neptune and Porto d'Ango. Thick-set with ruins, prolonged even beneath the ocean, and which fancy might have portrayed as the mysterious palace of some water-spirit, the beach at first rough and stony, gradually smoothed on the approach to Astura, and became sandy and yielding.

Exhausted with fatigue, the horse of Brancadore sank in the humid arena, and the tower seemed to retreat in the distance. His thoughts vibrating between Rome, with its luxurious delights, and the tower of exile and atonement, the young Roman surrendered himself to the slow pace of his steed, and the soothing fascinations of a summer's night. The stars glittered above his head, and the waves murmured at his feet like a sleeping swallow. At length the fatal keep rose before him like a phantom; its dark mass rising as a blot in the sparkling fields of heaven.

Suddenly reminded by its abrupt appearance of the purport of his journey, Brancadore pressed on, but the *qui vive* of the sentinel, and the report of firearms, stopped him short. He asked for the sergeant; the sentinel's shout was immediately answered by another shout from behind the tower, and Oddo a moment afterwards, made his appearance.

Brancadore alighting, held out his hand to him; a carbonaric sign commenced the recognizance, which was completed by the letter he brought. His identity satisfactorily proved, the new guest was led by the sergeant, not into the tower, but to the sands at the mouth of the Conca. There a mournful scene awaited him: bare-headed and silent, all the banished men of Astura, except one, stood ranged in a circle on the beach, round a funeral pile; and the only one missing in the ranks of the living, was he who lay a corpse upon that funeral pile.

The arrival of Brancadore did not interrupt the ceremony. He was unknown to all; but a word from the sergeant installed him as one of them, and the mute assembly opened their ranks, inviting him by look and gesture, to assist at the nocturnal solemnity.

Order re-established, Conradine in tears, torch in hand, advanced to the centre of the circle, and averting his fair countenance, set fire to the pile. His simplicity and youth had designated him for this sad and affecting office. At the instant when the flame caught the pile, more than one tear flowed down in the obscurity, more than one sigh was heard amidst the silence, and the softening of all hearts was on the point of manifesting itself in a passionate burst of lamentation, when Azzo, the energetic Azzo, who had witnessed more scenes of desolation during his career than any other at Astura, entoned with strong voice, though betraying emotion, a chant of hope and consolation. The storm of tears was quelled; the military *de profundis* strengthened every heart, dried every tear, and stifled every sigh, carrying away every voice and spirit in one grand and melodious chorus.

The white and aromatic flame of the

pines rapidly communicated itself to the oaks, myrtles, and olives, and the whole pile, as well as the dead body, were soon but one mass of fire. The flame now mounted towards heaven in burning wreaths, and again spreading in sparkling sheaves, fell back upon the bosom of the dark waters like a shower of stars. The sea was red, the heavens were red, and the glow reddened with the rest, the pallid brows of the conspirators. Like templars at the pile of the grand-master, they all stood there motionless—drowning with their religious, yet warlike chant, the roaring of the conflagration; soon the deep, manly chorus died away in the ocean, and the forests of the desert were silent.

Furrowed with crimson reflections of the glare, the gloomy and massive tower was voiceless as nature. Standing on the battlements like a shadow, and surveying the fiery shore, a figure in white drapery witnessed from the heights of the tower, the festival of the dead. It was Isolina, the daughter of old Matthew the deputy; but the dark flashing eye of this child of the Maremma, in vain sought through the night the fair head of Conradine. The young outcast of the Alps had this evening neither glance nor thought for Isolina; his whole soul was devoted to grief.

The pile no longer burning, still continued to smoke until altar and victim were consumed: at length the heavens, the sea, and the shore relapsed into shadow. The sacrifice accomplished, whilst all stood round in silence, Tibaldo the Venetian weeping, collected and deposited in an antique urn, the yet warm ashes of Grimaldi. For he it was—the haughty Genoese—subdued in unavailing struggle with the fever of the mal'aria, who was king of the festival; the silent king, who had for canopy the starry vault of night, for throne the funeral pile—and for kingdom the realms of eternity! B. E. M.

A French Pun.—The following pun is untranslatable, but so good that we give it for the benefit of French scholars. It seems an old soldier of Napoleon's was about setting up a *cabaret* in Paris, and chose as a device for his sign, a tomb under a willow, with a chapeau and sword laid upon it, with the motto, "*Tombeau du brave.*" The jealous eyes of the police saw a political object in this motto, and required the proprietor to choose a less expressive one, and accordingly, at the suggestion of a friend, he altered the offensive inscription into "*Bière de Mars.*"

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

[Incidents similar to that described in the following extract are not unfrequent in novels, but, for the honour of human nature, it is to be hoped that such unmitigated baseness is not often perpetrated in the real world. The story forms an episode in a very interesting sketch of the life and character of Coleridge, written by his friend De Quincy, the English opium-eater.]

At this time, when Coleridge first settled at the lakes, or not long after, a romantic and somewhat tragical affair drew the eyes of all England, and for many years, continued to draw the steps of tourists, to one of the most secluded Cumberland valleys, so little visited previously, that it might be described almost as an undiscovered chamber of that romantic district. Coleridge was brought into a closer connexion with this affair than merely by the general relation of neighbourhood; for an article of his in a morning paper, I believe unintentionally furnished the original clue for unmasking the base impostor who figured as the foremost actor in the tale. Other generations have arisen since that time, who must naturally be unacquainted with the circumstances; and, on their account, I shall here recall them. One day during the Lake season, there drove up to the Royal Oak, the principal inn at Keswick, a handsome and well-appointed travelling carriage, containing one gentleman of somewhat dashing exterior. The stranger was a picturesque-hunter, but not of that order who fly round the ordinary tour with the velocity of lovers posting to Gretna, or of criminals running from the police; his purpose was to domiciliate himself in this beautiful scenery, and to see it at his leisure. From Keswick, as his headquarters, he made excursions in every direction amongst the neighbouring valleys; meeting generally a good deal of respect and attention, partly on account of his handsome equipage, and still more for his visiting cards, which designated him as "The Honorable Augustus Hope." Under this name, he gave himself out for a brother of Lord Hopetoun, whose great income was well known, and, perhaps, exaggerated amongst the Dalesmen of northern England. Some persons had discernment enough to doubt of this; for the man's breeding and deportment, though showy, had a twang of vulgarity about it; and Coleridge assured me, that

he was grossly ungrammatical in his ordinary conversation. However, one fact, soon dispersed by the people of a little rustic post office, laid asleep all demurs; he had not only received letters addressed to him under this assumed name—*that* might be through collusion with accomplices, but he himself continually *franked* letters by that name. Now, *that* being a capital offence, being not only a forgery, but (as a forgery on the post office) sure to be prosecuted, nobody presumed to question his pretensions any longer; and, henceforward he went to all places with the consideration attached to an earl's brother. All doors flew open at his approach: boats, boatmen, nets, and the most unlimited sporting privileges, were placed at the disposal of the "honourable" gentleman: and the hospitality of the whole country taxed itself to offer a suitable reception to the patrician Scotchman. It could be no blame to a shepherd girl, bred in the sternest solitude which England has to show, that she should fall into a snare which hardly any of her betters had escaped. Nine miles from Keswick, by the nearest bridle-road, but fourteen or fifteen by any route which the honourable gentleman's travelling cariage could have traversed, lies the Lake of Buttermere. Its margin, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild, pastoral character, or almost savage; the waters of the lake are deep and sullen; and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun from much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake (that is, at the end where its waters issue) lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook-like river, connecting itself with the larger lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few that, in the richer tracts of the islands, they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. One of these, I believe the principal, belonged to an independent proprietor, called, in the local dialect, a "*Statesman*;" and more, perhaps, for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, this cottage offered the accommodations of an inn to the traveller and his horse. Rare, however, must have been the mounted traveller in those days, unless visiting Buttermere for itself, and as a *terminus ad quem*; for the road led to no farther habitations of man, with the exception of some four or five pastoral cabins, equally humble, in Gatesgarth dale. Hither, however, in an evil hour for the peace of this little brotherhood of shepherds, came the cruel spoiler from Keswick. His errand was to witness or to share in the char-fishing; for in Derwentwater (the lake of Keswick) no char is found, which breeds only in the deeper waters, such as Windermere, Crummuck, Buttermere, etc. But whatever had been his first object, *that* was speedily forgotten in one more deeply interesting. The daughter of the house, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waiter. In a situation so solitary, the stranger had unlimited facilities for enjoying her company, and recommending himself to her favour. Doubts about his pretensions never arose in so simple a place as this; they were overruled before they *could* well have arisen, by the opinion now general in Keswick, that he really was what he pretended to be: and thus with little demur, except in the shape of a few natural words of parting anger from a defeated or rejected rustic admirer, the young woman gave her hand in marriage to the showy and unprincipled stranger. I know not whether the marriage was, or could have been celebrated in the little mountain chapel of Buttermere. If it were, I persuade myself that the most hardened villain must have felt a momentary pang on violating the altar of such a chapel, so touchingly does it express, by its miniature dimensions, the almost helpless humility of that little pastoral community to those spiritual wants it has from generation to generation administered. It is not only the very smallest chapel in all England, but is so mere a toy in outward appearance, that were it not for its antiquity, its wild mountain exposure, and its consecrated connexion with the final hopes and fears of the adjacent pastoral hamlet —but for these considerations, the first movement of a stranger's feelings would be towards loud laughter: for the little chapel looks not so much a mimic chapel in a drop scene from the opera house, as a miniature copy from such a scene; and evidently could not receive within its walls more than a half dozen of households. From this sanctuary it was—from beneath the maternal shadow, if not from the altar of this lonely chapel, that the heartless villain carried off the flower of the mountains. Between this place and Keswick, they continued to move backward and forward, until at length,

with the startling of a thunderclap to the affrighted mountaineers, the bubble burst: officers of justice appeared: the stranger was easily intercepted from flight; and upon a capital charge, was borne away to Carlisle.

At the ensuing assizes he was tried for forgery, on the prosecution of the post office; found guilty, left for execution, and executed accordingly. On the day of his condemnation, Wordsworth and Coleridge passed through Carlisle, and endeavoured to obtain an interview with him. Wordsworth succeeded; but, for some unknown reason, the prisoner steadily refused to see Coleridge; a caprice which could not be penetrated. However, if not him, Coleridge saw and examined his very interesting papers. These were chiefly letters from women whom he had injured, pretty much in the same way and by the same impostures as he had so recently practised in Cumberland; and, as Coleridge assured me, were in part the most agonizing appeals that he had ever read to human justice and pity. The man's real name was, I think, Hatfield. And amongst the papers were two separate correspondences, of some length, from two young women, apparently of superior condition in life (one the daughter of an English clergyman,) whom this villain had deluded by marriage, and after some cohabitation, abandoned—one of them with a family of young children. Great was the emotion of Coleridge when he recurred to his remembrance of these letters, and bitter—almost vindictive—was the indignation with which he spoke of Hatfield. One set of letters appeared to have been written under too certain a knowledge of *his* villany to whom they were addressed; though still relying on some possible remains of humanity, or perhaps (the poor writer might think,) on some lingering relics of affection for herself. The other set was even more distressing; they were written under the first conflicts of suspicions, alternately repelling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast arising, and then yielding to their afflicting evidence; raving in one page under the misery of alarm, in another courting the delusions of hope, and luring back the perfidious deserter—here resigning herself to despair, and there again labouring to shew that all might yet be well. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that frightful exposure of human guilt and misery—and I also echoed his feeling—that the man who, when pursued by these heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears, from despairing women, and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a lake tourist, and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of that order which fortunately does not often emerge amongst men. It is painful to remember that, in those days, among the multitudes who ended their career in the same ignominious way, and the majority for offences connected with the forgery of bank notes, there must have been a very considerable number who perished from the opposite cause—viz. because they felt, too passionately and profoundly for prudence, the claims of those who looked up to them for support. One common scaffold confounds the most flinty hearts and the tenderest. However, in this instance, it was in some measure, the heartless part of Hatfield's conduct, which drew upon him his ruin; for the Cumberland jury, as I have been told, declared their unwillingness to hang him for having forged a frank; and both they and those who refused to aid his escape, when first apprehended, were reconciled to this harshness entirely by what they heard of his conduct to their injured young fellow-countrywoman.

A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. *Wordsworth.*

Ah, Nature!—young, fresh, blooming, beautiful Nature! how pleasant art thou to the eye of the smoke-dried denizen of the populous city! How grateful is thy balmy breath to his senses—how beneficial to his lungs! We may herd together amid brick and mortar, and enmesh ourselves in the cares and struggles of life; — we may swarm in theatres; we may congregate in club-rooms, where hot punch and hotter politics, and multitudinous segars impregnate the whole air with caloric: we may study the crafts of commerce and the tricks of trade; we may become knowing fellows, and sneer at

" innocent ruralities;" we may do all this and more, until we come to think slightingly and disrespectfully of thee—to look upon thee in merely a useful light, as a producer of grain and feeder of cattle, and to deem poets and all who " babble o' green fields," on a par with Falstaff, in his dotage;—but let the man who has once been familiar with thy face —who has *once* sincerely loved thee—find himself on a green sunny knoll some fine summer's morning, gazing upon thee in all thy purity and beauty, and he will feel as if the imaginary elixir of life were poured into his veins—as if the freshness of seventeen had come back upon his heart—his town existence will seem as a confused and feverish dream, and early thoughts and boyish visions will crowd sadly but pleasantly upon his memory. True, his lot is cast amid lanes and streets, and therefore he trudges back to smoke and dust, to bustle and business once again; but not without having his feelings, as well as his frame, fresh-aired; not without having some earth-stains cleaned from his mind, and at least a few of the muddy incrustations which daily habits of contentious jangling have gathered on his heart, loosened or removed.

" I always veeps when I sees a green leaf," says Peter Pastoral in the play, and the audience immediately titter at poor Peter's expression as a piece of cockney affectation. Perhaps 'twas not so—perhaps he spoke truth, and a metaphysician might be able to prove it. True, there is no good reason why a man should perambulate the fields with a pocket-handkerchief at his face; yet a walk in the country, where you are surrounded by all sorts of good and kindly influences, has a softening effect upon the stiff and rigid feelings, and the " foolish dew" is nearer the eyelid at a moving incident —the coin nearer the orifice of the pocket at a charitable appeal, than when treading the stony pavement of the town. It is hard to pass a beggar in the country—it is easy in the streets. Man, like an adjective, is frequently governed by proximate substantives or substances. Earth and ocean, in their beautiful and sublime forms, have some effect upon even the least sensitive lumps of clay. Would the most ineffable puppy practise the airs and graces he brings into play on the publict promenade, beneath the shadow of the tall hoar trees, gnarled and massive, and moss-grown at the roots, whose " high tops" have for centuries been fretted by the gusts of heaven?" No; the spirit of the woods would silently rebuke the pretty, perfumed gentleman, and he would for once, feel the incongruity of affectation. Even Beau Brummell, at his best, could scarcely have lectured upon starch by the falls of Niagara. Or place a man on some " tall cliff," with the ocean, in its simple grandeur, at his foot, and the fresh breeze playing on his brow, would he not, unless he were the veriest earth-worm, experience an expansion of soul? Would he not feel temporarily ennobled? Could he abase himself by a mean action, deceive a friend, drive a bargain, lie, equivocate, standing face to face with his Maker's most magnificent creation? True, the varieties of the human species are infinite, and there may be fellows who can walk with short, sharp, dapper, well-satisfied strut along the seashore, in the calm of a summer's evening, when the sun is going down behind the waters; but it is a thing that requires to be seen to be believed. Oh, it is good to be with Nature! She rebukes artificialities; she strips us of our sophistications; she is the mildest of democrats, the only thoroughly sincere and tolerant inculcator of the great doctrine of equality; making us humbler yet higher, and properly teaching how to estimate the city-born " meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust."

There is a good deal of cant and delusion on this same subject too. Some people pretend to be in love with nature, or deceive themselves into a belief that they are so, because they are a good deal in her company, though, at the time, they are merely using her as a handle for scientific purposes. These are your " learned Thebans," who go mineralizing and botanizing over the country, in search of materials for catalogues, or book-making, or papers for journals of learned societies. They look upon the beauties of nature, but do not see them. Like Lady Macbeth, their " eyes are open but the sense is shut," except for scientific purposes. Point out a fine bold precipice, or overhanging cliff, that imparts a peculiar charm to the landscape, to one of those, and he will explain forthwith the various strata of which the one is composed, and whether the other is granite or freestone. Walk with another through the fields, and his head is so full of the different species of grasses and Latin and Linnæus, and the proper classification of plants, the discoveries of some and the errors of others, that he notes not the waving of the rich meadow, the clear brook winding silently through it, or the graceful undulations of hill and dale around;

take him into a wood, and he goes groping about the tree-roots, inspecting the dank mosses, and the numerous and interesting family of fungi. Hundreds of people again "do *so* love nature!" exactly as they "do so love music!" because it is just as easy to say they love it, as that they love it not, and sounds a great deal better; it savours of fine taste, and sweet, delicate feelings, and therefore they "do *so* love it;" while another numerous class obtrude themselves into her presence for the ostensible object of gazing on her divine beauties, but in reality for the gross, earthly purpose of sharpening their appetites—"doing themselves good," as they call it, so that they may be enabled, without injury to themselves, to devour an additional portion of her productions.

There is one class of beings it is difficult to meet with anywhere without sorrow of heart, but more especially in the country, in the "spring time of the year." It is the delicate in health—those on whose brow death has already set its mark; who look as if they were not long for this world. It was on one of those delicious May mornings, when spring is gently falling into the embrace of summer, which unite the freshness of the one season with the gaiety and fervour of the other—one of those mornings which fill you with joyous hopes and pleasurable anticipations, and make you feel complacently towards yourself and peaceably and charitably towards all men. A slight shower had fallen, but the blue-heavens were without a cloud. I entered one of those fine old lanes one so frequently meets with in pictures, scarcely marked with the track of man or brute, and which seem made for little other purpose than to beautify the country. The grass was still glittering with the rain-drops, and the unclipped hawthorns, in full bloom, which formed the hedge on either side, shook pearls and blossoms from their fragrant bosom, as the fresh breeze ever and anon gently agitated their branches. At one of its picturesque turnings there was an individual resting against a gate, and gazing at the springing corn. I recognised him at a glance as a youth belonging to the district, a lad of much promise, who had left a couple of years previously for the university, where an ardent thirst for knowledge, united to a kind and social disposition, which insensibly led him into the dissipations incident to a college life, had proved too much for a naturally fragile constitution; and after a short, ineffectual struggle with the insidious destroyer, consumption, he had returned home to die. There he stood—a blasted piece of mortality—withering, withering away, amid the universal blush and bloom of rejoicing nature! There was something anomalous in this—a want of sympathy with season, which spoke, in every leaf and blade of grass, of life and vitality. What must have been his thoughts, as he looked at the surpassingly bright and beautiful creations around him, which were so soon to be seen dimly and indistinctly through the gathering mists of death? How busy must memory have been at such a moment! How hot and feverish must have seemed his midnight revels! And where were his friends—his boon companions—his hail-fellows-well-met? Leading the life he had led—carousing, hunting, enjoying themselves, with all the untamed vehemence of youth—and he was dying!

"Tush!" whispered selfishness in my ear, "that is no concern of yours; pursue and enjoy your walk;" and, like most other people, I followed that most plausible personage's advice, until the winding of the lane brought me out to the open common.

I like an old common. It bears no impress of man or his handiwork. It has not been dug, or ploughed, or manured, or drained, or diked, or divided, or planted, or otherwise scientifically improved. The air is freer there—the turf firmer. It is as nature made it. There is a careless wildness about it, which is mighty agreeable after leaving a highly cultivated country, where hedges, ditches, gates, and sign-posts are continually reminding you of the jealous "rights of property." There is no valuable "stock" to call for the farmer's watchful interference; and it is untenanted, save by the hardy moorland sheep, or wandering gipsy's ass; or the still more independent animals, hares, rabbits, foxes, &c., which man has been unable to decoy into servitude. You may roam for days without seeing "the cut of a coat or the fashion of a doublet," and that is a great consolation. Moore says,

> "We know how the charms of Nature improve,
> When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

Sometimes, the company of a friend is, occasionally, pleasant enough; indeed very pleasant when you cannot be utterly alone. But though at most times gregariously disposed, I, for one, hold it best in the country to be alone, with no company save your own thoughts, and "the birds of the air and the beast of the field." You are neither obliged to talk, nor to

listen, nor to coincide in opinion. Any thing that wears small-clothes, even in the distance, becomes a blot—an interruption—destroying the harmony and peaceful quietude of the scene, and reminding you of the tailor and the town, and things you wish to forget. It is good to wend your solitary way to some lonely hill-side, and there lie down, a man emancipated for a time from all the cares, bustle, and business of life—from all the passions, prejudices, forms, ceremonies and proper behaviour of society; with no sound to break the stillness save the music of the wild and happy birds that flutter unscared around, or the hum of the bee, extracting honey from the heather-blossom, or the low murmur of the wind among the broom; and there to lie for hours, pondering over the checkered past, or shaping pleasant visions of the future; or recalling your early aspirations after what was good and pure and beautiful, since perchance sneered and scoffed at; or thinking of old companions and distant friends; or losing yourself in the regions of poetry and romance; or humming old tunes; until, refreshed in body and mind, you rise, go home, and get laughed at by inveterate men of business for *wasting* your time. Let them laugh, bond-slaves of Mammon! They at least cannot "go and do likewise."

THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER.

A young British officer, of the — regiment, quartered at Corfù, was in the habit of hunting frequently in Greece. He was well-mounted on an English hunter, whose wind and speed he had frequently tried among the mountains. One day, the hounds of the regiment to which he belonged, started a roe, which led them a long and weary chase; and the excellence of his horse, and his own skill, enabled him to leave his companions far behind.

They had started early, and, like James Fitz James, the sun was already in the high heaven, ere the capture of his game enabled him to rein his steed. He was now in a remote country, quite alone, having left his companions far behind; and, in the eagerness of pursuit, caring not whither he went—he was also far from the shore. The utmost he could do, from the highest rock in his neighbourhood, was to see the blue Mediterranean at a great distance.

The few hounds which followed, and caught their game, were quite tired; and his horse, bloody, and covered with sweat from excessive riding. He determined, however, not to pass the night among the mountains, and, taking the Mediterranean as his guide, he resolved to make his way, as well as he could, to Butrinto, from whence he had set out.

He had not proceeded far, when, his horse becoming very lame, he was forced to consider what he had best do. He was unwilling to leave him in the mountains, where he, perhaps, might never find him again, as there appeared to be no symptom of a human habitation in the neighbourhood. He, accordingly, ungirthed him, and set to grooming him himself. He then brought him some water in his cap, to which he added brandy from his hunting flask, which the generous animal drank, and seemed to be revived.

He thus, after a while, was enabled to proceed; and, in about an hour's slow travelling, got a better view of the Ionian sea, with its numerous and beautiful islands. The day was now, however, far spent; and it was with much delight, that, from the top of a hill, he espied the white walls of a Greek cottage before him. He determined, at all risks, to seek admission, and an asylum for the night. He approached the door, which he found shut: he knocked loudly with his hunting-whip; and quickly the door was opened by a Greek female, the loveliest his eyes had ever rested on.

The cause of manhood and misfortune seldom finds a deaf ear among the ladies; and this beautiful Greek yielded to its influence, and readily offered him an asylum; telling him, at the same time, that he must depart at daybreak; for, if her male friends, who bore no great love to the English, caught him there, he might repent his intrusion.

Costello, (for such was the officer's name), readily assented, and joyfully took possession of the small chamber the beautiful Zoraida shewed him for the night. He even, in the ecstasy of his admiration for his beautiful hostess, nearly forgot his poor steed. His recollection, however, quickly returned; and he sallied out to the stable, and made the necessary arrangements for his comfort himself. The peculiarity of his situation not a little surprised him. Alone, amid the desert mountains of Albania, with the most beautiful woman his eyes ever rested on; and conjecture seemed at a stand to account for her solitary situation. 'T is true, she had spoken of male relations; but he had, as yet, seen no human form in that solitude, except herself.

There was a neatness about the cottage which scarcely belonged to a Greek peasant; and her language, although a Greek in habit and appearance, was pure Tuscan.

On his return from the stable, he found his beautiful hostess had prepared a suitable collation; which, with a cup of the good wine of Thessaly, made him forget his fatigue. She seemed not unwilling to enter into conversation. Costello was a good linguist. Having been some time in Florence, he spoke the genuine Tuscan with sufficient fluency. He, therefore, willingly seized the opportunity offered of entering into a conversation in that language, to which her soft melodious voice lent an additional harmony.

Her story was short. She belonged to a party of Brigands, who occupied this retreat among the mountains; from whence they made excursions on the plains for plunder, on one of which they were now absent. They had lately come from the opposite coast of Calabria; and her father (who was the head of the gang), was originally from Pisa, where she had been brought up, which accounted for the purity of her language.

"She was," she said, "tired of that kind of life, which was now doubly odious to her, as her father was forcing her to marry one of his own gang—a young Albanian, whose habits and disposition she could not fancy."

She owned she was unhappy; and the downcast melancholy of her beautiful eyes, too well attested the truth of her assertion. Costello felt for her; to which, perhaps, the extreme beauty of her appearance not a little tended. He resolved to rescue her; yet, how to effect it he did not know. It was more easily thought of than executed. In the ardour of the moment, he mentioned it to her. He urged her to fly with him. She hesitated—she resisted—at last, yielded.

"But not now," said she; "I must again see my father. Poor, miserable old man! he will now have nobody to watch over him—to pray for him. Perhaps he may now fall a victim to his own blood-thirsty companions. Return," she continued, "to your own quarters; prepare a few servants to attend you; and, in the next dark of the moon, meet me under yonder rock, at midnight, and I shall be prepared to accompany you to some place, where you may be able to procure a safe escort for me back to Pisa."

Costello promised all she asked. He retired to rest; and the next morning, at daybreak, started off, on his return to Corfù, bearing with him the image of the beautiful Zoraida strongly impressed on his imagination.

Another week passed on, without their meeting: still Zoraida was uppermost in his thoughts. The moon had now arrived at that point in her orbit, at which, even in that delightful climate, she veils her light for a short time; and Costello, thinly attended, and ignorant of the errand of danger he was entering on, prepared to put in execution his intention of rescuing the beautiful Zoraida, and making her his own.

He found no difficulty in retracing his route; and, leaving his servants and horses at the foot of the mountain, joyfully ascended the rock, armed simply with his sword and a case of pistols.

An overhanging mountain, sheltered all from the back, while before them stretched the fair plains and valleys of Epirus, though now shaded by the veil of night. Another moment—and Costello held the beautiful Zoraida in his arms. They had just turned, to descend to the horses, when two brigands rushed from behind the rock, and, with the cry of "Faithless Zoraida!" "Villain Inglese!" plunged a dagger into each of their hearts. The following morning saw the corpses of the beautiful Zoraida and the unfortunate Costello in the market-place of Corfù.

IRISH CIRCUMLOCUTION.

If the Irish are to be distinguished as a convivial and a musical, they must also be noticed as a circumlocutory people. Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner:

"The reason, sir! Why, you see that the Justice and little Larry O'Hone the carpenter have been putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of 'Adam's copies' in it.

"What's that?"

"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnel."

"Oh, there's a man to be hung?"

"Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?"

"What's his offence?"

"No offence, your honour; it was only a liberty he took."

"Well, what was that liberty?"

"Why, you see, sir, poor Murdock

was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback; and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner was he on its shoulders, than the d—l put it into the cracher's head to go over to Kellogreen cattle fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen-house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then, you see, they got frisky, and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to slape on the binch; and when he wouke up, he found the cracher gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money."

"In short," said I, "you mean to say he has been horse-stealing."

"Why, sir," he replied, stammering and scratching his head, "they call it so in England!"

After hanging the appointed time, this unfortunate Murdock was cut down and conveyed away by his friends to an adjacent house, where, it being discovered that his neck was not broken, a physician was called in, and the means of resuscitation were successfully employed. He then sank into a sound sleep, and was ordered to be given a cup of new-milk whenever he woke and was thirsty. Two female relatives sat up with him; and the worthy doctor sent them a bottle of whiskey to cheer the tedium of the night; but they, in drinking healths to one and the other's families, and long life in especial to Murdock, very soon became too social to be discreet.

When Murdock awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and looking round him wildly, exclaimed—"Where am I, dear lady—in Purgatory?"

"No, no, honey Murdock: don't you know Judy Flin's cabin—your own sister Judy?"

"And is that you, Judy? and is this a bed?" he inquired, quite bewildered.

"To be sure it is Judy," said she, "and this a bed, though it is not as good a one as I could wish; and here's Molly Dorgan, your own cousin-jarman; and we have been both drinking your health, Murdock, and long life to you, wid the whiskey the doctor sent us, to kape the ould blue divil from tazing us."

"But sure I was hangt, Judy," said he.

"Sure enough, darling, for not returning Farmer Doyle's pony that you borrowed: but Doctor Mulready, blissings on him! who brought you into the warld five-and-twenty years ago, has brought you alive agin, after you had been made the picture of the slaping beauty on the government sign-post."

"Why, then," replied Murdock, with a deep sigh, "I don't thank Doctor Mulready; I was very aisy where I was. Father O'Connel had forgiven me my sins; my misery was all over, and a swate slape had begun; and here have you brought me back to this dirty world, to beg, steal, and starve, as I have done before. I don't thank you, Judy; you never ax'd my consent. And by the powers! since Doctor Mulready has had me born over agin, he shall be at the expinse of bringing me up!"

To mollify Murdock's discontent at his restoration, the women handed him the whiskey-bottle (though strictly enjoined by the doctor to give him nothing but milk), which he, seizing with desperation, drained at a draught, and the liquor meeting the wind in his throat, he struggled, gurgled, and fell back upon the bed, beyond the skill of Doctor Mulready to revive again.

A TRUE THOUGH TOUGH YARN,

ABOUT PATTYGONEY AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY TYRONE POWER.

(Concluded from page 40.)

You were not quite so hardly used this bout, any way, Mr. Tibbs," I here put in, in order to give the old boy breathing-time, "since your sufferings were abridged, and you the sooner on terra-firma."

"Why, I don't know what you call *terra-firmir*, sir," gravely growled Tibbs, having readjusted his quid, "but such a blasted coast I never lighted on afore. Pattygoney's the last place God ever thought of makin'—the fag-end o' this precious world—the very jumpin'-place, I do think; and so the men said too, after they'd shook themselves, and came to look about them. We see'd at once there was nothing to be got by lying here; so after a sort o' council o' war about what course we should steer, we agreed to take the advice of our junior supercargo, and start, end-on, right away from the shore into the heart of the country, for he'd lived a long time at Buenos Ayres, and said that by that course we should soon fall on some *Stanchy*, where the Portuguese keeps their cattle, or the cattle keeps them, as we afterwards found out. Not a single biscuit had come ashore from the

wreck, nor any part o' the cargo; and as the squall had back'd right off the land, we didn't see a chance for better luck.

"Well, away we goes, all hands, like sodgers, plaguily down in the mouth you may think, for we hadn't anything we could put a pint o' water in to carry with us—not that it was any great things we left here—and a precious cruise we made of it, you may suppose; for after standin' on all that day and night, till about meridian next day, without seein' a mortal soul except a few wild deer, we was compelled to bring-to, out of sheer starvation; and then we'd another round palaver. Some said we should try on for that day, and others that we should turn back for the wreck, seeing that the wind had again shifted, and was blowing hard, dead on to the land, and there was a chance o' coming by some stray prog. This party provin' strongest, about ship goes the whole famished squad, one after the other, like ducks bearing up for a pond on a hot day. Lord bless me! but next morning we was a fearful crew to look on. I couldn't help fancying, in the cold, gray dawn, that some of us cast ravenous eyes now and again at one another. For seven long hours I don't think there was a human voice lifted amongst that hundred and ten men, and I've often since thought that one word about that time would have made a mess-dish of our dandy captain—but for me and Ruth Hopkins, the boatswain, I'm sure he'd never have look'd on blue water again.

"We made our run back in quicker time than we took to get out, and found the beach cut a very different figure than it did when we left it; there was bales, and cases, and casks enough, lying about, to fill ten such craft as the Miss Ouri, seemingly; and what was best of all, there was some of our captain's poultry, all alive, and as wild as coots; but Billy-ducks soon managed to come round the cocks and hens and geese, for they, every mother's son, know'd him. A half-dead sheep, too, we skiver'd at once, and got a precious fill-out with that and some rice, and precious dear some on 'em paid for it; you see, they'd not wait till the rice was more than half boiled, but kept stowin' away, and drinkin' like fishes, till after a bit the rice, you know, Mr. Thompson, begun to swell in the lower hold, and then there they was, by half-dozens, rolling about on the beach, croaking like Demerara frogs, and blown up as round as pumpkins; a jolly laugh we had at them to be sure—we christen'd them 'rice-birds.' But the best fun we had was the pigs; there was eight or nine o' them devils, mostly China-men, all hearty as cockroaches, but never a near would they come-to, not for Billy-ducks, nor none of us; this we didn't count much on at first, thinkin' they'd heave short, after their frolic was over; so we continued to mess like admirals out o' what we'd got, till after two or three days we agreed to steer landward again, and accordingly the whole crew, men and boys, was piped up to hunt the pigs. But, lord, Mr. Thompson, you might just as well ha' run after the wild deer—you'd ha' thought them sly varmint was up to our game, for they kept such a bright eye ahead, that though always hangin' on by us, devil a one could we fist, neither by means o' coaxin' 'em through their messmate, Billy-ducks, nor by giving fair chase. I can't help laughin' to think of them sly pigs; they outsailed and weathered on us all, spite of every contrivance we could think on."

Whilst the old boy chuckled for a minute over the image of these jocose porkers, I inquired, "and what stores were you able to collect, after all, for your second voyage?"

"A couple more dead sheep, and a cask o' flour, with about half a bag o' rice, and a good quantity o' shell-fish, sarved out fairly amongst us, in messes of seven, so that our provision might be easily carried. This cruise we was pretty lucky, for at sundown the second day we fell in with a couple o' *Matés* and a whole gang o' cows—my eyes, what a chevy-ho we gave, when we came on them over the brow of a hill, by a pool o' water; we scared them fairly, I promise you: they was on horse, and away before the wind, in a jiffey; and after they had rounded-to, kept a half hour's jaw at long-shot distance, before our supercargo could persuade them to haul alongside, though he said he spoke to them in their own lingo, which he did for any thing I know, for he bawled as loud as the best on 'em.

"That night they took us to their master's Stanchy, where we'd as much beef as we could look at, for they'd gotten cows for the killing; and next day our supercargo bargain'd with them to pay two hundred dollars Spanish, if they'd run us into Buenos Ayres, and mount and victual us for the voyage:

accordingly, about noon, they'd catch'd us a horse apiece with their lassos, and we began to get under way. But ha, ha, ha! Mr. Thompson! the pigs was a fool to that start—not a horse had any saddle, only a piece o' cowskin, with a strip o' the same for a bob-stay, bent on round the beast's under jaw; so, as most on us had never been outside a horse afore, no sooner was a hand well up on the larboard side, and beginning to right on to an even keel, and take a pull on the bob-stay, than the horse gets stern-way, and off goes Jack, plump over the starboard-bow; some, to be sure, contrived to hang on for a good bit, by getting a hold o' the horse's mane, or his ears, or his tail, or any other standin' part they could overhaul, being no ways particular, and so weathered it out; but a good many swore they'd rather walk than be keel-hauled after such a fashion.

"I was sarved with a rough beast, to be sure, but luckily I know'd something more than a guess o' the matter, for I'd rode afore that at Portsdown races, where we used to hire a horse between three on us. So the very moment I got slew'd well round on his back, I twisted the bite of his long mane about my left hand, bows'd the bridle taught as a fiddle with the right, and so stay'd myself up, as stiff as a pump-bolt.

"Next to me, our junior supercargo was the best jockey o' the squad, for I never saw him clean capsized only twice. But after the first day's sail, Mr. Thompson, O dear! I'd given a trifle to ha' bin copper'd, I promise you; my two knees, with holdin' on, was as red as a marine's jacket; and yet not a pace would that cross-grained beast o' mine go, but a rough, up and down short-sea jog, that made me fairly sing out for pain. At last we got safe into Buenos Ayres, where they hurra'd after us like devils, thinkin' we were prisoners o' war, they being at loggerheads with the Brazilians; and to be sure we didn't look much like Christians—all half naked, black as colliers, and with beards as long as my arm; some with jackets, and no trowsers or shoes; others with long stripes o' silk, all in rags, twisted about them, just as they'd rigged themselves at the wreck, out o' the cotton and silk bales; some with cotton shawls about their heads, like Turks; some bare-headed; but not a hat or cap amongst the whole squad. As for me, I'd bought the half of a plaid cloak from one of our hungry Super's for a ration o' rice; and in this I'd cut a slit, and poked my head through it, making it into a punchy, as our guide called it; and as I'd gotten a pair o' trowsers besides, I was in pretty decent rig.

"Our next trip was afore the police, and then all hands began to look out for themselves; and after a day or two I found my way, with a messmate as know'd the country, down to a place called Elsenada—for there was no gettin' out o' Buenos Ayres, it being closely blockaded by Pedro's fleet.

"At Elsenada there was a country brig just about to weigh for St. Kitt's; and the captain said, if I liked to run the ship's chance, he'd give me a passage. I thought I might just as well be taken into Rio as stop here; so, walks my pumps aboard the brig, with my bag in my hand; and if it hadn't been for the American agent there, I'd ha' had as much use for a clothes bag, as a baboon has for a wig-box; but he'd supplied all hands with a few slops, and me amongst the rest, though I'd nothing due to me, and fairly told him I intended to shape my course for old England. But I was out o' my reckoning there, Mr. Thompson; for, after a short run, we got to St. Kitts; and, would you believe it? the only craft there, after all, was a schooner belonging to my old owner, bound home to Boston, and going to sail next day. I thought it rather hard luck; but it was Hobson's choice—that or nothing, go or starve. On board the schooner I went, and was back in Boston in just eighty-four days after I sailed in the Miss Ouri. After this spell, I guessed how things was: I felt that it was no use kicking agin orders; so here I've held on all weathers, for more than seven years—and here I am for my life, you may depend upon it, Mr. Thompson, laugh as much as you please."

"Well, old boy, I hope it will be a long one, at all events; and, as for the rest, we don't choose our own billet here, as the soldier says, Mr. Tibbs, and ought to think ourselves lucky when we're served with a good one. You've had no more total losses, then, since the Patagonian mishap, eh?"

"Why, two on 'em in three months is pretty well, and ought to serve a man for a good spell. No, I've sailed in three or four of our good old owner's ships since the loss of the Miss Ouri, and always, God be thanked, with a pretty fair run o' good luck."

"Meantime, as you've made up your

mind, like the starling, that you 'can't get out,' you've written to let your sister and your little girl know how you're getting on, I trust?"

"I've done that, every home trip, I promise you, sir; and through our owner I've sent 'em more money than I could ha' done if I'd stayed at home, that I must confess; but, after all, a man can't be content, no way, when he's cruising with a line bent on to his leg, no matter how long a range you serve out to him—no, not if you'd feed him with hot bread and roast beef three times every day, and give him a twelve-hour spell below every night; and I feel I'm moor'd to America for life, as sure as there's a squall in them harmattan clouds lifting away to the east'ard yonder, Mr. Thompson."

As the old sailor spoke, he stretched his hand out towards the eastern horizon, in which direction I had noticed his keen eye turned anxiously for some minutes before; following the line thus indicated, I readily observed two or three little fleecy-looking clouds, like snow-wreaths, shooting rapidly upwards in the direction of the moon. I turned from my look-out to question my sagacious old comrade, but Tibbs was already mounted on the top-gallant forecastle; and in a moment after, I heard him give orders to turn up all hands to take in sail. Not to lose time, I observed that, while the watch was coming on deck, the old man in his quiet but active manner was stirring round the deck, getting everything clear to furl away—halliards and clew-lines were overhauled carefully, the spanker brailed, and both fore and main royals and top-gallant-sails clewed up. These important operations, I confess, not a little surprised me, since I saw no immediate cause for apprehension; yet, though there was nothing like precipitancy in the mate's manner of proceeding, it was nevertheless evidently his desire to get his ship under snug sail with the least possible delay.

Meantime there had occurred no perceptible change in wind, sea, or sky; all combined to create the most perfect and lovely repose nature was ever rocked in. I had continued to watch the course of those silvered clouds, until they were swallowed in the full blaze of the most lovely moon I ever beheld; they must in their career have rushed across her bright face, but not for one second had they shadowed her beauty from my watchful observance. Still, in no way imposed upon by the continuance of this flattering aspect aloft, Tibbs calmly continued to press his orders to "lay out and furl away;" nor did he cease until every sail in the ship was laid as close to the yards as ready hands and well passed gaskets could bind them; the only bit of canvass left to swear by, was the fore-staysail, and that was hauled as flat aft as the sheets could well jam it.

Although all this had been very smartly performed, and the ship consequently made snug in good time, there was, as it chanced, no great deal of it to spare, after all; and when at length the looked-for blow did come, the fierceness of its onset far exceeded any thing in the shape of a squall it had ever been my luck to encounter before. The first rush was, however, luckily for us, the worst, and the good ship received it bravely. It passed over the face of the deep, changing its dark, clear surface, into a vast plain of snow; nor was it until that mighty blast had done its course, and whirled away, that the cowed sea ventured again to set her many-crested waves in motion, and ruffle it with the gale.

In truth, it is a fearful but a proud sight for a poor journeyer on the waters in such a moment—first shrinking to watch the strong ship yield like a rush before the wild assault of the tempest, and, turning to your crew, next to note the seaman, calm and unmoved, winning his fearful way, amidst the furious winds and waves, ruling and subjugating them, and forcing those terrible elements that shake the world to its foundations, to administer to his purpose, and become his servants to work out his pleasure.

These, and such other thoughts, occupied my mind during the continuance of the harmattan, till, as the gale became steady, I crept below to my snug berth, and was quickly oblivious of the hurly-burly of the storm that raged about us: still the impression of that first wild blast was altogether too vivid to be wholly banished, even by sleep, and my rest was less sound than usual; the roar of the wind yet rung in my ears, and I dreamed of wandering about, in the dark caves of the ocean, and clambering over rocks of coral, hundreds of fathoms beneath the waves; I was disgusted and bewildered by myriads of fishes, that kept shooting by me in endless droves; I saw them glance aside in their rapid course, and bend their columns to the right and left, as if to avoid me; I strained my sight to detect the outline

of many dull-eyed, shapeless monsters, that kept tumbling awkwardly about me; for it was a strange, green light, I stood in, with now and then a bright, flickering ray, darting zig-zag through, as though the blessed sun was striving to shed his radiance even in those awful depths. Whilst standing, wrapt in fear and wonder, on a sudden I became conscious of an approaching shadow, of some magnitude; it added momentarily to the dimness of the place, and threatened total darkness. Instinctively I cast my eyes upwards towards the far-off source of light, and perceived a huge moving body, gradually settling down upon me; at once I darted aside and upwards, with arrow-like velocity—again I beheld a flickering of daylight, and rejoiced that I was gaining the confines of that monster shadow; my stroke was plied with redoubled vigour; my pulse beat thick and strong; I felt a burst of sun-ray through the thin surface between me and the upper world, whilst the water became warmer and more genial. At this moment of hope and impatience, a rude grasp was fixed upon my shoulder, and seemed endeavouring again to press me downwards, and, dared I have opened my lips, I should have shrieked in agony; as it was, I quickly turned on my side in the yielding element, and, with the force of desperation, made a last effort at preservation, grasping that horrid icy hand within my own: in the act, I awoke, and found the hand of my servant firmly clenched in mine. I shook with terror, and cold drops of sweat coursed down my forehead; my servant stared at me wildly, as I thought, and appeared scarcely less agitated than myself.

"What's the matter, Mills?" cried I, after taking free breath, and satisfying myself that I had really once more emerged into the upper world.

"Oh! get up quick, sir, for the love of God!" exclaimed Mills, in evident trepidation; "here's old Captain Tibbs has fallen into the fore-top, and murdered himself entirely."

"Fallen into?—fallen out of the fore-top, man, you mean to say, I suppose. Here, reach me my dressing-gown and slippers."

"Och, I dare say you're right, sir," cried the honest and kind-hearted fellow, as he assisted me to pull on my things; "but that's what I heard the men say: any how, he's as cruelly smashed as ever you see any poor devil in your life."

I was mounting the companion-stairs in one minute. The island of our destination was lying bold upon our lee bow, the ship was bounding gaily toward it, and the morning sun shone gloriously upon the glad sparkling waters. About the foot of the foremast was collected an anxious but passive group, consisting of the whole of our crew, except one hand at the wheel and the man on the top-gallant forecastle, whose look-out, however, for the present, was under the foot of the fore-sail.

As I and Mills were observed advancing along the deck, the men made way, and before me lay my honest old Briton, Tibbs; he was stretched upon his back on the lower stu'n-sail, with a jacket or two beneath his head; his eye was fixed and glassy, his thin gray locks dabbled with his blood, whilst his lower limbs lay contorted in a way that at once betrayed the injuries they had sustained. By his left side knelt my excellent companion and friend, G——, wiping, from time to time, the froth and blood which kept oozing from the poor fellow's pallid lips. As I approached the dying man, G—— raised his eyes, and, at once reading my anxious glance of inquiry, shook his head.

"Are both his legs fractured, does any one know?" was my first question.

"Every limb and leg he has is knocked into chips, sir," replied the carpenter, who was kneeling at the feet of Tibbs, busily splitting some plank into splints, under G——'s direction.

We now set to work, with all the care and skill we possessed, although our means were as limited as our experience; even the ship's medicine-chest was ashore, having, as it appeared on inquiry, been left for the use of the captain at St. Jago, where he lay sick of a fever, in the house of the American Consul. We soon procured linen enough, however, which we tore and sewed into bandages, and assisted by the carpenter and directed by my servant Mills, managed in a little time to bind up the shattered frame of our poor commander into some decent form. Mills proved no bad surgeon, and indeed had picked up some little practical experience in the many hospitals wherein he had occasionally acted as assistant, during the Peninsular war; for it had been the poor fellow's luck to get hit, more or less hard, in every action in which he had fought.

We did hope at one time to be able to get our patient to the island; but alas! this hope proved too soon delusive.

He had endured our dressing with few indications of perception, and now we had leisure attentively to observe him, evidently grew weaker every minute. I did not once quit his side, but continued to cleanse his mouth, and occasionally moisten his swollen lips with a little white wine; all this while his look contined vacant, and I considered him incapable of recognition.

My heart was painfully grieved as I thought over the superstitious notion which had so oddly taken possession of his imagination, and which it had been my ill fortune to see so quickly and so fearfully wrought to a fulfilment.

As we worked up to our anchorage, the black port-captain boarded us, and with his crew came on deck. Their jabber, and the bustle incident to their coming alongside, was the first thing that appeared to awaken the perceptions of my old friend; and as that sable boat's-crew gathered about us, all chatter and commiseration, the old man's eye suddenly lighted up, his head turned towards me, and a slight smile just gave motion to the muscles of his mouth. I observed, too, that he moved the fingers of his right hand, as if making an effort to close them; and, guessing his desire, I took them gently within my hand, rising upon my knee at the same time, and bending above his pale, weather-beaten face, desirous, if possible, to anticipate any wish he might form. For a moment or two, he continued to gaze steadfastly into my features. I began to fear that he could not make them out, when, as though by a violent rally of nature, his lips unlocked, and as I moistened, for the last time, his mouth with a spoonful of the wine, he articulated in his clear, low, quiet way—

"God Almighty bless you, Mr. Thompson, did'nt I tell you how it was, sir!—I know'd it—fixed for——" a few muttered words, evidently followed, but were wholly unintelligible—a moment after, and his lips were again sealed; a thicker froth gurgled and bubbled through them; suddenly they sundered, shewing the teeth closely set; the eys grew glassy, and the hand within mine felt clammy and cold. I feared to move; when I was roused to a conviction of the truth, I would fain have doubted, by a strange voice above me exclaiming, "*El ha Murio mi Padre!*"

I now walked quickly aft, and descending to my berth, threw myself upon my bed, nor did I again rise from it until the afternoon, when G—— appeared, and requested me to come on deck, and read prayers over our departed crony. They could not have selected a sorrier parson. However, I made myself decent, and mounted the deck; it was nigh sunset, and a more lovely evening never shone, even on this latitude of brilliant skies. They had rolled the old sailor neatly up in his hammock, and had stretched him upon a plank, over which was spread the starry ensign of America, whilst across the Briton's breast drooped the union-jack of his own country, to which he had whilst living been an honour—the gang port was open, the carpenter at his post, and all things as decent and well ordered as the means of the ship would allow. Mastering my feelings, for, in my eyes, there was more of impressiveness in this rude ceremonial than I had ever found in any more formal display, I went through the beautiful service for the dead; and into a broad path-way of molten gold, which the sun, as it sunk, flung over the waves, directly to that gang-port, was launched the "sheer-hulk" of as simple hearted and honest a tar as ever stepped over a ship's side.

Little remains, save to allude to the particulars that led to this melancholy consummation of Tibbs's prepossession, and few words will suffice for that. It appeared that while anxiously looking out for land, Tibbs had, at an early hour, gone aloft, and was seen standing for a long time on the top-gallant yard, from whence, having attained his object, he hailed the forecastle, at which moment, by some mischance or other, he was suddenly observed to fall—in his descent he struck against the edge of the fore-top, whence bounding towards the larboard side, he alighted right athwart of the iron of the lower stu'n-sail-boom, breaking his left arm in two places, and both his thighs, besides receiving a dreadful fracture on the crown of the head.

Our trip, which promised so much novelty and excitement at starting, was doomed to be every way unlucky and fruitless. The mysterious pirate chief had died of his wounds—leaving no word, or sign behind, by which his country might be known, and the schooner of his excellency, the governor of St. Jago, was under orders to sail the next day after our arrival. We had no option but to go on board, and a most awful four days we had of it. Of salt-fish, and garlic, we had abundance, with a plentiful scarcity of every thing else—so that we hailed even the volcanic hills of St. Jago with satisfaction.

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Chap. III.

THE SPANISH GIPSY GIRL.

(From the untranslated works of Cervantes.)

Chapter I.

"This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place."—*Winter's Tale.*

That singular and vagrant race of people, the gipsies, is now much less numerous in England than in former ages, when they found, in the many extensive wastes, the less perfect system of police, and the greater credulity of the lower, and even the middle classes of society, a much wider and clearer field than is now afforded them for the exercise of their double vocation of petty robbery and petty fraud.

Every reader of the Waverley novels can call to mind the picture given in "Guy Mannering," of the condition of these vagabonds in later times in Scotland, which may also serve as a pretty faithful representation of their present state, in this more important division of the empire, south of Tweed. But the Author of Waverley's account of the gipsy life, though forming part of a romance, is rather *statistical* than *poetical*—it is much of a piece with the matter-of-fact details respecting the gipsies a century ago, which he extracts from Fletcher of Saltoun;—there is much more in it of political economy than of romantic fiction. This is not said invidiously; it is a reflection arising spontaneously in the writer's mind, from a comparison of the hard, though faithful, gipsy sketches of the Author of Waverley with the delineations of Cervantes, clothed in those aërial tints which his fine imagination lends even to the meanest object. The former (to borrow a pictorial illustration) seems to present us, in this instance, with a landscape and figures, true indeed to nature, but with little diversity of light and shade; while the prolific pencil of the latter sheds a beautiful variety of hues, such as are produced by the alternate gleams and shadows of a fine April or October sky.

The number of gipsies in Spain was

estimated, not many years ago, at forty thousand; who, besides their trade of fortune-telling, were many of them inn-keepers in the small towns and villages.

I shall conclude this preamble with the following humorous notice, which my author gives of one of the leading characteristics of these Egyptian tribes, in his own time; the rest of their qualifications will unfold themselves in the course of my narration. "It seems," says he, "as if the gipsies, male and female, were born into the world on purpose to be thieves; they are born of thievish parents; they are nursed by thieves; they receive the education of thieves; and finally, they turn out most arrant thieves; so that the desire to steal, and the act of stealing, are, as it were, inseparable accidents of their condition, which quit them only with life." Now to my story.

An old gipsy woman, who, says my author, was qualified for the highest degree in the faculty of Cacus, nursed and brought up a girl, whom she called her grand-daughter, and to whom she gave the name of Preciosa. She took great pains to teach her all the gipsy accomplishments, all their most cunning tricks, and most approved modes of stealing. Preciosa became the most graceful and finished dancer that was to be found in all gipsydom; and, which is more extraordinary, she was the most beautiful and sensible, not only of gipsy damsels, but of all maidens renowned for wit and beauty. Neither the sun, nor the air, nor all the inclemencies of the weather, to which gipsies are so much exposed, could embrown her face, or destroy the delicacy of her hands; nor did the rude education she had received exhibit itself in her manners; for the courtesy of her behaviour, and the good sense with which she spoke, were worthy of a better origin. There was, indeed, a little freedom in her manner, but no kind of indecorum; for, though very quick of apprehension, she was so modest, that no gipsy, whether old or young, dared, in her presence, to sing loose songs, or use indecent expressions. The old woman well knew what a treasure she possessed in her grand-daughter; and so she determined, when she had arrived at a proper age, to bring her out into the world, and instruct her how to turn her talents to account.

Preciosa was mistress of numberless villancicos, coplas, seguidillas, and sarabands,* and of other verses, especially romances or ballads, which she sang with remarkable grace; for the cunning old grandmother was not slow to perceive that such accomplishments, combined with the tender age and great beauty of her grand-daughter, were likely to be of eminent service in increasing her stock of wealth. She therefore obtained all the pieces of this kind she could lay her hands on, nor did she lack a poet to compose them expressly for her; for as there were versifiers who invented false miracles for the blind singers, on condition of sharing their gains, so there were others who sold their productions to the gipsies. There have been many strange things in the world; and hunger, heaven knows, has sometimes made men resort to strange expedients. Preciosa received her education in different parts of Castile; and when she was fifteen, her reputed grandmother took her to the Spanish capital, and to the old quarters occupied by the gipsies, in the fields of Santa Barbara, thinking that in the metropolis, where everything was bought and sold, she should dispose of her merchandise to advantage.

Preciosa's first appearance in Madrid was one feast of St. Anne, the patroness of the town, in a dance performed by four old gipsy women, four girls, and one gipsy man, a great dancer, who guided them. Though they were all clean, and nicely dressed, yet the neatness of Preciosa's appearance was so superior to that of all the rest, that she delighted the eyes of all the spectators. Amid the sound of the tambourine and the castanets which accompanied the dance, there arose a murmur among the bystanders, extolling the beauty and grace of the gipsy girl;—the boys ran to look at her, and the men to gaze upon her. But when they heard her sing, the performance being one of those in which dance and song were united, their applauses knew no bounds. The fame of the gipsy girl flew like lightning; and by common consent of the judges, the prize for the best dance was immediately adjudged to her. They afterwards went and danced in the church of St. Mary, before the

* The *villancico* is a kind of Spanish poetical composition, set to music, and sung in the churches on feast-days.

For an example of the *copla*, see chap. II. of "The Generous Lover," in our last volume.

The *seguidilla* is a Spanish piece, in a short running metre, used, for the most part, in jocose and satirical compositions.

The *zarabanda*, or *saraband*, as it has been anglicised, is a rapid Spanish dance, which the dancers accompany by singing, and rattling the castanets, or striking the tambourine.

image of St. Anne; and after the dance Preciosa took up some sonajas,* to the sound of which, sweeping lightly round, according to the figure of the dance, she sang a romance on the history of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, and, as has been already said, the patron saint of Madrid.

This piece will not be quite so edifying to my readers as it was to the good catholic people of Madrid, who must have had a profound veneration for St. Anne, as the mother of her whom they were taught to consider as the queen of heaven, and must have felt particularly interested in her glory, as the patroness of their city, and, as the romance expresses it, "their refuge in calamity." Besides, they will have neither a Preciosa nor any other songstress to warble it to them, and do that for it which has often been done for equally unanimated verses. I suppose it, from its leanness, to have been an effusion of some one of the famishing poets already alluded to; it is, however, curious, as exhibiting the catholic notion of the influence in the divine councils, of our Saviour's mortal kindred, and I therefore give it, in the measure, and as nearly in the rhyme of the original, as the difference of the languages will permit: it may be rendered thus:—

"Thou tree of blessed fruit,
Which yet didst bear so late,
That thou hadst many years
To mourn thy sterile fate,

"Making the chaste desires
Thy spouse would entertain
Of offspring to his bed,
His hopes and wishes, vain.

"Holy and barren soil,
Which did at last bring forth
Abundance to sustain
The life of all on earth.

"Thou mint, in which was forged
The precious die that gave
To God the form of man,
The race of man to serve.

"Mother of her, in whom
It pleased the Lord to show
Wonders unknown before
In this dark world below.

"Thou, in thyself and her,
The refuge, Anna, be,
To which we safe may fly
In all calamity.

"I doubt not thou dost hold,
In some mysterious way,
Over thy daughter's son
A just and pious sway.

"Dwelling, as thou dost now,
So near the' eternal throne,
How many would rejoice
To be thy kindred known!

"Oh! what a daughter thine!
Grandson and son-in-law!
Triumphant was thy lot,
More than this world e'er saw.

"But, lowly thou and meek,
Thou wert the modest school
Wherein thy daughter learned
Humility's mild rule;

"And now, at her sweet side,
The nearest to the Lord,
You taste the greatest bliss
Those blessed seats afford."

Preciosa's singing, if not her song, excited the admiration of all who heard her. Some said, "God bless thee, girl!" others, "What a pity it is she should be a gipsy! Truly she deserves to be the daughter of a nobleman." There were others, of ruder notions, who said, "Ay, let the wench grow, and she'll show us what she can do;—a fine drag-net she's weaving, to catch men's hearts." The vespers and the feast of St. Anne were now over, and Preciosa was a little tired, but so much celebrated for beauty, wit, discretion, and dancing, that she was become the talk of the whole town.

In a fortnight, she again made her appearance in Madrid, together with three other girls, with sonajas, and with a new dance, all well provided with romances, and with lively songs, none of which contained, however, anything indecorous; for Preciosa would neither sing such herself, nor allow any such to be sung in her company; which excited the wonder and admiration of all acquainted with the ordinary manners of her tribe. The old gipsy woman, who was become her Argus, would never lose sight of her, lest she should be stolen from her. She called her grand-daughter, and the girl believed her to be her grandmother. They began to dance under cover in the street of Toledo, and soon had about them a great crowd of spectators. While they were dancing, the old woman asked alms of the bystanders,

* *Sonajas.* This is a kind of rude instrument, used chiefly among the peasantry in Spain, and resembling the frame of a tambourine, without its parchment covering. It has the same rattling brasses, and is sounded in the same manner, by striking the edge of it upon the palm of the hand.

and received a shower of ochavos and quartos ;* for such is the power of beauty, that it will awaken sleeping charity.

When the dance was over, Preciosa said, "If you will give me four quartos I will sing you a romance by myself—a very pretty one indeed. It is about our lady Queen Margaret, going to her churching at St. Laurence's church at Valladolid ;—it is a famous one, I tell you, composed by a poet of great note." Scarcely had she said this, before most of those around her exclaimed, "Sing it, Preciosa, and here are the four quartos;" and the quartos fell about her like hail, so that it required all the old woman's activity to pick them all up. Her harvest being at length gathered in, Preciosa struck her sonajas, and gave them, in a sort of rapid recitative, the following romance. I am tempted to give this English version of it (in the plain ballad stanza, the fittest, from its popular simplicity, to represent the ordinary Spanish *romance*), not, certainly, for the sake of the mythological imagery in one part of it, which was the taste of the day, but chiefly because it may help to carry back the reader's imagination to the historical period of our story—that period when the power of the Spanish crown, if not solidly founded, was at least of gigantic dimensions, and could command, from the remotest regions, whatever was splendid or costly, to swell its pageants. This Margaret, or Margarita, was the consort of Philip III., and the child was the first male offspring of their marriage, afterwards Philip IV. I cannot help thinking that there is something simply affecting in the young mother's address to the Virgin, in the conclusion of this piece, notwithstanding the preposterousness of this leading catholic notion respecting our lady's celestial sovereignty.

"Now forth to hear her churching-mass
Goes Europe's greatest queen ;
No jewel of the greatest price
So brilliant e'er was seen.

"As after her all eyes she draws,
All hearts attend her too,
Of those who come her pomp devout
And shining train to view.

A heaven on earth she seems to bring,
For at her side are seen
The sun of Austria's* gracious face,
The young Aurora's mien.†

Behind her comes the auspicious star
Which took its brilliant birth
The evening of that solemn day,
When mourn both heaven and earth.‡

And if in heaven we stars behold
That shining chariots form,
The cars of her terrestrial heaven,
Bright living stars adorn.

The aged Saturn there is seen
His hoary beard to trim,
And mend his halting pace—for joy
Will cure the gouty limb.

The God of speech is there, in tongues
With amorous flattery fraught,
And Cupid in each gay device
With pearls and rubies wrought.

And there the furious God of war
Flames in the gay attire
Of many a gallant youth who loves
His shadow to admire.

And near the dwelling of the sun
Is seen the almighty Jove,
For boundless is the favourite's power,
Whom Wisdom's counsels move.‖

The moon in those fair cheeks appears
Of goddesses below,
And Venus in the lovely forms
That in that pageant go.

And sportive little Ganymedes,
Within that sphere's bright bound,
Trip lightly on their elfish feet,
Through many a playful round.

There Milan shows in glittering pride
The produce of her looms,
And India's dazzling gems abound,
And Araby's perfumes.

In some few ill-intentioned breasts
The wound of envy smarts ;
But joy and true affection glow
In loyal Spanish hearts.

A tide of pleasure seems to flow
Along each crowded street,
And many a thousand joyful tongues
Their queen with blessings greet.

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* The *ochavo* was a Spanish copper coin, value two maravedis, or about one farthing English ; with a castle on the face, and a lion on the reverse, from the arms of the two kingdoms of Castile and Leon. It derived its name from being the *eighth* part of an ancient coin, value four *quartos*—the quarto being worth four maravedis, or about one halfpenny.

* The king, Philip the Third, of the house of Austria.

† The eldest child of Philip, the Infanta Dona Ana Mauricia.

‡ The infant prince, born between nine and ten o'clock in the evening of the *Good Friday* preceding.

‖ A compliment (not much deserved) to the Duke of Lerma, who went in the procession, side-by side, with the king, and was the ruler of his councils.

One saying—" Fruitful vine, O may'st
Thou flourish long, and cling
Securely to thy noble elm,
Our great and glorious king.

" And long may he majestic stand
The guard and boast of Spain,
The holy church's firm support,
The cursed Moslem's bane."

Another voice exclaims aloud,
" Live long, O gentle dove;
Of double-crowned eagles thou
The mother art to prove,

" Who from the realms of air shall chase
The noxious birds of prey,
And o'er the timorous virtues wide
Their sheltering pinions lay."

Now comes she to the fane of him,
The saint who died in flame,
But, phœnix-like, expired to live
In glory and in fame.

There to the image fair of bliss,
The radiant queen of heaven,
To whom, so humble here on earth,
To tread the stars 'tis given—

There, at the Virgin-mother's feet,
God's daughter and his spouse,
Queen Margaret, humbly kneeling down,
Addressed her faithful vows.

" What thou hast given I give to thee,
Oh bounteous lady dear!
For where thy favour is not found,
Will wretchedness appear.

" My earliest offspring I present,
Oh Virgin bright, to thee;
Such as it is, receive, amend,
And its protection be.

" To thee, too, I commend its sire,
Who feels a monarch's care;
The burden of so many realms,
Oh, give him strength to bear.

" The hearts of kings are in the hands
Of God, 'tis said full true;
And well I know, thou canst with Him
Thy bounteous pleasure do."

The prayer was said, the mass was sung,
All hearts devoutly burned;
Then joyfully, as it had come,
That pageant bright returned.

Scarcely had Preciosa finished her ballad, before her illustrious auditory exclaimed with one voice, " Sing again, Preciosa, and you shall have plenty of quartos. More than two hundred persons were looking at the dance, and listening to the singing of the gipsies. In the midst of it, one of the *tenientes*, lieutenant-governors, or chief magistrates of the town, happened to be passing by, and seeing so many people together, asked what was the matter. He was told they were listening to the beautiful gipsy-girl who was singing there. The teniente, being somewhat curious, approached, and listened for a little while; but, as it would have been against the gravity of his office, he did not stay to hear the ballad to the end. Having extremely admired the gipsy-girl, he sent a page to tell the old woman to bring the girls to his house at night, as he wished his lady, Dona Clara, to hear them. The page went accordingly, and the old woman said she would come.

They had finished their dance and their singing, and were moving off to another place, when a page, very well dressed, came up to Preciosa, and giving her a folded paper, said to her, " Do, dear Preciosa, sing the romance which is here written, for it is a very good one; and I will give you others from time to time, by which you shall acquire the fame of the best ballad-singer in the world."

" I will learn this very willingly," said Preciosa; " and mind, sir, that you don't fail to give me those romances you speak of, provided there be nothing immodest in them; and if you wish to be paid for them, let us agree for them by the dozen, and you shall be paid at the end of each dozen that are sung; for if you expect to be paid for them before hand, I assure you *that* is impossible."

" If," said the page, " senora Preciosa chooses to supply me with paper only, I shall be satisfied; and further, the romance which shall not be good and modest, shall not be taken into the account."

" Leave it to me to select them," answered Preciosa; and with these words they each passed on their way.

As the gipsies were going along the street, some gentlemen called to them through the bars of a window. Preciosa went up to the window, which was on the ground floor, and saw, in a handsomely-furnished apartment, a number of gentlemen who were entertaining themselves, some by walking to and fro, others by playing at different games.

" Will the winners give me anything?" asked Preciosa, in the lisping voice which the gipsy-women affected so habitually, that many persons erroneously thought it natural to them.

The voice and countenance of Preciosa drew the players from their game: having already heard of her, they and the other gentlemen all approached the

window to see her, and said, "Yes, yes; let the gipsy-girls come in, and we will give them something."

"It will cost us very dear," said Preciosa, "if you should ill use us."

"No, on the word of a gentleman," returned one; "you may safely enter, child, for no one shall so much as touch your shoe-tie, I assure you, by this badge which I wear upon my breast," laying his hand upon the red cross of the order of Calatrava.*

"If you've a mind to go in, Preciosa," said one of the three gipsy-girls who accompanied her, "go in and welcome; but I do n't mean to enter where there are so many men."

"Observe, Christina," answered Preciosa, "what you ought to beware of, is, of one man only, and alone with you, and not of so many together; since the number of them should rather do away the fear of being insulted. Take notice, Christina, my dear, and be certain of one thing—that the woman who is determined to be respected, may be so even in the midst of a whole army. True it is, that it is right to shun all dangerous occasions; but such are rather the private than the public ones."

"Let us go in then, Preciosa," said Christina, "for thou art wiser than a wise man."

The old gipsy-woman encouraged them, and they went in. Scarcely had Preciosa entered, before the knight of Calatrava observed the paper which she carried in her bosom, and going up to her, he took it from her.

"You must not take it from me, sir," said Preciosa, "for it is a romance which has just been given to me, and I have not yet had time to read it."

"And can you read, my girl?" said one of the company.

"And write, too," answered the old woman; "for I've brought up my granddaughter as if she was the daughter of a *letrado*."*

The gentleman opened the paper, and saw that it contained a gold escudo;† on which he said, "Well Preciosa, I declare this letter is carriage-paid; here—take this escudo, which is enclosed in the romance."

"So," said Preciosa, "the poet has treated me as poor: now, certainly, it is a greater miracle that a poet should give me an escudo, than that I should receive it. If all his romances are to come with this addition, let him transcribe the whole Romancero General,‡ and send me them one by one; for I will feel each one's pulse; and if their hearts be hard, I will not be so hard-hearted as to reject them."

The little gipsy's acuteness, and the wit of her replies, excited the admiration of all present. "Read it, sir," said she; "read aloud, and let us see whether this poet has as much good sense as generosity."

The knight read as follows:

"My gipsy maid, so justly famed
For beauty so supremely rare,
'T is for thy stony heart, I fear,
That thou art *Preciosa* named.‖

For ah! we cannot hope to find
Unwonted clemency in thee,
Since in less lovely ones we see
Disdain with beauty ever joined.

How could your tents, so rude and poor,
Produce that angel form of thine,
Or how could features so divine
E'er grace the Manzanares' shore.§

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* The military order of Calatrava, being one of the most ancient and celebrated in Spain, and its origin being so intimately connected with the history of the struggle which the Spanish nation maintained so long and with ultimate success against its Arabian conquerors, I will subjoin a brief account of its institution.

This order was founded in the year 1158, in the reign of Sancho III., king of Castile, who, having taken the castle of Calatrava, gave it to the Knights Templars. But they, unwilling to encounter the danger of defending it, returned it to him; upon which St. Raymond, abbot of *Fitero*, together with many other persons of consideration, offered to undertake its defence. The king accepted their offer; and, accordingly, in January, 1158, a grant was made to that abbot, in writing, of the town of Calatrava la Vieja (*Old Calatrava*), on condition of his defending it at his own cost. That society established the order, which was approved by Pope Alexander III., in 1164, and confirmed by Innocent III., in 1198, to be under the Cistercian rule.

The badge worn by the knights brethren of the order, is a sanguine cross, of four equal parts, on the left shoulder of the cloak; which cross was at first plain, but was afterwards bordered round with silk twist of the same colour. The secular knights wear the same badge, dependent, on the breast.

* *Letrado.* This word, in Spanish, has a double meaning. In one sense, it signifies, simply, a lettered, or learned man: in the other, it means a legal advocate or counsellor. The old gipsy, most likely, neither knew nor cared about the distinction. She only supposed, according to the vulgar notion, that learning and wisdom were the same thing.

† The *escudo* was a gold coin, about the weight of a half-guinea, bearing the arms of Spain.

‡ A large collection of Spanish ballads, bearing that title, which in English would be, *The General Ballad-singer.*

‖ A notable conceit this, but quite characteristic of this class of Spanish poetical pieces of that day.

§ The Manzanares, the river of Madrid, is by no means remarkable either for size or beauty.

"Renowned now that shore shall be,
As wide as Tagus' golden stream;
That humble wave as proud shall seem
As Ganges rolling to the sea.

"Your gipsy wives all deal in spells;
But oh! a stronger witchcraft lies
In the soft lustre of thine eyes,
Than in their deepest sorcery dwells.

"And whatsoe'er you please to do—
In the light-woven dance to float,
Or warble out your sweet wild note—
You still enchant, and still subdue.

"You charm whene'er you speak or move;
And should you still and silent be,
'T would not suspend your witchery;
Your very presence kindles love.

"I ne'er to woman bowed before;
I proudly boasted that to her
I ne'er would turn idolater,
But thou hast taught me to adore.

"Receive, my fair, with favouring eyes,
This verse from one of poor estate,
Who then full rich will deem his fate;
For thee he lives, for thee he dies."

"It ends with *poverty*," said Preciosa, when the last verse was concluded; "a bad sign;—lovers should never say that they are poor; for poverty, methinks, is at the outset, a great enemy to love!"

"Who taught you that, wench?" said one of the gentlemen.

"Who need have taught it me?" returned Preciosa; "have I not a soul in my body? am I not fifteen years old? my understanding is neither lame nor crooked; the wits of the gipsies are earlier ripened than those of other people; they always go beyond their years; their boys are never simple, their girls never dull; for as they have to get their living by cunning and stratagem, their parts are brightened at every step, and never rust for want of use. Look at these girls, my companions, who stand so silent, and look so stupid; but just feel their teeth of wisdom, and you will see, what you will see. We have no girl of twelve years old that does not know as much as one of five-and-twenty; for they are instructed by the devil, and by experience, which teach them more in an hour, than they would otherwise learn in a year."

All this discourse of the gipsy girl astonished and diverted the hearers; and all of them, whether playing or not playing, gave her money. The old woman's hoard received an increase of thirty reals;* and full rich and joyful, she gathered her flock together, and went off to the house of the teniente, intending to come again another day to entertain those generous gentlemen.

The teniente's lady, Dona Clara, had been informed that the gipsy girls were coming to her house, and was waiting with impatience for their arrival; she and her women, together with those of another lady, her neighbour, being all assembled to see Preciosa. When the gipsies entered, Preciosa shone among the rest, like a brilliant taper among dimmer lights; and immediately they all ran to her, some embracing her, some gazing at her, some blessing, and others praising her. Dona Clara, in the oriental style of compliment borrowed by the Spaniards from the Arabians, likened her hair to gold, her eyes to emeralds; and the good lady, her neighbour, made an eulogistic comment upon every individual limb and feature. Coming to the praise of a small dimple which Preciosa had in her chin, she exclaimed—

"Oh! this charming dimple will be fatal to the hearts of all whose eyes shall behold it."

This being heard by an esquire of Dona Clara's, who stood by, a grave old coxcomb, with beard of venerable length, he took up the Arabico-Spanish strain of hyperbole, with, "Do you call this a dimple, my lady? I think it is a grave of living desires. As I live, I think the girl so beautiful that she could not be more so if she were made of silver, or sugar-candy. Can you tell fortunes, my dear?"

"In three or four ways," answered Preciosa.

"Indeed!" said Dona Clara; "then, by the life of my lord the teniente, you shall tell some to me, my girl of gold—my girl of silver—my girl of carbuncles—my girl of *heaven*—which is the most that I can call you."

"Give the girl the palm of your hand, and something wherewith to cross it," said the old gipsy-woman, "and you 'll see what things she 'll tell you; for she knows more than a doctor of medicine."

The teniente's lady put her hand in her pocket, but found that she had not a farthing: she asked her women to lend her a quarto; but not one of them could produce one; nor was the lady, her neighbour, any better provided.

Which being observed by Preciosa, she said, "All crosses, as being crosses, are good; but those of silver or gold are best; and you must know, ladies, that

* The *real* is a silver coin, value about sixpence.

to cross the hand with copper money, is hurtful to the fortune—at least it is to mine; and so I always like to mark the first cross with a gold escudo, or with an eight-real, or at least a four-real piece; for I am like the sacristans, who rejoice when there is a good offering at church."

"On my life, child, thou art witty," said Dona Clara's neighbour; and turning to the esquire, she said, "Senor Contreras, have you such a thing as a four-real piece to lend me? I will return it to you as soon as my husband, the doctor, comes."

"I have one," answered Contreras, "but it is in pledge for twenty-two maravedis—the price of my supper last night: lend me them, and I will fly to redeem it."

"We have not a quarto among us all," said Dona Clara, "and yet you ask for twenty-two maravedis: hold your tongue, Contreras; you were always impertinent."

One of the young women present, seeing the poverty of the house, said to Preciosa, "Will it signify, my dear, if the cross be made with a silver thimble?"

"O no," answered Preciosa; "silver thimbles make the best crosses in the world, so that there are but plenty of them."

"I have one," replied the young woman; "if that will suffice, here it is, on condition that you tell *my* fortune, too."

"So many fortunes for *one* thimble!" said the old woman. "Make haste, daughter, for it 's getting late."

Preciosa took the thimble and the hand of the teniente's lady, and said:—

"O lady fair, O lady fair,
With hands of silver white,
Thy worthy husband loves thee well:
Dost thou his love requite?

"Mild as a dove, thou oft can'st be,
Yet fierce, sometimes, thou art;
And showst as fiery blood as if
Thou hadst a tiger's heart.

"But in a trice thy anger dies,
And thou art then as calm
As Andalusian summer skies—
As gentle as a lamb.

"Thou eatest little—scoldest much,
And rather jealous, too;
For somewhat sportive is your spouse,
Though faithful, still, to you.

"While yet a maid, there loved you well
A certain handsome youth:
Ah! why should parents interfere!
'Tis wrong of them, in sooth!

"Had you but happened to take the veil,
An abbess you had been;
For in your mind a wond'rous turn
For governing is seen.

"There was a thing I meant to say—
'Tis, perhaps, as well unsaid—
A widow you 'll become one day,
And thrice again be wed.

"But prithee, lady, do not weep;
We gipsies sometimes err;
'Tis not all gospel that we preach—
And so your grief defer.

"Besides, you 've but to die the first;
A method very good,
To save you from that grievous state
Of threatened widowhood.

"You shall inherit, very soon,
Of wealth a handsome share;
One son a canon, you shall have—
I cannot tell you where.

"A daughter, too, shall bless your arms,
As beauteous as the sun;
And she, too, shall be dignified,
If she become a nun.

"Your husband shall, in four weeks' time—
Unless he die before—
Of Burgos, or some other town,
Be made corregidor.

"Upon your breast there is a mole,
As pretty as may be:
How many blind would give a crown,
That beauteous mark to see!

"Lady, beware of falling down;
And backwards, most of all;
For, to a dame of quality,
'Twould be a dangerous fall.

"More things I have to tell you yet,
On Friday, when I come:
Some, lady, very sweet to hear—
Though not so pleasant, some."

Preciosa here finished telling the fortune, having made all the bystanders eager to have theirs told also, which accordingly they asked her to do; but she put them off until the next Friday, as they promised her they would then be provided with silver reals to cross their hands.

The teniente now came in, and they related to him the wonderful talents of the gipsy girl: he made her and her companions dance a little, and satisfied himself of the truth of the praises which they had bestowed upon Preciosa; then putting his hand into his pocket, he seemed about to give her something; but after shaking and feeling it a long while, he at last brought out his hand

empty, saying, "I declare I have not a farthing; do you, Dona Clara, give Preciosa a real, and I will give it you another time."

"That is very good, sir," said she; a real, indeed! We have not a single quarto amongst us all, to cross our hands with; and yet you ask us for a real."

"Then give her some little matter of your own: Preciosa will come and see us again another day, and we will treat her better."

To which Dona Clara replied, "Then, as Preciosa will come again, I will not give her anything now."

"Nay, rather," said Preciosa, "if you give me nothing, I will never come again—but yet I *will* come again, to please such dignified persons; but it shall be understood, beforehand, that I am not to receive anything, and so I shall be spared the anxiety of expecting it. Take bribes, Mr. teniente, take bribes, and get money, and don't make new customs, or you may die of hunger. I have heard it said, madam, and although I am young I understand that it was not well said, that the exercise of an office must be made to furnish money to pay the fines of the *residencia*,* and to procure another place."

"That," said the teniente, "is both said and done by the wicked; but the judge who gives a good account of his conduct, will have no fine to pay; and the upright exercise of his office will be a guarantee for his obtaining another."

"You talk very much like a saint, Mr. teniente," answered Preciosa; "go on in this way, and we shall cut your garments into bits for relics."

"You are very knowing, Preciosa," said the teniente; "I will contrive that their majesties shall see you."

"They'll want to have me for a jester," answered Preciosa," but I shall not be fit for the place, so all would be thrown away. If they wanted me as a person of sense, they might have me: but in some palaces, buffoons thrive better than wise men. I am contented to be a gipsy and poor; and let heaven guide my fortune according to its good will."

"Come, my girl," said the old gipsy, "talk no more now, for you've talked a great deal, and you know a deal more than I've taught you: don't use your wits so much, or you'll spoil them;—talk as befits your years, and don't take such high flights, lest you should fall."

"The devil's in these gipsy women!" exclaimed the teniente.

The gipsies took their leave; and as they were departing, the owner of the thimble asked Preciosa either to tell her her fortune, or return her the thimble, as she had not another to work with.

To which Preciosa replied, "You had better suppose, madam, that I have already told it you, and provide yourself with another thimble, or make no more eyelet-holes till Friday, when I shall come again, and will tell you more fortunes, and *mis*fortunes, than there are in a book of knight-errantry."

They departed, and joined company with the numerous countrywomen who were accustomed to quit Madrid at the hour of the *ave Maria*, to return to their villages; some of whom the gipsy women always took for company on their way, in order to go more safely: besides, the old gipsy was in continual alarm lest some one should rob her of Preciosa.

*The account taken, or report made, of a magistrate's administration of his office, upon his removal from it.

Chapter II.

"Writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love, the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes."—
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

One morning, when they were coming again to Madrid, with the rest of the gipsy girls, to lay the city under contribution, they saw, in a small valley about five hundred paces from the entrance of the town, a gallant-looking youth, in a rich travelling dress. The sword and dagger which he wore, might be said to be flaming with gold, while his hat was adorned with a rich jewel in front, and a plume of various-coloured feathers: the gipsies stopped on observing him, and began very leisurely to survey him, astonished to find so handsome-looking a youth at such an hour, in such a place, on foot, and alone. He went up to them, and said to the elder gipsy, "Do, my good mistress, be so good as to step aside with Preciosa, and hear a few words which I have to say to you, and which will be for your advantage."

"So that we don't go far aside, or stop too long," answered the old woman, "I will go, and welcome;" and calling Preciosa, they went about twenty paces from the road; and all three standing

together, the young man thus addressed them:—

"I am so entirely captivated by the good sense and beauty of Preciosa, that after making great efforts to vanquish my inclination, I remain in stronger bondage than ever. I, my mistresses, for such I must henceforth call you, if heaven favour my suit, am a gentleman, as this badge may prove to you;" and, throwing aside his cloak, he shewed them upon his breast the badge of one of the most honourable orders in Spain; he told them that he was the son of Don Francisco Carcamo—that he was under his care and protection—that he was an only son, and was in expectation of a good inheritance. "My father," he continued, "is in Madrid, endeavouring to obtain a certain appointment; he is already recommended to it, and has almost certain hopes of succeeding. Yet, though I am of the rank and quality which I have told you, and which my appearance must have given you some indications of, yet I wish I was the son of a nobleman, that I might raise to the same elevation the humble condition of Preciosa, by making her my lady and my equal. I have no intention of trifling with her; nor in the true love which I bear her, can any deceit be mingled; all I desire is, to serve her in the way most pleasing to herself; her will is mine; towards her my breast is as wax, on which she may imprint whatever she pleases, but the impression will be lasting as marble, and no time shall efface it. If you will believe me, my hopes will be strong; if you will not, your doubts will make me apprehensive. My name is Juan; my father's I have already told you; his house is in such a street," mentioning the name, "and you may know it by such and such marks; he has neighbours, from whom you may inform yourselves respecting him, as you may also from many who are not his neighbours; for my father's name and quality, and my own, are not so obscure but that they are known at court, and in the whole town. I have here a hundred gold escudos to give you, in earnest of what I intend to give you hereafter; for he who resigns his heart, need not withhold his purse."

While the young gentleman was thus speaking, Preciosa was considering him attentively; and, undoubtedly, neither his words nor his figure were displeasing to her: turning to the old woman, she said, "Pardon me, grandmother, if I take the liberty of answering this enamoured gentleman myself."

"Answer what you will, daughter," replied the old woman; "for I know you've sense enough for anything."

With this permission, Preciosa said to him:—"I, young gentleman, though a poor gipsy and humbly born, have a certain fantastic little spirit within me, which impels me to do great things. I am neither to be moved by promises, nor induced by gifts, nor won by homage, nor subdued by protestations; for though, according to my grandmother's reckoning, I shall not be fifteen until the approaching Michaelmas, my thoughts are already matured, and I have more knowledge than belongs to my age, for which I am indebted more to my natural quickness of apprehension, than to my experience. But be that as it may, I know that amorous passion in the breasts of the newly-enamoured, is but a violent impulse, that hurries them on, without any reflection, to brave every obstacle that stands between them and the object of their desires; and often, when they think they are about to attain the height of their joy, plunges them into an abyss of sorrow. If they obtain the desired object, their desire is extinguished by possession; and then, perhaps, the eyes of their understanding being opened, they see that they ought to abhor that which in their blindness they had adored. This fear produces in me so much caution, that I credit no words, and even doubt of many deeds. I possess one only jewel, which I value more than life—that is, my maiden purity; and I must neither part with it for promises or gifts; if it could thus be bought, it would, indeed, be little worth; nor is it to be taken from me by stratagem or fraud; for I would rather go with it to the grave, and, if it please God, to heaven, than expose it to be surrendered to the wicked arts of delusion which have made so many victims. Virginity is a flower which, if it were possible, no impure breath should be allowed to approach, even in imagination. When the rose is once cut from the stem, how quickly it withers! One handles it—another tramples on it—a third plucks off its leaves—and soon, amongst rude hands, it is utterly destroyed. If, sir, this be the only prize for which you came, you will not obtain it otherwise than in the bonds of matrimony; for if virginity is to bow, it must be to that sacred yoke; for then it is not thrown away, but laid out to advantage. If you will be my husband, I will be your wife; but many conditions have first to be settled, and investigations gone through. First, I must know whe-

ther you really are the person you say. Then, supposing that to be true, you must change the house of your parents for our wandering camps; and, assuming the dress of a gipsy, you must go through a two years' course of education in our schools, in which time I shall become acquainted with your disposition, and you with mine; after which, if you are satisfied with me, and I with you, I will become your wife; but until then, my intercourse with you must be only that of a sister and a humble servant. And you must consider, that in the course of this noviciate, it may so happen that you will recover your vision, which must at present be lost, or at least disturbed, and will see the propriety of shunning what you now pursue with such eagerness; and recovering your lost liberty, a good repentance will procure you forgiveness for every fault. If, with these conditions, you choose to become a soldier in our army, to do so remains in your own hand; for if you refuse any one of them, you shall never touch a finger of mine."

The youth was somewhat confused at this unexpected harangue, and stood looking on the ground as if considering what he should reply, which being observed by Preciosa she said to him;—"This is not a matter of such small importance that it can or ought to be decided on the instant. Return, sir, to the town, and consider at leisure what you may think it most proper to do; and here at this same place you may speak with me on whatever holiday you please, on my way to or from Madrid."

To this the young gentleman replied:—"Dear Preciosa, when Heaven inclined me to love you, I determined to perform whatever your wishes should require of me, though indeed it was far from my thoughts that you would ask of me that which you have now asked; but since such is your pleasure, mine shall conform to it; consider me from this moment as a gipsy, and put me to whatever proof you please, for you will always find me as I now profess myself. When shall I change my costume? I would wish it to be shortly; as, under cover of departing for Flanders, I can deceive my parents, and bring with me money to defray my expenses for a little time. I shall be able to defer my departure for about a week; and as for those who may accompany me, I shall contrive so to deceive them, as to carry my resolution into effect. What I would ask of you is (if I may so soon venture to solicit any thing) that unless it be this day, in which you can inform yourself of my quality and that of my parents, you should not go again to Madrid, as I would not that any of the too numerous occasions which there present themselves, should deprive me of the happiness which is to cost me so dear."

"No, fair sir," answered Preciosa, "to that request I must give a positive denial; for you must know that I must ever be allowed the most unrestricted liberty, undisturbed by jealous apprehensions; and be assured that I shall take no liberty in which my modesty will not be as apparent as my freedom: the first command I lay upon you is, that you place full confidence in me; and remember that lovers who begin with shewing jealous distrust are either foolish or presumptuous."

"Satan is surely in thee, child," said the old gipsy; "why, thou say'st things that would beat a collegian of Salamanca. *Thou* know'st about love—*thou* know'st about jealousy and presumption!—How's this?—thou'lt drive me out of my wits; and here I stand listening to thee, as to one possessed, that talks Latin without knowing it."

"Peace! grandmother," returned Preciosa; "and know that all the things which you have heard from me are mere trifles compared with many things I could say."

All that Preciosa said, and the good sense which she displayed, did but add fuel to the flame which burned in the breast of the enamoured youth. It was finally settled that they three should, in a week from that day, meet again at the same place; when he should come to tell them how his own affairs were going on, and they would have had time to inquire into the truth of what he had told them. The young gentleman took out a brocade purse in which he said there were a hundred gold escudos, and gave it to the old woman; but Preciosa would by no means have her take it; on which her old guardian thus remonstrated:—

"Be quiet, girl; the best sign this gentleman has yet given of surrender is, that he has delivered up his arms; besides, to *give*, on whatever occasion, was always a mark of a generous breast. And remember the proverb which says, that heaven helps them who help themselves; besides, I wouldn't have the gipsies lose, through my bad example, the good fame for covetousness that they've enjoyed so many ages. What! Preciosa, would'st thou have me forego a hundred escudos,

a hundred gold escudos, that may be sown in the belt of a petticoat not worth two reals, and kept there as safe as a common-right on the pastures of Estremadura! And should any one of our sons, grandsons, or kinsfolk, fall by any mishap into the hands of justice, will any thing whispered in the ears of the judge or the scrivener, have such an effect as these escudos crying to their pockets? Three times, for three different offences, have I been just about to be set upon the ass to be whipped: from one flogging I was delivered by a silver cup, from another by a string of pearls, and from the third by forty eight-real pieces which I'd got changed for quartos, giving twenty reals to the changer. Remember, my child, that ours is a very perilous calling, full of great stumbling-blocks and grievous straits; and no succour will avail us so quickly as the invincible arms of the great Philip: a doubloon of two faces will brighten in our behalf the dismal one of the attorney, and of all the ministers of death, who are so many harpies to us poor gipsies, plucking and flaying us with more pleasure than they do a highwayman: no matter how ragged and miserable we look, they'll never believe us to be poor, but say we're like the jackets of Belmonte's scavengers, dirty and greasy and full of doubloons."

Preciosa here interrupted her with, "Pray, my dear grandmother, say no more, or you'll bring forward so many laws in favour of keeping the money, that you'll exhaust those of the Emperors: keep it, and much good may it do you; and God grant you may bury it in a grave whence it may never again return to the light of the sun, and that it may never have occasion to do so. It will be necessary to give something to our companions there, who must be tired of waiting for us."

"They'll as much see any of these pieces," replied the old woman, "as they see the Grand Turk now.—This good young gentleman will see if he has any silver left—or any copper—and I'll divide it among them—for a little will satisfy them."

"O, yes, I have some," said the gallant; and he took from his pocket three eight-real pieces, which he divided among the three gipsy girls; and with which they were as delighted, says our author, as the manager of a Spanish playhouse of that day might be when, in competition with some other manager, he saw himself chalked up at the corner of the streets, *Victor! Victor!*

It was resolved, as has been said, to meet again at the expiration of a week; and that when the young gentleman became a gipsy, he should be called *Senor* Andres, to distinguish him from other gipsies of the same name. Don Juan or Senor Andres, as we must afterwards call him, did not venture to embrace Preciosa; but looking wistfully at her, and leaving his heart behind him, he returned to Madrid; and they, well satisfied with this encounter, went thither also.

(*Continued at page* 89.)

THE MONASTERY OF ALCOBACA.

[For the following interesting description we are indebted to Mr. Beckford's recent volume of "Recollections of an excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha."]

We had no sooner hove in sight, and we loomed large, than a most tremendous ring of bells of extraordinary power, announced our speedy arrival. A special *aviso*, or broad hint from the secretary of state, recommending these magnificent monks to receive the Grand Prior and his companions with peculiar graciousness, the whole community, including fathers, friars, and subordinates, at least four hundred strong, were drawn up in grand spiritual array on the vast platform before the monastery, to bid us welcome. At their head, the abbot himself, in his costume of high almoner of Portugal, advanced to give us a cordial embrace.

It was quite delectable to witness with what cooings and comfortings the Lord Abbot of Alcobaca greeted his right reverend brethren of Aviz and St. Vincent's—turtle-doves were never more fondlesome, at least in outward appearance. Preceded by these three graces of holiness, I entered the spacious, massive, and somewhat austere Saxon-looking church. All was gloom, except where the perpetual lamps burning before the high altar diffused a light most solemn and religious—(inferior twinkles from side chapels and chantries are not worth mentioning). To this altar my high clerical conductors repaired, whilst the full harmonious tones of several stately organs, accompanied by the choir, proclaimed that they were in the act of adoring the real Presence.

Whilst these devout prostrations were performing, I lost not a moment in visiting the sepulchral chapel, where lie interred Pedro the Just and his beloved Inez. The light which reached this

solemn recess of a most solemn edifice was so subdued and hazy, that I could hardly distinguish the elaborate sculpture of the tomb, which reminded me, both as to design and execution, of the Beauchamp monument at Warwick, so rich in fretwork and imagery.

Just as I was giving way to the affecting reveries which such an object could not fail of exciting in a bosom the least susceptible of romantic impressions, in came the grand priors hand in hand, all three together. "To the kitchen," said they in perfect unison,—"to the kitchen, and that immediately; you will then judge whether we have been wanting in zeal to regale you."

Such a summons, so conveyed, was irresistible; the three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves, extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into an hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.

My servants, and those of their reverend excellencies the two priors, were standing by in the full glee of witnessing these hospitable preparations, as well pleased, and as much flushed, as if they had been just returned from assisting at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. "There," said the Lord Abbot,—"We shall not starve: God's bounties are great, it is fit we should enjoy them." (By the bye, I thought this all allegro, contrasted with the penseroso of scarecrow convents, quite delightful.)"

I rose early, slipped out of my pompous apartment, strayed about endless corridors—not a soul stirring. Looked into a gloomy hall, much encumbered with gilded ornaments, and grim with the ill-sculptured effigies of kings; and another immense chamber, with white walls covered with pictures in black lacquered frames, most hideously unharmonious.

One portrait, the full size of life, by a very ancient Portuguese artist, named Vasquez, attracted my minute attention. It represented no less interesting a personage than St. Thomas á Becket, and looked the character in perfection;—lofty in stature and expression of countenance; pale, but resolute, like one devoted to death in his great cause; the very being Dr. Lingard has portrayed in his admirable History.

From this chamber I wandered down several flights of stairs to a cloister of the earliest Norman architecture, having in the centre a fountain of very primitive form, spouting forth clear water abundantly into a marble basin. Twisting and straggling over this uncouth mass of sculpture, are several orange-trees, gnarled and crabbed, but covered with fruit and flowers, their branches grotesque and fantastic, exactly such as a Japanese would delight in, and copy on his caskets and screens; their age most venerable, for the traditions of the convent assured me that they were the very first imported from China into Portugal. There was some comfort in these objects; every other in the place looked dingy and dismal, and steeped in a green and yellow melancholy.

On the damp, stained, and mossy walls, I noticed vast numbers of sepulchral inscriptions (some nearly effaced) to the memory of the knights slain at the battle of Aljubarota: I gave myself no trouble to make them out, but continuing my solitary ramble, visited the refectory, a square of seventy or eighty feet, begloomed by dark-coloured painted windows, and disgraced by tables covered with not the cleanest or least unctuous linen in the world.

ANECDOTES OF AN APE.

[In a recent publication, we have found a very amusing description of a newly discovered species of ape, whose demeanour on shipboard forms a most entertaining chapter, which we would gladly insert entire, were it not for its great length. The annexed portion will give an idea of the creature's drolleries.]

There was a degree of intelligence in the animal, beyond what is usually termed common instinct. These little miniatures of men, (as they are satirically termed), are said to possess more sagacity

than any other animals, and to be a close connecting link between the "powerful lord of the creation," and creatures of an inferior genius. If it be true, as I have heard asserted, that intelligence is written in legible characters on the os frontis of the monkey tribe, I beg to add, that mischief and cunning also beam in their eye.

One instance of a very close approximation to, if it may not be considered an exercise of, the reasoning faculty, occurred in this animal. Once or twice I lectured him on taking away my soap continually from the washing-place, which he would remove, for his amusement, from that place, and leave it about the cabin. One morning I was writing, the ape being present in the cabin, when casting my eyes toward him, I saw the little fellow taking the soap. I watched him, without his perceiving that I did so; and he occasionally would cast a furtive glance toward the place where I sat. I pretended to write; he, seeing me busily occupied, took the soap, and moved away with it in his paw. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly, without frightening him. The instant he found I saw him, he walked back again, and deposited the soap nearly in the same place from whence he had taken it. There was certainly something more than instinct in that action: he evidently betrayed a consciousness of having done wrong, both by his first and last actions;—and what is reason, if that is not an exercise of it?

He was playful, but preferred children to adults. He became particularly attached to a little Papuan child (Elau, a native of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group) who was on board, and whom, it is not improbable, he may in some degree have considered as having an affinity to his species. They were often seen sitting near the capstan, the animal with his long arm round her neck, lovingly eating biscuit together.

She would lead him about by his long arms, like an elder leading a younger child; and it was the height of the grotesque, to witness him running round the capstan, pursued by, or pursuing, the child. He would waddle along, in the erect posture, at a rapid pace, sometimes aiding himself by his knuckles; but when fatigued, he would spring aside, seize hold of the first rope he came to, and, ascending a short distance, regard himself as safe from pursuit.

In a playful manner he would roll on deck with the child, as if in a mock combat, pushing with his feet, (in which action he possessed great muscular power), entwining his long arms around her, and pretending to bite; or, seizing a rope, he would swing towards her, and when efforts were made to seize him, would elude the grasp by swinging away; or he would, by way of changing the plan of attack, drop suddenly on her from the ropes aloft, and then engage in various playful antics. He would play in a similar manner with adults; but finding them usually too strong and rough for him, he preferred children, giving up his games with them, if any adults joined in the sport at the same time.

There were also on board the ship several small monkeys, with whom Ungka was desirous of forming interesting conversaziones, to introduce a social character among the race—wile away the tedious hours, which pass but tardily in a ship, and dissipate the monotony of the voyage: to this the little monkeys would not accede; they treated him as an outcast, and all cordially united to repel the approaches of the "little man in black," by chattering, and various other hostile movements peculiar to them.

Ungka, thus repelled in his kind endeavours to establish something like sociality among them, determined in his own mind to annoy and punish them for their impudence; so, the next time they united, as before, in a body, on his approach, he watched the opportunity, and when one was off his guard, seized a rope, and swinging towards him, caught him by the tail, and hauled away upon it, much to the annoyance of the owner, who had no idea that such a retaliation was to take place; he continued pulling upon it, as if determined to detach it, until the agility and desperation of the monkey, at being so treated, obliged him to relinquish his hold. But it not unfrequently happened, that he made his way up the rigging, dragging the monkey by the tail after him, and thus made him follow his course most unwillingly. If in his ascent he required both hands, he would pass the tail of his captive into the prehensile power of his foot. It was the most grotesque scene imaginable, and will long remain in the remembrance of those who witnessed it, and was performed by Ungka with the most perfect gravity of countenance, while the poor suffering monkey grinned, chattered, twisted about, making the most strenuous efforts to escape from his opponent's grasp. His countenance, at all

times a figure of fun, now had terror added to it, increasing the delineation of beauty; and when the poor beast had been dragged some distance up the rigging, Ungka, tired of his labour, would suddenly let go his hold on the tail, when it would require some skill on the part of the monkey to seize a rope, to prevent his receiving a compound fracture by a rapid descent on deck. Ungka, having himself no caudal extremity, knew well that he was perfectly free from any retaliation on the part of his opponents.

As this mode of treatment was far from being either amusing or instructive to the monkeys, they assembled together in an *executive council*, where it was determined, that in future the "big black stranger," who did not accord with them in proportions, and who demeaned himself by walking erect, wearing no tail, and was, in several other respects, guilty of unmonkey-like conduct, should be for the future avoided, and treated with contempt; and should he again think proper to assault any of the body, they should all unite, and punish him for his violent conduct. Ungka, when again he made any attempt to renew his amusement of pulling tails, met with such a warm reception from the little creatures assembled, that he found it necessary to give up *tale bearing*, and devote himself to other pursuits. He had, however, such an inclination to *draw out tales*, that being obliged, from "peculiar circumstances," to relinquish those of the monkeys, he cultivated the friendship of a little clean pig, that ran about the deck, and taking his tail in hand, endeavoured, by frequent pulling, to reduce it from a curled to a straight form; but all his efforts were in vain, although piggy did not express any ill-feeling at his kind endeavours.

Although every kindness was shewn to him by the officers and crew, and sweetmeats and other niceties were given to him by them by way of bribes, to engage his confidence and good opinion, yet he would not permit himself to be taken in the arms, or caressed familiarly by any person on board during the voyage, except by the commander, the third officer, and myself; but with any of the children he would readily gambol. It was a strange fact, that he in particular avoided all those who wore large bushy whiskers.

MISTIMED SERVICE.

"Before I skip back to the point from which my own flea and the Poictiers flea have led me, I must tell a story of an English lady, who was not so fortunate as Pasquier's accomplished friend. This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish: so that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do anything unless she directed him; the lady well knowing, that although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still life, some awkwardness would be inevitable, if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas having thus been duly drilled, and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table behind his mistress, and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests: when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions;—a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness, of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and courtesies of the table, to see, what must have been worth seeing—the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of shewing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party—*a vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod I've caucht 'en!*"—*The Doctor.*

PROFESSOR SCHWEIGGER.

The murder of this individual is thus described by a recent German traveller in Sicily.

"We had heard so much at Naples of the insecurity of the roads, that we thought it necessary to buckle on a cutlass a-piece *(couteau de chasse)*; we were already provided with pistols. When our servant Joseph, a Provençal, heard that we were arming, he asked leave to follow our example, and appeared with a mighty sabre, and a broad leather belt, holding a brace of pistols and store of cartridges, that must have been purloined from some Abruzzo robber. Fancy to yourself four heavily armed horsemen, one of them moreover loaded with drawing-board and seat, clad in jackets of light stuff, with straw hats of various forms, and you will have a distinct image of our ludicrously warlike appearance.

But, happily, these bands of robbers have long been exterminated, and even the single stragglers who survived, have now disappeared. The tales of the cowardly Neapolitans vanish into nothing when you reach their scene. The eternally-repeated story of the recent murder of Professor Schweigger of Königsburg, is indeed melancholy enough, but I have here learned that his own imprudence was the chief cause of his misfortune. As a botanist, he naturally travelled on foot; at Palermo, he engaged an insufficiently recommended guide, and, regardless of the indolent southern temperament, dragged him daily about amongst the mountains. Schweigger was, moreover, very short, very ugly, of a scolding, grumbling disposition, and so careless, that he was not even armed with a stick. The night before they were to reach Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum), he gave his guide a louis-d'or to be changed in a little hamlet, where, probably, there was not so much ready money to be found; put himself in a passion at receiving too little change, and threatened the guide with legal punishment at Girgenti. After this quarrel, he set forth with the exasperated Sicilian, dragged him through the most scorching heat till noon, wrangling with him, it is said, the whole time. At length, upon reaching a shady fountain, that bursts from the live rock many steps below the level ground, he heedlessly descended these steps to refresh himself. There the heated and irritated guide knocked him on the head from above with a billet of wood, impelled, perhaps, by fear of the threatened prosecution, perhaps by a longing for the gold pieces exhibited when the louis-d'or was given, perhaps by rage and revenge for his previous ill-treatment. His golden booty presently betrayed him; he was arrested, confessed everything, and was executed at Girgenti about a year ago. It were surely absurd to draw any conclusion as to the robber propensities of the Sicilians from this transaction: we might even say, that, according to Italian principles of revenge, the guide was in some measure justified, when he slew a menacing and frightful dwarf, in expiation of the injuries received from him.

MISCELLANIES.

Instinct of Birds.—When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with his feet; somewhat in the manner we have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from the hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavours to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of this ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where they are seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.

NATURE AND ART.

Nothing in art can continue to dazzle but so long as we are unaccustomed to the contemplation of it. Let a person dwell for some months, nay, a few weeks, in one of the mansions that has the most struck his fancy, and he will find that by degrees his vision becomes so used to the objects which first enchanted him, that he soon ceases to be sensible of their presence, or to feel aught more than that general complacency excited in the mind by being surrounded by agreeable objects. It is otherwise with the beauties of nature. The more the eye becomes accustomed to behold them, the more pleasure do they convey: each point of view gains a new interest by being contrasted with others; the different periods of the day or season change the appearance, and throw a fresh light over the scene, that prevents its ever becoming monotonous.

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ABDALLAH AND ZUMAUN;
OR, INEQUALITY OF THE PASSIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM," &c.

(*For the Parterre.*)

Two young men of Arabia fell in love with the same woman—one from sentiment and deep affection, the other from mere physical attraction. The name of the first was Abdallah, that of the latter Zumaun.

The family of the girl was rich, but Zumaun was still richer; and her father, being a covetous man himself, thought that the happiness of others must centre in the same things *he* most valued; so he gave him the preference. The father's uncle, a sheik of importance, was also an enemy to the suit of Abdallah, whom he hated, on account of some family quarrel of five score years' standing; and, besides that, his pride in an undoubted pedigree revolted at the humbleness of the young man's station. Added to all these apparently insurmountable obstacles, the girl herself preferred Zumaun.

The feeling, however, of Abdallah being as strong as it was sincere, he by no means relinquished the pursuit of the object of his love, though greatly hurt at the opposition shewn to his suit by the family of the girl, and, far more so, by her indifference. This continued till the day was fixed for her to wed his rival.

Now, Abdallah being a man of quick wit, and resolute mind, so contrived it, that Zumaun should travel a short distance, in doing which it would be necessary to cross a wide lake. At the borders of this, he waited in disguise, seated in a boat, till Zumaun arrived, when he offered to ferry him across.

It was a wide piece of water; and, when they had arrived to about the middle, Abdallah quietly took off his disguise, and, without rising from his seat, thus addressed his rival:—

"Zumaun, it is agreed that you are shortly to possess the woman I love. She prefers you to me, and her parents approve her choice. I bear you no malice whatever; yet, as an act of justice to my own feelings, I cannot, with passive resignation, endure my sincere heart to be put aside as a thing of no value, and left

to pant a sad way downward to the grave, without making one positive effort. If I can obtain no hope for myself, I am, at all events, resolved to prove whether your love and devotion equal mine. I do not believe they will stand the test, and upon this stands my last chance of happiness. Yet I call Allah to witness, that I entertain no personal hatred against you, and that this, my present action, is unaccompanied by any sense of sanguinary revenge."

"What would you do?" asked Zumaun, with a stern expression of sarcasm. "There are few things I would not dare and defy, in order to possess any woman I was bent upon. You should have waited till this day month, and then, perhaps, I might not have been so stanch." He ended with an ironical laugh, that was as little complimentary to the whole of the fair sex, as pleasing to Abdallah.

"This is my proposition," said the latter, in a resolute tone, rising at the same time, and thrusting his foot through the bottom of the boat, so that the water immediately began to rush through the aperture; "that he who first quits the boat, shall resign all claim to the woman we both love?"

Zumaun was a man of strong animal passions, and his courage and will being equal to his sensuality, he answered, "Agreed; here let us sit fast,—I will not be the first to loose my hold, though we sink a hundred fathoms deep. Methinks our sabres might have settled the matter in a shorter way; but be it as thou sayest."

So saying, they both took their seats at opposite ends of the boat, while the water continued to pour in.

They had not long remained thus, when a splendid barge approached, in which was the caliph, and several of his chief officers. The caliph, seeing two men seated opposite each other in a boat half full of water, and evidently about to sink, with an elbow on one knee, and the chin resting on the hand, while, in fearful silence, their eyes were fixed sternly upon each other's face, was greatly surprised at so extraordinary a sight. Commanding his officers to take them into the barge, he demanded an explanation of their present conduct.

"Commander of the faithful!" said Zumaun, falling at the feet of the caliph, "it is entirely owing to the contrivance of Abdallah, who forced me to an alternative, and I chose the stronger one."

"Is it true?" demanded the caliph.

"It is," answered Abdallah.

"What hast thou to say, then, that I should not order thee the bowstring upon the spot?"

"Nothing, O caliph; but much in justification of what I have done."

"You answer," said the caliph, looking sternly round at his vizier and officers, "like one beyond my power. Passion has that capability sometimes, and places a subject on a level with the mightiest of the earth, and not unfrequently far more than that, though my courtiers would have me believe otherwise. Whether you be right or wrong, it is evident you are conscientiously devoted to it, which is a thing to be respected.

Abdallah, with tears now gushing to his eyes, at the generous condescension of the caliph, related what had passed in the boat, and all that had occasioned it. He did not dwell upon the depth of his affection, but left all his actions to be explained by that feeling. In doing this, he adhered so strictly to the truth, in every particular, that Zumaun readily admitted every thing he said.

The caliph mused a while. "Well," said he at length, turning to Abdallah; "you find that he *has* stood the test you proposed, and would have died in support of it; do you admit this?"

"I do believe it," answered Abdallah, despondingly.

"Well, then, there remains nothing more for you to do, especially as the woman prefers your rival."

"O caliph," ejaculated Abdallah, as he struggled for one more hope, "Zumaun would have preferred deciding the question with the sabre, and to this I am willing to agree!"

"Nay, rejoined the caliph, "you should have proposed, or accepted it in the first instance; the ordeal was your own choosing, and he has passed through it, according to your own admission. You are not justified, even by passion, in taking any farther measures to prevent his possession of the object of his desire."

So saying, the caliph ordered them to be put ashore at opposite sides of the lake, and then set out again to pursue his diversion of fishing.

With a despairing heart, Abdallah went his way, and passed his time he knew not how, wandering about he knew not whither, till he heard the day named on which the only being that could make life a bliss, and without whom it would be a wretched burden, was to be given to another.

On the morning of this day, the girl, accompanied by her father, the rich

merchant, her uncle, the proud sheik, and her lover Zumaun, went to the mosque to hear prayers, previous to the performance of the marriage ceremony. As this was probably the last time Abdallah would have an opportunity of seeing the object of his affections, he went there also.

The service began, and continued without any interruption; for the deep sobs of Abdallah were inaudible to every one but God.

Silence reigned throughout the mosque as the voice of the aged imaun, with many a solemn pause, exhorted them to acts of virtue, and to hopes of heaven. But Abdallah heard nought—he saw nought before him but her he loved, and the bare stone walls that emblemed his future.

The instant the prayers were concluded, a loud and general cry echoed through the mosque! The place was suddenly filled with smoke, and flames were seen in various places! Every body crowded quickly to the door, and all passed forth, except the five above mentioned, the guards of the caliph preventing their egress, and closing the door when all the rest had escaped.

A part of the roof of the mosque was now removed, and, looking up, they discovered the caliph and his attendants, while a number of the guards immemediately commenced throwing down bundles of blazing fagots into the mosque.

"Perverse wretches!" shouted the caliph from above, "since ye could come to no amicable arrangement among yourselves, but must try each other's courage by seeing who would endure drowning with the greatest firmness, it is now my intention to see how ye can all bear burning! Guards, throw down more fagots—quick there, or your lives shall answer it!"

"O mighty caliph!" exclaimed the father, "I had nought to do in the matter—I implore mercy, for I am truly innocent of all offence!"

"How!—did not Abdallah first make offers for thy daughter, and didst thou not refuse him, and accept Zumaun afterwards?"

"O commander of the faithful! that was because my daughter loved Zumaun better."

"Dog!" exclaimed the caliph—"'tis false! it was because he was richer; had it been otherwise, you would have forced her to accept Abdallah."

"I consent to Abdallah's suit," cried the merchant, "most willingly—most willingly, O dread Prince! and I will give him riches in abundance with her—have mercy upon my life!"

"Lower a rope to him," said the caliph to his guard, "and drag him up."

They did so. "Now, cast down more fagots, and we will burn the rest speedily."

"Mercy, mercy!" loudly cried the sheik; "thy servant hath done nought to provoke the wrath of the great Ali."

"Slave!" shouted the caliph, "didst thou not bear enmity and hatred to Abdallah, who was the first to ask thy niece in marriage: and didst thou not help to cause his rejection, because of thy pride of rank and the quarrels of thy ancestors? All this conspired to drive him to extremities with Zumaun, and I am now resolved your passions shall *all* be put to the test. Guards! cast down more fagots, and faster, for the inside of the mosque shall be filled with them!"

"O mighty Ali! O great son-in-law of Mahomet! what shall thy poor slave do to obtain favour and mercy? I am scorched—I am burning! have mercy upon thy slave! I will gladly consent to anything."

"What rank was your father?" shouted the caliph.

"A sheik!" cried the wretched old man, wringing his hands; "and my grandfather was a sheik too."

"And what was *his* father?"

"An emir—an emir—mighty son of the great Prophet Mahomet!—suffer me to be taken out of this—and his wife's father and brother were both emirs; and *his* grandfather was a sheik—but his great-grandfather was a barber, and sold pipes and garlic!"

"Take him out this instant!" shouted the caliph, "for he has told me more than I asked."

The guards obeyed the caliph's orders promptly; and the old sheik saved his life thus meanly, wisely, or weakly, (perhaps all three,) at the expense of his undoubted pedigree, and the family quarrel of fivescore years' standing.

The remainder of the fagots being now thrown down into the mosque, the flames began quickly to hem in those that remained. The young girl had fallen down in an agony of terror, and Abdallah having covered her over with his mantle, to protect her from the fierce heat of the approaching flames, was seated on the ground beside her. Zumaun, with an erect body and folded arms, stood near them.

"Let Zumaun be taken up," said the caliph, "the other two shall be burned for the trouble they have occasioned."

"Thanks, O commander of the faithful!" said Zumaun; but he was scarcely half way up, when the caliph exclaimed, "who is this?—I miscalled the names; lower him down again—take up Abdallah, for it was he I meant."

"O caliph!" ejaculated Abdallah, fervently, "let Zumaun be taken up from the fire; for I will remain, and be burned with her I love, which is far better than living to remember a last parting such as this would be."

The caliph ordered that Zumaun should be lifted out of the mosque immediately.

"But, O just prince!" resumed Abdallah, "this woman, who lies here thus insensible of her impending punishment, is equally guiltless of any offence; it is I only that am to blame for it all. Let her be spared, and I will gladly die in her stead."

"She shall be saved only upon one condition," answered the caliph, sternly: "you shall be permitted to suffer in her stead, provided you give a free consent to her becoming the wife of Zumaun?"

"And is there no other alternative?"

"There is no other."

"Then," said Abdallah, "I *do* give my free consent; and may she be as happy with him, as I have been miserable without her."

The young girl having recovered from her fear of death during the last words, no sooner reached the platform where the caliph stood, than she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Great and merciful Ali, let Abdallah be saved!—let him be taken out of the fire; for now I perceive who really loved me, and my own extreme ingratitude and cruelty!"

"Enough," said Ali, smiling; "lift him up quickly—I see we are to have no sport to-day."

The caliph ordered Abdallah a thousand pieces of gold from his treasury, and made Zumaun an officer of his guard. He caused the father to bestow two-thirds of his riches upon his daughter, as a marriage gift, and made Abdallah a sheik in the place of his uncle.

Abdallah, however, returned the money to the merchant, and declined robbing the sheik of his sheikship. He retired to a pleasant villa some leagues from the city, where he lived happily, with the woman he loved, to the end of his days.

It is here shewn, without making even a bad or gross passion compromise its character or resolution (an error that is continually made, and without any necessity for the moral,) how a deep and delicate affection of the heart, that can dare and endure to the utmost, although there be no return to its love, is superior to every gross and selfish desire. We have thus exemplified how animal passion, however powerful, is not equal, even though it should succeed in its ends, to that intense and refined feeling and devotion, which will make an utter sacrifice of its dearest hopes and sympathies, in order to serve or make happy the beloved object. R. H. H.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Yemassee. A Romance. By the Author of Guy Rivers.

Mr. Simms has improved largely and decidedly upon his former work (which we noticed at p. 339 of our first volume), wisely availing himself of the criticisms thereon. The "Yemassee" is a better story than "Guy Rivers;" the plot is more ingeniously constructed, many of the incidents more vividly related, and what is important, the progress of the tale is much less frequently intercepted by needlessly protracted dissertation; the introduction of which will weigh down the best novel in which it is attempted. We think too, that the characters generally are better conceived; in "Guy Rivers," there are, at least, two monstrosities, and, although they were delineated with great power and effect, we are much better pleased with *all* the personages in "The Yemassee," whose qualities and actions are less strained and more natural. One objection we have to make to the present work is, that in too many instances the personages for whom we are interested are rescued from impending destruction at that critical point when the delay of another moment would be fatal. This is, however, overbalanced by vigour of description, great imaginative power, abundance and variety of well managed incidents, and much originality and discrimination of character. In these, our American brethren generally excel. We subjoin the following piece of highly wrought and beautiful description:—

"'He does not come—he does not come,' she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which

terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful were the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump, around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which she had no thought for at the moment. Things grew indistinct to her wandering eye—the thought was turned inward—and the musing spirit denying the governing sense to the external agents and conductors, they failed duly to appreciate the forms that rose, and floated and glided before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered but at its appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was singularly impressed with one object, peering out at intervals from the little bush beneath it. She saw, or thought she saw, at moments, through the bright green of the leaves, a star-like glance, a small bright ray, subtile, sharp, beautiful—an eye of the leaf itself, darting the most searching looks into her own. Now the leaves shook, and the vines waved elastically and in beautiful forms before her, but the star-like eye was there, bright and gorgeous, and still glancing up to her own. How beautiful—how strange, did it appear to the maiden. She watched it still with a dreaming sense, but with a spirit strangely attached by its beauty—with a feeling in which awe and admiration were equally commingled. She could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and from which it gleamed so brilliantly; but once, as she approached, she heard a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it repelled her approach. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick, like that of a bird; now steady in its place, and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her as if wooing to seize. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtile, burning, piercing, fascinating light, such as gathers in vapour above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her own, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colours, bright, gay, various colours, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry, as it were of warning, above her, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and leaned backward against the neighbouring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her

movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had been associated. She was conscious enough to discriminate and to perceive, but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, he slowly unwound himself from his coil, then immediately, the next moment again gathered himself into its muscular masses—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form toward her; its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Then, the next moment, recovering quickly, it would resume its folds, and with arching neck, which now glittered like a bar of brazed copper, and fixed eye, continue, calmly as it were, to contemplate the victim of its secreted venom—the pendulous rattle still ringing the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is at hand. Its various folds were now complete—the coil forming a series of knots—the muscles, now and then, rising rigidly into a hill, now corded down by the pressure of another of its folds into a valley. These suddenly unclasping, in the general effort to strike its enemy, give it that degree of impetus which enables it to make its stroke as fatal, at the full extent of its own length, as when, suddenly invaded, its head is simply elevated and the blow given.

"The glance of Bess Matthews at this moment upon her enemy, assured her that the sport of the deadly reptile was about to cease. She could not now mistake the fearful expression of his eye. She strove to scream, but her voice died away in her throat. Her lips were sealed—she sought to fly, but her limbs were palsied—she had nothing left of life but its consciousness; and in despair of escape, with a single scream, forced from her by the accumulated agony, she sunk down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directed for ever upon them. She saw him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck was arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she saw the neck growing larger, and becoming completely bronzed when about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she saw no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster. In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow, piercing him through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, resting upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonnestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block-house. He rushed from the copse, as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay writhing upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, while shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavour; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned recklessly round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over upon his back with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead upon the person of the maiden."

THE DISGUISED LOVER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas; whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment that it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence, its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps, and lamplighters, never pass him without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and only once, I saw him cross the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate him, and before I could utter one word, it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet, full length in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation, he once purchased a suit of precisely mud colour. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times; he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance, at least, unscathed. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighbouring horse-pond; true, he received a shower-bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat, was "to gild refined gold—to paint the lily." "Tom will be a neat man yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour, it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom; he had been leaning on some newly painted window-blinds.

His shoeblack declares that "he can't see no use in blacking his boots when they never remain black;" and his washerwoman, with a very proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, not from any ill-will, but, as she declared with uplifted hands, "if any one should ask me if I washed Mr. Smith's clothes, what *could* I tell them?" But there were very few things in this world with which Tom could have more easily dispensed, than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement, one morning, I strolled over to Tom's rooms. As I ascended the stairs, I heard his voice in a very decided tone. "But it must be done, and so there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply. "any thing within the limits of possibility, but, to make a coat in ten hours—I will *promise* anything in the world, but I really fear I shall be unable to *perform*."

"If double your price would be any object——'

"Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it; certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it; it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and measures passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I require your advice upon a very important affair; which of these cravats do you think most becoming?" and he spread before me some half dozen, of every hue and fashion.

"Now what in the name of all that is wonderful does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball, is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest friends will never know you. But you cannot support the character; if you had taken that of a chimney-sweep, now; but that would have been *too* natural. Tell me truly, Tom, what does all this mean?"

"Why, the fact is, Frank," passing a hand through his hair, redolent of macassar, "I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You, doubtless, remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you."

Now it so happened, that of all the good advice I had ever given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a sloven to a fop?

"Pray, where are you going this evening," I continued, "that you must have a new coat so suddenly?"

"Going? nowhere, in particular. I had, indeed, some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr. Murray; no harm in that, I hope."

Conviction began to flash upon me.

"Your *old friend*, Mr. Murray;—and his *young niece*, Miss Julia, has no share in your visit, I suppose? I heard that she arrived in town last night."

Now, upon my word, Frank, you mistake me entirely. I did not know that she was in town last night—when I—that is, when I—I did not know anything about it."

"And so you were there last night, too! Really, this is getting along bravely."

"Why, the fact is, Frank, you must

know everything. I called last evening to see Murray on some business, about that real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a boa-constrictor—my beard was three days old, my collar ditto—and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and some how or other I forgot all about the real estate."

"And so you are going again to-night—and that is the secret of your new coat?"

"By no means; I wanted a new coat, and tailors are always so long, you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favourite—that is—I mean blue——"

"Oh, go on—don't stammer—blue is her favourite colour, is it?"

"The fact is, Frank,—take another glass of this wine—the fact is—good wine, isn't it? been two voyages to the Indies—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I *am* a little in love. Try some of that sherry. What are the symptoms, Frank—a queer feeling about the heart, and something which drives the blood through one like lightning?"

"Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia, short and chubby, isn't she—with red hair, and a little squint-eyed?"

"Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have been tempted to do so a great many times; but, if you don't stop that nonsense, I will."

"Quite valiant in defence of your ladye-love. Well, Tom, I will confess that she is a lovely girl, and to-morrow I will come and learn your success. So, good morning."

"Well, Tom, what success?"

"Would you believe it! she did not recognise me."

"Not recognise you!"

"No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia, as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And would you believe it, the little witch did not know me. I think I should not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clear enough, but an incorrigible sloven. And Julia said, he pressed like a barbarian—just think of that Frank, a barbarian! She shall pay for that yet. Such eyes—and she steps like a queen. Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference to a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference, clean linen makes.

The last time I saw Tom, he was scolding his eldest son for coming into the drawing room with muddy boots.

KENT.

FLOWERS OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

MADAME DE STAEL has well observed, that men collected in a public assembly, and debating upon great questions of public interest, generally end in electrifying themselves with the sparks of mental dignity.

Maria Leczinska (queen of Louis the Fifteenth, and daughter of Stanislaus Sobieski, the dethroned king of Poland) frequently remarked, that the mercy of kings consisted in their justice, but that the justice of queens was more frequently found in being merciful.

Those who reduce everything to the strictness of analysis resemble chemists, who destroy the splendour and the perfume of flowers, to distinguish their nature, character, and qualities.

A wise man living in a country in a state of revolution, should imitate the traveller who, in passing through a forest infested with robbers, makes as little noise as possible.

The Emperor Napoleon often remarked, that true wealth does not consist in the possession of gold and silver, but in the judicious use made of them.

The English language expresses the Deity more appropriately than any other—for God is the contraction of the Saxon *good*.

Every adjuration of love, every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation—"so long as you are what you now are."

True philosophy can discern nothing else in a great many words and names but the letters of the alphabet which compose them.

An active and faithful memory doubles life; for it brings a man again upon its stage with all those who have made their exits.

When a personage becomes formidable to his competitors, or subordinates, they generally seek to deceive or destroy him.

A head properly constituted, can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Fools line the hedges which bound the road of life; what can the wise man do but smile as he passes along it?

To do good to our enemies, is to resemble the incense whose aroma perfumes the fire by which it is consumed.

The apostles of error are never so dangerous as when they appear in the guise of gray-headed old men.

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

Men are like weathercocks, which are never constant or fixed, but when they are worn out or rusty.

If you have received an injury from any one, wash it out, not in blood, but in the waters of Lethe.

Elevated posts in governments are like steep rocks, only accessible to eagles and to reptiles.

To act upon a determination made in anger, is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility, is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

The only really bitter tears are those which are shed in solitude.

An historian should be without passion and without pension.

Faith spans the gulf of Death with the bridge of Hope.

There is no richer *treasure* than a collection of correct and beautiful thoughts and maxims.

THE SPANISH GIPSY GIRL.

(From the untranslated Works of Cervantes.)

Chapter III.

Perdita—Oh lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Winter's Tale.

Preciosa, who had some liking, rather, however, of good-will than of love, for the gallant appearance and behaviour of Don Juan, was desirous of ascertaining immediately whether he was the person he had said. Entering the town, she had not gone a great way before she met the page from whom she had received the verses and the escudo, who came up to her, saying, "Ha, Preciosa, I am happy to see you; did you read the verses which I gave you the other day?"

"Before I answer you one word," returned Preciosa, "I must conjure you, by all that is most dear to you, to tell me one truth."

"That," said the page, "is an adjuration which I can by no meaus resist, even though to tell it should cost me my life."

"Then what I want to ask you," said Preciosa, "is, whether you are peradventure a poet."

"If I be a poet," answered the page, it must necessarily be *peradventure*. But you must know, Preciosa, that this name of poet is merited by very few: so am I not a poet, but one who have a liking for poetry; and, for so much as I have occasion for, I do not go and solicit verses from another hand; those which I gave you are my own, and those which I now give you also, but I am not therefore a poet, and God forbid that I should be one."

"Is it such a bad thing to be a poet?" asked Preciosa.

"It is not a bad thing," replied the page, "but I do not think it a very good thing to be a poet, and that only. Poetry should be used like a precious jewel, whose owner does not wear it every day, nor shew it to every one, nor at every step, but only at proper times and on proper occasions. Poetry is as a beautiful damsel, chaste, modest, prudent, intelligent, and retired, confining herself within the limits of the strictest discretion. She is a lover of solitude,—of verdant fields, and murmuring streams, of soothing shades, and gladsome flowers, and there she affords delight and instruction to all who are indulged with her converse."

"But I have also heard," said Preciosa, "that she is very poor, and even somewhat of a mendicant."

"Rather the contrary," returned the page; "every poet may be said to be rich, since they all live contented with their condition, a philosophy to which few men attain; but, Preciosa, permit me to ask what induced you to put this question to me?"

"I did so," answered she, "because, as I consider all, or the greater number of poets to be poor, I was astonished at the gold escudo, which I found enclosed in your couplets; but now that I know you are not a poet, but only an amateur in poetry, it may be that you are rich; although I doubt it, because this habit

of rhyming must lead you to squander whatever substance you possess; for they say that no poet is capable either of getting that which he has not, or keeping that which he has."

"But I," replied the page, "am not of that number—I make verses; and yet I am neither rich nor poor; but without feeling it, or grudging it as the Genoese do their dinners, I can very well give away an escudo or two when I please. My sweet Preciosa, take this second escudo which it contains, without staying to consider whether I am a poet or not. I would only have you consider and believe, that he who gives you this would gladly bestow on you, if he had it, the wealth of Midas."

So saying, he gave her a paper; and feeling that there was an escudo within it, Preciosa said, "This paper should live many years, for it has two souls within it; one, that of the escudo, and the other that of the verses, which are always full of souls and hearts; but you must know, master page, that I don't want so many souls; and if you don't take out one of them, you need not expect me to receive the other. I wish to know you only as a poet, and not as a giver of money, and so we shall be longer friends, since you may more easily be some day at a loss for an escudo than for the composition of a song."

"Well, then," replied the page, "since Preciosa will have me to be poor, let her not refuse the soul which in this paper I send her, and let her give me back the escudo; which, if her hand but touch it, I will keep as a precious relic as long as I live." Preciosa returned the escudo, but kept the paper; which, however, she would not read in the street. The page took his leave, and went away with great satisfaction, believing that Preciosa was already conquered, as she had spoken to him with such affability.

And her attention being occupied by finding out the house of Don Juan's father, she would not stop to dance anywhere on the way, so that she soon found herself in the street in which it stood, and which was very well known to her. Having gone about half way along it, she looked up at the gilt iron railing of a balcony, and saw in it a gentleman of about fifty years of age, of venerable appearance, with a red cross suspended on his breast; and scarcely had he observed the gipsy girl, before he said, "Come up hither girls, and we will give you alms."

These words brought to the balcony three other gentlemen, one of whom was the enamoured Don Juan, who, when he beheld Preciosa, was so agitated that he turned pale and was almost ready to swoon. The gipsies all went up, except the old one, who remained below, to inquire among the servants about Don Juan.

When the gipsy girls entered the apartment, the old gentleman was saying to the others, "This is undoubtedly the beautiful gipsy girl who is going about Madrid."

"It is," replied Don Juan, "and certainly she is the most lovely creature that ever was seen."

"So they say," interrupted Preciosa. "I heard it all as I was coming; but, indeed, they must be overrating her beauty, at least one half. Pretty well I do think she is, but as for her being as beautiful as they say, I don't believe it."

"By the life of my boy Don Juan," said the old gentleman, "you are even more beautiful than they say, fair gipsy."

"And where is your boy, Don Juan?" asked Preciosa.

"This spark who is by your side," answered the old gentleman.

"Indeed, Sir," said Preciosa, "I really thought you were protesting by some child of two years old; but what an infant is this, and what a pretty plaything he wears upon his breast! I declare he might be already married; and I judge from some lines on his forehead, that it will not be three years before he is so, and much to his liking, unless he should in the mean time either lose or change it."

"Oh, oh," said one of the gentlemen, "does the little gipsy understand lines in the forehead!"

The three gipsy girls who accompanied Preciosa, had now got together in one corner of the room, and putting their lips close together that they might not be overheard, Christina, with whom the reader is already acquainted, said to the others, "Girls, this is the young gentleman, who this morning gave us the three eight-real pieces."

"So it is," returned they, "but let us not mention it, nor say anything to him, unless he mentions it to us: we don't know but he may wish to conceal it."

While these three were thus talking, Preciosa said, in answer to the gentleman who had noticed her powers of divination,—"What I see with my eye,

I divine with my finger. I know of this boy, Don Juan, without any lines, that he is a little in love, rather hasty and impetuous, and a great promiser of things which seem impossible; and God grant he be not a little deceitful, which would be the worst of all. He is going to set out on a very long journey; but the horse thinks one thing, and he who saddles him another; man *pro*poses, and God *dis*poses; perhaps he will think he is going to Onez, and will find himself at Gamboa."

To this Don Juan replied, "In truth, my little gipsy, you have hit upon several of my qualities; but as for my being deceitful, you are there very far from the truth, to which I punctually adhere on all occasions. In the matter of the long journey you are right; for assuredly, if it please God, I shall depart in four or five days for Flanders, although you threaten me with going out of the way, and I should be sorry to meet with any disaster which should prevent me from arriving at my destination."

"My dear sir," answered Preciosa, "don't be alarmed; commend yourself to God, and all will go well; and mind, that I know nothing about what I say; and it is not wonderful, as I speak much, though at random, that I should sometimes hit the truth; I would fain persuade you not to depart, but to set your mind at rest, and remain with your parents, to comfort their old age; for I have no great opinion of these journeys to Flanders, particularly for youths of such tender age as yours: wait till you have grown a little more, that you may be able to endure the toils of war; besides, you have war enough at home; you have plenty of amorous conflicts to agitate your breast. Rest, rest, little flutterer; look before you leap, and give us an alms for God's sake, and that of your quality, for truly I believe you to be well-born. And if you are therewithal true, I shall be well pleased to have been mistaken in what I guessed respecting you."

"I have already told you once, my dear girl," said Don Juan, "who was shortly to be Senor Andres, that you are right in everything but your doubt respecting my truth, for in that you are assuredly mistaken: the word which I give in the field I will keep in the city, or wherever it may be, without being asked; for no one has a right to be called a gentleman, who is tainted with the vice of falsehood. My father will give you an alms, for God's sake, and for mine; for truly I this morning gave all I had to some ladies, who, being as flattering as they were fair, did not leave me much richer than they found me." Christina hearing this, said to the other girls, "Ha, my dears, I declare he means the three eight-real pieces he gave us this morning."

"Nay," answered one, "for he said that they were *ladies*; and we are not ladies; and he, being as he says, so very true speaking, would not tell a lie about it."

"Oh," said Christina, "it is not a lie of such consequence, since it is told without prejudice to any one, and to the advantage and credit of him who tells it; I find, however, that they give us nothing, and don't ask us to dance."

The old gipsy woman now came in, and said, "Make haste, daughter, and finish; for it's late, and there 's much to be done and more to be said."

"And what is it, grandmother, a boy or a girl?" asked Preciosa.

"A boy, and a very fine one," answered the old woman; "come, Preciosa, and you shall hear real wonders!"

"God grant," said Preciosa, "that she may do well!"

"All will be well taken care of," replied the old woman; "every thing hitherto has gone well, and the child is a charming one."

"Has some lady been brought to bed?" asked Don Juan's father.

"Yes, sir," answered the gipsy; but the delivery has been so secret, that it's known only to Preciosa, to me, and to one other person, and so we're not at liberty to say who it is."

"Nor do we want to know," said one of the gentlemen; but woe to her who shall trust her secret to your tongues, and place her honour in your keeping!"

"We are not all bad," returned Preciosa, sharply; "perhaps there are those among us who can be as secret and as true as the most important man in this room; but let us begone, grandmother, for they don't regard us here, though truly we're not thieves, nor do we beg of anybody."

"Don't be angry, my girl," said the father to Preciosa, "for I imagine that nothing ill can be presumed of *you* at least, since your good countenance answers for you, and vouches for your good works. Do, Preciosa, my dear, dance a little with your companions; for here I have a gold doubloon of two faces, neither of which equals yours, though they are both royal ones."

Scarcely had the old woman heard this,

before she said, "Come, girls, make ready, and gratify the gentlemen."

Preciosa took her sonajas, and they turned and wound through all the mazes of the dance with a grace and a freedom which drew after their steps the eyes of all present, especially those of Don Juan, which followed the flying feet of Preciosa as if all his bliss was there concentred: but fate ordained that it should be disturbed in such a manner, as turned it into torment; for it happened that, in the motion of the dance, Preciosa let fall the paper which the page had given her; and scarcely had it dropped, before it was picked up by the gentleman who had a bad opinion of the gipsies, and who immediately opening it, said,

"So, we have a sonnet here; let the dance stop while we hear it; for if I may judge from the first lines, in truth it is not a bad one."

Preciosa was vexed at this; for she did not know what it contained; she begged that they would not read it, but return it to her; but all her eagerness to have it returned, did but inflame Don Juan's desire to hear it read; and the gentleman did at last read it aloud.

We shall not, however, trouble the reader with it, since he has the advantage of the company to whom this little piece was read, in having already perused the young page's *romance* on the same subject in our first chapter. When the gentleman had finished reading, he said, "By my troth, but this poet is a clever fellow."

"He is not a poet," said Preciosa, "but a very genteel page, and a very good youth."

"Now, dear Preciosa," exclaims our author, "do think of what you have said, and of what you are going to say; for all your praises of the page are so many daggers to the heart of poor Don Juan, who listens to them. Do but look where he is drooping on his chair, with a death-cold perspiration on his forehead. Do not suppose, little maid, that he loves you so slightly that your smallest inadvertence will not wound and distress him. Do go up to him now, and whisper a few words in his ear, which may go straight to his heart and recover it from its faintness."

All this happened as has been said; for when Don Juan heard the sonnet, a thousand jealous imaginations disturbed his breast: he did not indeed swoon; but he turned so pale, that his father, observing it, said to him, "What is the matter, Don Juan? You look as if you were going to faint."

"Stay a little," said Preciosa; "let me whisper a few words that I know in his ear, and you 'll see that he will not faint:" and going up to him, she said, almost without moving her lips—"A pretty heart for a gipsy! How will Andres be able to endure the torture of the *toca*,* if he cannot bear that of a bit of paper?" and crossing him half a dozen times on the breast, she left him to himself.

Don Juan then began to breathe more freely, and to shew symptoms that Preciosa's words had done him good. The doubloon of two faces was now given to Preciosa, and she told her companions that she would change it, and share it with them equally and honourably. Don Juan's father asked her to leave in writing the words which she had said to his son, as he wished by all means to know them. She said that she would repeat them very willingly; and that they must understand, that although the words might appear a joke, they had an especial virtue in cases of heart-burn and giddiness. She then repeated, in about a dozen short irregular lines, the charm which she pretended she had been whispering in Don Juan's ear, and which, of course, did not want the quality of *obscurity*, so essential to all cabalistic formulas. "Let half of these words," she continued, "be said to the person affected with giddiness, and let their breast be crossed six times, and they will then be as sound as an apple."

When the old gipsy heard the charm, and understood the trick, she was amazed, and Don Juan still more so, seeing that it was all the work of Preciosa's own ingenuity. The gentlemen kept the sonnet, as Preciosa would not ask them for it, lest she should give Don Juan another wound; for she already knew, without being taught, what it was to give alarm, and disquiet, and jealous disturbance to a devoted lover.

The gipsies took their leave; and as they were going away, Preciosa said aloud to Don Juan—"Observe, sir, that any day of this week is propitious for departure; set out, then, as soon as ever you can; a free and pleasant life awaits you, if you will accommodate yourself to it."

"That of the soldier," answered Don Juan, "is not, I think, so free, but that it has more of subjection than of liberty;

* Some instrument of torture, to the application of which the practises of these vagrants seem to have frequently subjected them.

I shall, however, soon see what it is."

"You will see more than you think of," returned Preciosa: "God guide you, and make you fortunate, as your good countenance deserves."

These last words made Don Juan perfectly happy, and the gipsies went away well satisfied; they changed the doubloon, dividing it among them equally, excepting that their old mistress always took a share and a half, on account of her seniority, and of her being the compass by which they steered in the great ocean of their dances, their pleasantries, and their impositions.

Chapter IV.

"Where's the nation lives so free,
And so merrily as we?

"Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are;
Hang all constables, we cry;
We the justices defy.

"We enjoy our ease and rest;
To the field we are not pressed;
And when the taxes are increased,
We are not a penny cessed.

"Nor will any go to law
With a beggar for a straw:
All which happiness, he brags,
Is mainly owing to his rags."—
Gipsy melody, of the last century.

The appointed day having at length arrived, Don Juan repaired early in the morning to the place of his first appearance, upon a hackney mule, without any attendant. There he found Preciosa and her grandmother, who were very much pleased to see him; he desired them to guide him to their encampment before it was quite daylight, lest his dress should discover him in case he was sought for; and accordingly they, who had taken the precaution to come alone, turned again, and in a short time arrived with him at their huts. Don Juan entered one which was the largest among them, and he was immediately surrounded by ten or twelve male gipsies, all well-made, sprightly youths, to whom the old woman had given an account of the new companion who was coming; in doing which she had no occasion to enjoin secresy; for, as has already been said, the gipsies observed it with extraordinary sagacity and punctuality.

They immediately cast their eyes upon the mule, and one of them said, "This beast may be sold next Thursday, at Toledo."

"No," said Don Juan, it must not; for there's not a single hack mule that is not known to all the muleteers in Spain."

"I'faith, Senor Andres," said one of the gipsies, "if the mule had as many marks upon it as are to come before the day of judgment, we could so transform it, that neither the mother that bore it, nor the owner that brought it up, should know it again."

"For all that," said Senor Andres, as Don Juan is now to be called, "my opinion must this time be taken and followed. This mule must be killed, and buried where not even its bones shall be seen again."

"A great sin, that," said another gipsy, "to put an innocent animal to death: don't say so, good Senor Andres; but just observe it well now, so that all its marks may be fixed in your memory; then let me take it aside, and if, in two hours, it be not so altered that you won't know it again, let me be basted like a runaway negro."

"No," said Senor Andres, "I will by no means consent that the mule shall live, though you should assure me yet more positively of its transformation. I shall be afraid of being discovered so long as it remains above ground: if you are considering the profit you might make by selling it, I do not come to this fraternity so destitute, but that I can pay, for entrance money, more than the value of four mules."

"Well, then," said another gipsy, "such being Senor Andres's pleasure, let the poor innocent die; though, I declare to God, it grieves my heart, both because of its youth, for it has n't yet cut all its teeth (an extraordinary thing in a hack mule), and because it must be a good goer, for it has neither scales on its sides, nor marks of the spur."

The execution of the mule was put off till night; and in the course of the same day they went through the ceremonies of Andres's initiation as a gipsy, which were as follows:—They cleared one of the best tents of the camp, and adorned it with boughs and a peculiar kind of reeds that grow in the Spanish woods; and having seated Andres on the half of a cork tree, they put a hammer and pincers in his hand; they then made him give two caprioles, to the sound of two guitars played by two gipsies; they next stripped one of his arms, and taking a piece of new silk ribbon, bound it twice round, and twisting round the knot by means of a stick, they gently tightened the bandage. All this was done in the presence of Preciosa and a number of

other gipsy women, old and young, the former gazing at him with wonder, the latter with pleasure; indeed, so pleasing were Senor Andres's appearance and behaviour that even the gipsy men conceived a great liking for him.

These ceremonies being performed, an old gipsy man took Preciosa by the hand, and placing himself before Senor Andres, addressed him as follows:—

"This girl, the flower and cream of all the gipsy beauty which we know of in Spain, we give thee for a wife, or for a mistress—for in that thou art at liberty to please thyself, as our free life is not restrained by much prudery, nor subject to many forms. Observe her well, and see if she please thee, or if thou hast any fault to find with her; and if thou hast, then choose among the damsels here, her who is most agreeable to thee; for whichever thou shalt select, her thou shalt receive; but thou must know that having once chosen her, thou art not to leave her for another, nor have anything to do with any other, married or single. We observe the laws of friendship inviolably; no one seeks to possess that which belongs to another, so that we escape the bitter plague of jealousy; amongst us, though there are many incests, there is no adultery; but should we discover any in a wife, or any infidelity in a mistress, we should not go and seek their punishment in a court of justice; we, ourselves, should be their judges and their executioners, killing them with as little hesitation, and burying them in the mountains and wilds, as if they were so many noxious animals; no kinsman would avenge them—no parent would demand an account of their death; the fear of this, makes us secure of their chastity. We have few things which are not common property, excepting our wives and mistresses, each of whom we wish to belong to the individual to whose lot she has fallen. With us, old age is as much a cause of divorce as death itself; any one of us that chooses, may quit a wife who has grown old, provided he himself be young, and may take another better suited to his years. By these and other laws and ordinances, we preserve our society, and live exempt from care. We are lords of the country,—of the fields, the woods, the hills, the springs, and the rivers; the mountains furnish us gratuitously with fuel, the trees with fruit, the vineyards with grapes, the gardens with vegetables, the springs with water, the rivers with fish, and the preserves with game; the rocks afford us shade; the ravines, cooling breezes; and the caverns, shelter; the inclemencies of the weather do but refresh us—the snow serves to cool us, the rain to bathe us; the thunder is our music, and the lightnings are our torches; and to us the hard ground is a bed of down; the hardened skin of our bodies, is our impenetrable coat of mail; our agility is neither to be clogged by fetters, nor hindered by walls, nor stopped by mountain torrents; our resolution is neither to be bent by cords, nor slackened by pullies, nor stifled by bandages, nor shaken by racks. We say yes, or no, as we find it most convenient; but we always pride ourselves more on being martyrs than confessors. For us, the beasts of burden are fed in their pastures, and pockets are cut in the towns. No eagle nor vulture darts more swiftly on the prey which it espies, than we do upon any occasion that offers us any profit. In fine, we possess a number of talents, which promise us a happy end; for we sing in the prison, but are mute on the rock; we work in the day, and we steal in the night—or, to speak more properly, we instruct people to take better care of their property. We are neither troubled by the fear of losing our reputation, nor disturbed by the ambition of increasing it; we neither support factions, nor rise early to present memorials, or to dance attendance upon great men, or to solicit favours. For gilded roofs and sumptuous palaces, we have these moveable huts; for pictures and Flemish landscapes, we have those which nature presents to us, in the lofty cliffs and snowy peaks, the wide-spread lawns and thick-grown woods, which we behold at every turn. We are simple astronomers; for as we almost always sleep under the open sky at all hours, we know which of them belong to the day, and which to the night; we see the first breaking of the dawn, and the stars of heaven flying before the approach of morning, which brings freshness to the air, coolness to the waters, and moisture to the earth; until the sun appears, gilding the peaks and curling the mountain heads, as the poet says: nor do we fear either to be frozen by his absence, when his rays reach us obliquely; or to be burned, when he darts them perpendicularly upon us. To us heat and cold, sterility and abundance, are alike.

"In short, we are a sort of people who live by our ingenuity and contrivance, entirely disregarding the old proverb, which says: *the church, the sea,*

or the king's household; we have what we wish, since we are content with what we have.

"All this I have said to you, noble youth, that you may not be ignorant of the life you are come to lead, and the conduct which you have to pursue: of these I have given you a sketch; time will discover to you a number of other particulars, no less worthy of consideration than those which you have heard."

The eloquent old gipsy here ended his speech. To which the novice replied, that he was greatly rejoiced at being made acquainted with such laudable regulations, and that he was resolved at once to enter into an order founded on such rational and politic bases; that he was only sorry that he had not sooner become acquainted with so joyous a life; that he thenceforth renounced the quality of a knight and a gentleman, and the vain glory of his illustrious descent, submitting himself entirely to the yoke, or more properly speaking, to the laws, under which they lived; since they were to reward this his resolution with so high a recompense as that of bestowing upon him the divine Preciosa, for whom he would have left crowns and empires, which he would only have desired for her sake.

To this Preciosa answered; "So these worthy legislators have found, according to their laws, that I am yours, and have made me over to you as such; I, however, find by the law of my own will, which is the strongest of all, that I will not be so, except on the conditions that were settled between us before you came hither: you must live two years in our society before you enjoy mine, that *you* may not repent through inconstancy, nor *I* be undone through having acted with precipitation; conditions alter laws; you know those which I have proposed to you; if you choose to observe them, perhaps I shall become yours, and you mine; and if you do not, remember that your mule is yet alive, your dress is entire, and not a farthing of your money is taken away; you have not yet been absent a whole day; enough of it still remains for you to consider what it is best for you to do. These good people may deliver to you my person, but not my heart, which was born free.

"If you stay with us, I shall esteem you highly; if you go back, I shall not respect you less; for I consider that amorous impulses run headlong on, until they encounter either reason or undeception; and I would not have you deal with me as the sportsman does with the hare, who, when he has caught it, lays it by, and leaves it to pursue another: some eyes there are, to which, at first sight, tinsel appears like gold, but very soon they learn to know the difference between the pure metal and the base. This beauty of mine which you say that I possess, which you extol above the sun, and prize more highly than gold, how do I know, but that, on closer inspection, its brilliance will appear to you an illusion, and its gold a vile counterfeit.

"I give you two years' time to weigh and ponder what it may be good for you to do, or fit that you should leave undone; for, it is but right that the possession which, once purchased, can only be alienated by death, should first be long examined, and re-examined, in order to discover its faults or its excellencies; as I shall not submit myself to the barbarous and insolent license which these my kinsmen have assumed to themselves, of putting away their wives, or of punishing them whenever they please."

"You are right, Preciosa," interrupted Senor Andres; "and so, if you would have me remove your suspicions, and quiet your apprehensions, by swearing to you that I will not depart, in the smallest particular, from the orders you shall please to lay upon me, think what oath you should wish me to take, or what other security I can give you, and I am prepared to offer it."

He here paused for a reply, and Preciosa answered him;—"The oaths which the captive takes, and the promises which he makes to obtain his liberty, are seldom kept when he obtains it; and so I think it is with those of a lover, who, to obtain his desire, will promise the wings of Mercury and the thunderbolts of Jupiter,—as a certain poet did once to me,—and he swore by the river Styx. I want neither oaths nor promises, Senor Andres; all shall be referred to the experience of this noviciate; and leave it to me to take care of myself, should you be disposed to make any improper advances."

"Be it so," said Senor Andres; "I have only one thing to ask of these good comrades of mine, which is, that they will not force me to steal anything, at least for the space of a month, as I don't think that I can be a proper thief without first receiving a good many lessons."

"Oh, my son," said the gipsy Nestor who had delivered the oration, "we will instruct thee in such a manner that thou

shalt soon be clever in the trade; and, when thou knowest it, thou can hardly conceive how fond thou wilt be of it. Is it not a fine thing, to go out empty in the morning, and come back laden to the camp at night?"

"I have seen some of your people who have gone forth empty, return laden with *stripes*," said Senor Andres.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," returned the old man; "all the things of this life are subject to different perils; so the actions of the thief expose him to the galleys, the scourge, and the gibbet. But because one ship suffers a storm, or goes to the bottom, must the rest cease to navigate? A fine thing, indeed, it would be, that because war devours men and horses, there should cease to be soldiers. Besides, the member of our society who is flogged by the officers of justice, thereby receives a badge of honour on his shoulders which beseems him better than if he wore one of knighthood on his breast: the grand point is, not to go out of the world kicking the air, in the flower of our youth, and for our first offences; but as for having our shoulders fly-flapped, or beating the water in the galleys, we don't care a cocoa-nut about it! Andres, my son, repose thyself under the shadow of our wings; we will take thee forth to rob in due time, in such place whence thou shalt not need to return empty; and, as I have already told thee, thou hast no conception how pleasant thou wilt find thy trade."

"Then," said Senor Andres, "to make amends for what I might have stolen during this term which is allowed me, I will divide two hundred gold escudos amongst all in this camp."

Scarcely had he said this, before a number of gipsies took hold of him, and lifting him in their arms, and upon their shoulders, they hoisted him in triumph, shouting "*Victor, Victor!* and the great Andres adding, "and long live Preciosa, his beloved treasure!" the gipsy women did the same with Preciosa; not without exciting the envy of Christina and the other gipsy girls present; for envy dwells in the barbarian's hut, and in the shepherd's cot, as well as in the prince's palace; and to see our neighbour thrive better than ourselves, without perceiving that he merits more, is at all times irksome.

This being done, they took a hearty and joyful meal; the promised money was equitably divided; they renewed their praises of Senor Andres, and extolled to the skies the beauty of Preciosa. When the night came, they killed the mule, and buried it in such a manner, that Andres felt quite secure of its not discovering him; and with it they also buried all its furniture, saddle, bridle and girths, as the Indians are accustomed to bury with the dead their most valuable ornaments.

All that he had now seen and heard of the ingenuity of the gipsies, excited Andres's wonder, and he remained in the resolution of prosecuting his enterprise to the end, without adopting any of their practices, or, at least, of avoiding them by every means in his power, thinking that he should be able to exempt himself from the obligation of obeying them in criminal acts, by means of his money. The next day he asked them to remove their camp to a greater distance from Madrid, as he was afraid of being recognised; and they told him that they had already resolved to go to the mountains of Toledo, and from thence to scour and lay under contribution the neighbouring territory. Accordingly they broke up their encampment, and gave Andres a young ass on which to perform his journey; but he refused to mount it, as he preferred going on foot, and serving as a lacquey to Preciosa, who was mounted on another beast of the same kind; and thus they proceeded, she well pleased to see how she triumphed over her gallant esquire, and he no less so, to behold at his side her whom he had made mistress of his will.

"Oh mighty power (here exclaims our author) of him who is called the sweet God of bitterness—a title which our indolence and inadvertence have given him; how thoroughly does he enslave us, and how unceremoniously does he treat us! Don Juan is a gentleman, and a youth of good understanding, brought up nearly all his life in the metropolis, and the luxury of his wealthy family; yet in one day he has so changed, that he has deceived his servants and his friends, and cheated the hopes of his parents; abandoned the way to Flanders, where he was to exercise his valour and increase the honour of his lineage; and come to prostrate himself at the feet of a poor girl, and be her lacquey,—of one, indeed, of exceeding beauty, but who still was nothing more than a poor gipsy. Such is the prerogative of beauty—that it irresistibly fetters the freest will!"

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Chap. VII.

THE SPANISH GIPSY GIRL.

(From the untranslated works of Cervantes.)

Chapter V.

"Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."—*Othello.*

In four days, they arrived at a small village two leagues from Toledo, where they pitched their tents, having first deposited with the *alcalde*, or chief constable of the place, some articles of plate, as a security that they would not steal anything within the township. This being done, all the gipsies, men and women, old and young, spread themselves through all the villages around,—through such, at least, as were distant four or five leagues from that where they had pitched their camp.

Senor Andres went with them to take his first lesson in thieving; but although they gave him several in this excursion, not one of them took effect; for on the contrary, true to his honourable birth, every theft which his preceptors committed, went to his heart; and sometimes, moved by the tears of those whom his comrades had robbed, he would pay them with his own money for the articles which had been stolen. At this the gipsies were quite in despair; telling him that it was in direct opposition to their laws and ordinances, which forbade them to admit charity into their breasts, since, if they did so, they must cease to be thieves, a thing which would be altogether inconsistent with their welfare.

On this, Senor Andres told them that he should prefer stealing by himself to doing it in company, for that he was possessed of swiftness to escape from danger, and did not want courage to encounter it, so that he desired to have the reward or the punishment of his theft entirely to himself. The gipsies endeavoured to dissuade him from this purpose; telling him that occasions might happen when company would be necessary to him, as well for attack as for defence, and that one person alone could not make any great booty. But in spite of all they could say to him, Andres determined to thieve alone,

intending to separate himself from the gang, and buy something with his money which he might tell them he had stolen, that so he might burthen his conscience as little as possible.

By this expedient, he brought more profit to the company in the course of a month, than any four of the cleverest thieves in it; and Preciosa was not a little delighted to find that her tender swain made so excellent and dexterous a thief; she was indeed a little apprehensive lest any misfortune should befal him, as she would not have seen him subjected to any indignity for all the treasures of Venice; so entirely had her Andres won her regard by the many presents and attentions which he lavished upon her.

They sojourned during the remainder of the hot season, a little more than a month, within the confines of Toledo; where (to use a Spanish expression) they *passed their August*, although it was then September; and from thence they entered Estremadura, that being a richer and warmer part of the country. Andres had sensible, modest, and tender conversations with Preciosa; and she gradually became enamoured of her lover's good sense and delicate behaviour; while his passion was strengthened, if it could receive any addition, by his longer acquaintance with the modesty, good sense, and beauty of Preciosa. Wheresoever he came, he bore away the prize at running and jumping: he played at ball and at nine-pins admirably; he threw the bar with great force and astonishing truth: in short, his fame spread itself in a little time through all Estremadura, and there was not a village in which they did not talk of the gallant figure of Andres the gipsy, and of his graces and accomplishments; nor was the beauty of the gipsy girl less celebrated; and there was not a town, village, or hamlet, to which they were not invited, to enliven the public festivals or private entertainments. Thus the company was prosperous and happy, and the lovers were sufficiently gratified with living in each other's society.

One night, the tents being pitched among some oak-trees a little out of the high way, about midnight they heard their dogs barking with greater violence than usual. Some of the gipsies went out, and Senor Andres along with them, to see what was the matter; and they found a man dressed all in white, endeavouring to defend himself against the dogs, two of which had seized one of his legs; they came up and set him at liberty; and one of the gipsies said to him, "What the devil, man, has brought you here at this time of night, and so far from the road? do you want to steal something? for if you do, you're come on a good errand."

"I did not come to steal," answered the bitten man; "but as for the road, I know nothing about it, though I plainly see that I've lost my way;—but tell me, good people, is there any inn or place in this neighbourhood where I can be lodged to-night, and dress the wounds which your dogs have inflicted upon me?"

"There's no place," replied Andres, "to which we can direct you; but for the dressing of your wounds, and for your night's lodging, you shall not want accommodation in our camp; come along with us; for although we are gipsies, we are not entirely without charity."

"God reward you for it!" said the man; "take me where you please, for my leg pains me very much."

Senor Andres and another charitable gipsy went up to him—for even among the devils, says our author, there are some worse than others, and among a number of bad men there are usually one or two better than the rest—and they two carried him into the camp. It was a moonlight night, so that they could perceive him to be a young man of good face and figure; he was clad entirely in white linen, having a kind of linen pouch, or bag, slung over his shoulders, with a belt across his breast.

They came to Andres's tent, where they quickly struck a light; and Preciosa's grandmother came to attend the wounded man. She took some of the dog's hairs, fried them in oil, and having first washed with wine the two wounds which they had given him, she laid the hairs, with the oil, upon them, and over them a few masticated rosemary leaves; she then bound them with clean cloths, crossed the wound, and said to him, "Sleep, my friend; and, with God's help, nothing will be amiss."

While they were thus attending to his wounds, Preciosa was present, and stood looking very earnestly at him; and he also fixed his eyes upon her, with such eagerness as did not escape the observation of Andres; but he attributed it to the great beauty of Preciosa, which drew all eyes after her. At length, the young man's wounds being bound up, they left him alone upon a bed of dry hay, and asked him no farther questions at that

time, about where he was going, nor about any other matter.

Scarcely had they quitted him, before Preciosa called Senor Andres aside, and said to him, "Andres, do you remember my letting a paper fall in your house, when I and my companions were dancing there, which I rather think gave you a little uneasiness?"

"I do remember it," returned Andres; "it was a sonnet in your praise, and not a bad one."

"Then you must know, Andres," said Preciosa, "that the author of that sonnet, was this same young man whom our dogs have bitten, and we have left in the hut; I'm sure that I'm not mistaken, for he spoke to me two or three times in Madrid, and he moreover gave me a very good romance: there he seemed to me to have the appearance of a page; not, however, of an ordinary one, but of the favourite of some grandee; and in truth, Andres, I can tell you, that the young man has sense, wit, and modesty; and I know not what to think of his coming here in this attire."

"What *can* you think, Preciosa?" returned Andres; "nothing, certainly, but that the same power which made me turn gipsy, has made him disguise himself as a miller, to come in search of you. Ah! Preciosa, Preciosa, I think it appears that you are desirous of more than one conquest; and if such be the case, make an end of me first, and then you may be the death of this other youth; but do not sacrifice us both at once at the altar of your beauty and your wiles."

"Good heavens! Senor Andres," said Preciosa, "how fastidious you are; and by how slender a hair do you seem to consider your hopes and my credit to be suspended, since jealousy has so easily found its way into your heart: tell me, Andres, if in this affair there had been any artifice or deception of mine, should I not have had the prudence to be silent, and conceal from you who this young man was? Do you think me so foolish that I should myself have given you occasion to doubt my good faith and good conduct? Pray, Andres, say no more; but in the morning endeavour to draw from the lips of this terror of yours, whither he is going, or wherefore he is come; you may be mistaken in your suspicions, though I am not in his being the person I have told you; and for your greater satisfaction (for I have already said that which *ought* to satisfy you), in whatever way, or with whatever intention this young man is come, I desire you to send him away directly, and insist upon his going, since all our company obey you, and there is not one of them who, against your wish, will receive him into his tent; and if this should not be done, I give you my word that I will not go out of mine, nor suffer myself to be seen by him or any other whom you shall wish not to see me. Observe, Andres, I do nor mind seeing you jealous, but I should be very sorry to see you foolish."

"Unless you see me mad, Preciosa," replied Andres, "any other demonstration will give you but a faint idea of the bitter pangs of jealousy. However, I will do what you desire, and will learn, if possible, what it is this poetical young gentleman of a page wants, whither he is going, or what he is seeking; and perhaps by some thread which he may inadvertently show, I shall be able to unwind the clue with which he is come to ensnare me."

"I imagine," said Preciosa, "that jealousy never leaves the understanding free to judge of things as they are. The jealous always look through a sort of glasses, which magnify small things into large ones, dwarfs into giants, and suspicions into realities. For your own sake, Andres, and for mine, proceed in this matter, and in all others relative to our intercourse, with coolness and discretion; and I know that if you only do so, you will allow me the full merit of truth and modesty."

With these words, she took leave of Andres; and he waited impatiently for the morning, to go and take the confession of the wounded man, his mind full of perturbation, and of a thousand contradictory imaginations; he could not believe but that this page had come thither attracted by the beauty of Preciosa; for, according to the Spanish proverb, *The thief believes that all people are thieves.* On the other hand, the satisfaction which the fair Preciosa had given him, appeared so strong as to oblige him to feel perfectly secure, and to rely upon her sincerity.

As soon as it was daylight, he visited the wounded man; he asked him what was his name, whither he was going, how he came to be travelling so late, and so much out of the road; though indeed he did first ask him how he was, and whether the pain of the bites had left him: to which the youth answered, that he found himself better and free from pain, so that he should be able to pursue his journey: with respect to his name, and

whither he was going, he only said, that his name was Alonso Hurtado, and that he was going to a place called Nuestra Senora de la Pena de Francia, (Our Lady of the Rock of France) on certain business, and that to arrive more speedily, he travelled in the night; that the last night he had lost his way, and had accidentally come upon this camp, where the dogs that guarded it had assailed him in the manner they had seen.

This declaration seemed to Senor Andres to be very far from a probable one, and his suspicions again began to make him uneasy; he said to the young man—

"My friend, if I were a magistrate, and you had been brought before me upon any charge which required me to interrogate you as I have done, the answer which you have given me would oblige me to put you more closely to the question. I don't want to know who you are, nor what is your name, nor whither you are going; but if, in this journey of yours, it suits you to lie, mind that you do so with more appearance of truth. You say that you are going to La Pena de Francia, and yet you are leaving it behind you, and full thirty leagues to the right of where you now are. You travel in the night for the sake of speed, and you go out of the way among oak woods, in which there are not even footpaths, much less high-roads. Get up, my friend, and learn to lie more cleverly; and go on your way, in God's name.

"But in return for this good advice which I give you, will you not tell me one truth? but that you certainly will, as you know so little about lying—tell me if you are a person whom I have often seen in Madrid, something between a gentleman and a page, who was said to be a great poet, who wrote a romance and a sonnet to a gipsy girl who was going about Madrid a little while ago, and was considered extraordinarily handsome: tell me if you be the same; for I promise you, on the word of a gentleman gipsy, to keep your secret if you desire it: mind, it will be of no use to deny to me that you are the person I say, for this face of yours is undoubtedly the same which I saw in Madrid; for the great fame of your talents made me more than once particularly observe you, as being a person of so much note; so that your features remain fixed in my memory, and by them I have discovered you even in the very different garb which you now wear. Don't be alarmed; take courage; and think that you are come, not to a nest of thieves, but to a place of shelter, where you shall be guarded and defended against all the world.

"Observe, that I suspect one thing; and if my suspicion be right, you have been very fortunate in meeting with me. What I imagine is, that being enamoured of Preciosa, the pretty little gipsy to whom you made the verses, you are come in search of her; for which I shall not think the worse, but the better of you; for though I am a gipsy, experience has taught me the mighty power of love, and the transformations which he can make those undergo whom he subjects to his sway. If it be so, as I verily believe it is, the gipsy girl is here."

"Oh, yes," interrupted the stranger youth, "I know she is here, for I saw her last night." At these words, Andres's heart failed him, for he thought that all his suspicions were now confirmed. "I saw her last night," repeated the youth, "but did not venture to tell her who I was, as it would not have answered my purpose."

"So, then," said Andres, "you really are the poet whom I have mentioned?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "I acknowledge that I am, as I neither can nor wish to deny it; and it may perchance prove, that where I expected to find ruin, I may meet with succour, if there be good faith in the woods, and hospitality in the mountains."

"And so there certainly is," said Andres, "and we gipsies are the best secret-keepers in the world. With this assurance, my good sir, you may open your heart to me, and you will find mine equally candid; the gipsy girl is a relative of mine, and subject to my disposal; if you choose to have her for a wife, I and all her relatives will be happy to give her to you; and if for a mistress, we shall not be very particular, provided you have money; for covetousness is one of the last of our good qualities that we shall part with."

"I have money," answered the youth; "in these shirt sleeves which are bound round my waist, there are four hundred gold escudos."

This was another mortal shock to Andres, who considered that his bringing so much money could only be to make a conquest or a purchase of his mistress; and with a faltering tongue he said, "That is indeed a good quantity; you have only to make yourself known, and then set to work; for the girl, who is no simpleton, will see how good a bargain she will have of you."

"Ah, my friend," said the youth, with a sigh, "I would have you to know that the power which has made me assume this disguise, is not that of love, which you speak of, nor the desire of possessing Preciosa. There are beauties enough in Madrid, as captivating, and more so, than the prettiest gipsies, though I confess that your kinswoman's beauty excels that of all others I have seen; my being here on foot, in this garb, and bitten by those dogs of yours, is owing not to love, but to my misfortune."

These words somewhat revived Senor Andres's drooping spirits, as they seemed to be tending to a different point from that which he had imagined; and so, desiring to clear up the matter at once, he repeated to the young man his assurances of the security with which he might tell his story; and he accordingly told it in nearly the following words:—

"I resided in Madrid, in the family of a nobleman, whom I served, not as a master, but as a kinsman. He had an only son and heir, with whom, as well from our relationship, as our being of the same age and disposition, I lived on terms of great familiarity and friendship. This gentleman fell in love with a young lady of quality, whom he would have been most happy to marry, but that, as a good son, his will was subject to that of his parents, who aspired to a still higher alliance. He nevertheless paid his addresses to her, without the knowledge of any one who could betray his attentions, since no one was acquainted with them but myself.

"Passing one night, to our misfortune, as it afterwards proved, through the street in which this lady resided, and by her door, we saw two men standing against it, of apparently good figure: my kinsman wished to know who they were; but scarcely had he offered to approach them, before they grasped their swords and bucklers; they came up to us, and we, doing the same, encountered them with equal arms. The conflict did not last long; for with two thrusts—directed, one of them, by my kinsman's jealousy, and the other by the defence which I made—by an extraordinary chance, we laid both our antagonists dead at our feet.

"Being thus more victorious than we desired, we went home, and secretly taking all the money we could get, we went to the monastery of St. Jerome, and waited there till the daylight should discover what had happened, and to hear what suspicions would be entertained respecting the murderers. We learned that no suspicion had fallen upon us, and the prudent monks accordingly advised us to return home, lest suspicion should be excited by our absence. We had accordingly resolved to follow their advice, when information was brought us that the *alcaldes de corte** had arrested the young lady's parents, and the young lady herself, in their own house, and that, amongst other servants whose depositions were taken, one of the lady's female attendants had said that my relative walked before her lady's window day and night; that the officers had in consequence been sent in search of us, and not finding us, but many signs of our flight, the suspicion was confirmed throughout the town that we were the murderers of the two gentlemen, for such they were, and of great consequence.

"At last, by the advice of my relative the count, and that of the reverend brethren, after being concealed in the monastery for a fortnight, my companion set out in the habit of a friar, in company with another friar, towards Arragon, intending to proceed to Italy, and from thence to Flanders, until it should be seen how the matter would end. Wishing to separate our fortunes, I took a different road; and in the dress of a friar's servant, set out on foot with one of the monks, who left me at Talavera. From thence I have come hither alone, and out of all road, until I arrived last night at this oak wood, where you know what has befallen me. And if I asked the way to La Pena de Francia, it was only for the sake of saying something in answer to your questions; for in truth I don't know where La Pena de Francia is, though I imagine that it is more in the direction of Salamanca."

"It is so," said Andres, "and you are now leaving it about twenty leagues on the right; and so you see how direct a road you would have been taking, had you been going thither."

"The way which I meant to go," replied the youth, "was to Seville, where there is a Genoese gentleman, a great friend of my relation the count's, who is accustomed to send a great quantity of silver to Genoa; and I mean to get him to pass me off as one of those who have the care of it; by which stratagem, I can go safely to Carthagena, and from thence to Italy, as two galleys are to come very shortly to that port, to take the silver on board.

* Police magistrates of the capital.

"Such, my friend, is the history of my wanderings: judge whether I am not right in saying that they are owing more to misfortune than to love. But if these good gipsies would take me in their company as far as Seville, if they are going thither, I would pay them well for it; for I am aware that along with them I should go more safely, and without the fears which have hitherto disturbed me."

"They will take you," answered Andres; "and if you don't go in our gang, —as I don't at present know whether it is going into Andalusia,—you will go in another which I believe we shall meet with in a day or two; and by giving them some little of what you have with you, you may get them to do harder things than that."

Chapter VI.

Camillo—I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.—*Winter's Tale.*

Andres now left the stranger, and went to give an account to the other gipsies of what the youth had related to him, and what he wished to do, together with his offer of good remuneration. They were all of opinion that he should remain in the camp; Preciosa alone opposed it; and her grandmother said that she could not go to Seville, nor to its neighbourhood, because some years ago she had put a trick upon a certain cap-maker named Triguillos, well known in that town. She had made him strip himself quite naked, and get up to the neck in a great jar full of cold water, with a wreath of cypress on his head, where he waited till the hour of midnight, to get out of the jar, and go and dig up a great treasure which she had made him believe was buried in a certain part of his house. She said that as soon as the good cap-maker heard the matin-bell ring, for fear of losing the propitious moment, he was in such haste to get out of the jar, that he fell down with it upon the floor; and that with the fall and the broken pieces he bruised and cut himself, spilled the water, and lay drenched in it, and crying out that he was drowning; this brought in his wife and his neighbours, with lights, and they found him lying upon his belly, gasping and throwing out his arms and legs with great vigour, as if trying to swim, crying out all the time, "Help me, help me, for I am drowning;" such was his fear that he should really be suffocated. They took hold of him, rescued him from his peril, and brought him to himself. He told them of the gipsy's trick; "but," said the old woman, "he nevertheless went and dug in the place I had mentioned to the depth of more than a fathom, in spite of all who told him that it was nothing but an imposition of mine; and if he hadn 't been prevented by a neighbour of his, whose house he was beginning to undermine, he 'd have brought them both to the ground, if they 'd have let him dig to his heart's content. This story," she said, "was soon known to the whole city, so that the boys used to point at him in the street, and laugh at his foolishness and my trick." This the old gipsy gave as her reason for not going to Seville.

The gipsies, who already knew from Senor Andres that the young man had plenty of money, readily received him into their company, and offered to conceal and take care of him as long as he pleased; they resolved to turn to the left, and enter La Mancha and the kingdom of Murcia; they called the young gentleman to them, and told him what they meant to do for him, upon which he thanked them, and gave a hundred gold escudos, to be divided amongst them all, which gift made them as obliging as possible. Only Preciosa felt a little dissatisfied at Don Sancho's remaining —for such the youth told them was his name—but the gipsies changed it into Clemente, and so they called him from that time forward.

Andres, too, felt a little displeased at the young man's story, thinking that he had, without sufficient reason, departed from his first intention; but Clemente, as if he read what was passing in his mind, said to him, amongst other things, that he was glad to go to the kingdom of Murcia, because he should be near Carthagena; from which place, if any galleys came thither, as he thought they would, he could easily pass over to Italy. In fine, that he might have him more constantly under his eye, observe his actions, and dive into his thoughts, Andres chose that Clemente should be his comrade; and Clemente received this friendly offer as a great favour. They went, therefore, always together; they spent freely, they ran, leaped, danced, and threw the bar, better than any other of the gipsies; they won the hearts of all the gipsy women, and were exceedingly respected by the men.

Leaving Estremadura, they entered La Mancha, and approached the kingdom of Murcia. In all the villages through which they passed, there were matches at ball, fencing, running, leaping, throwing the bar, and other exercises of strength, agility, and dexterity, in all of which Andres and Clemente bore away the prize. During all this time, which was more than a month and a half, Clemente never took nor sought occasion to speak to Preciosa, until one day, when she and Andres were conversing together, they called him to them, and Preciosa said to him;—

"Clemente, at your very first coming to our camp, I recognised you, and recollected your giving me the verses in Madrid; but I would not say anything at that time, not knowing with what design you came to our habitations; but when I was acquainted with your misfortune, for which I was very sorry, it set my heart at rest, which had been somewhat fluttered by the reflection that, as there were Don Juans in the world who changed themselves into Andreses, so there might be Don Sanchos who changed themselves into other names. I say this to you, because Andres has told me that he has informed you who he is, and wherefore he has turned gipsy" (and such was really the case, for Andres had made him acquainted with his history in order that he might converse with him freely), "and do not think that my knowing you was of no advantage to you, since out of respect to me, and from what I said of you, they received you with less hesitation into our company, in which God grant you all the welfare you can desire. These good wishes I desire that you should requite by not representing to Andres that his intention of persevering in this way of life is unworthy of him; for though I imagine his will is entirely subject to mine, yet it would grieve me to see him show any sign, however small, of repenting his purpose."

To this Clemente replied:—"Do not suppose, charming Preciosa, that Don Juan discovered to me with indiscreet haste who he was, for I had first recognised him, and had first read his intention in his eyes. I had first told him who he was, and had divined the object of his devotion; and he, feeling that confidence in me which it was right that he should, entrusted me with his secret; and he can bear witness whether I did not applaud his resolution and his choice of a profession;—but, Preciosa, my understanding is not so narrow but that it can comprehend the extent of the power of beauty; and yours, being so transcendent, were a sufficient excuse for greater errors,—if, indeed, that can be called an error which is owing to so irresistible a reason. I thank you, lady, for what you said in my favour; in return for which, I sincerely wish that this maze of love may lead to a happy end, and that you and your Andres may at length be united, with the sanction of his parents; that from so fair an union may proceed the most beautiful offspring that nature in her happiest mood can form. This, Preciosa, I shall ever desire; and this is what I shall ever say to your Andres, and not anything to disturb his well-placed affections."

With such fervency did Clemente utter these words, that Andres was in doubt whether he had said them out of courtesy or out of love; for so fastidious is the eye of jealousy, that if only a mote in the sun-beam approaches the beloved object, it assumes a shape of dread, and fills the lover with apprehension. Andres's jealousy, however, was not confirmed, as he relied more on the sincerity of Preciosa than upon his own good fortune; for lovers always consider themselves unfortunate until they have fully obtained the object of their desires: in fine, Andres and Clemente continued to be comrades and great friends, their friendship being secured by the good intentions of Clemente, and the prudence of Preciosa, who never gave Andres just cause to be jealous of her.

Clemente was something of a poet, or at least a versifier, as he had shewn in the verses which he had given to Preciosa; and one night, while the camp was pitched in a valley four leagues from Murcia, he and Andres being seated at the foot of a cork tree, Clemente, partly for the sake of diversion, and partly, as he thought, to dissipate some little jealousy which he could not help thinking that Andres still harboured against him, proposed to recite to him a copy of verses of his own composition, which he told him he thought he could perfectly recollect, having several times repeated them to himself.

"I am well aware, Don Juan," said he, "that, notwithstanding we are now such good friends, yet the matter of the romance and the sonnet which your mistress formerly received from me, still clings to your memory, and makes you, in spite of your confidence in *her*, regard *me* with an eye of suspicion. But I do

assure you, my dear fellow, that suspicion is now quite groundless. I have written verses to divers other fair damsels besides Preciosa. We poets, you know, cannot well rhyme without a subject; and if we have to look about for one, we are apt to pitch upon that which first meets our eye. Not but that I think your mistress's grace and vivacity, united with her extraordinary beauty, make her as worthy of a poetic garland as any she that ever trod the earth, though she were an empress—for in love I would be a downright leveller, and would sooner pay homage to a smiling wood-nymph than to a cloudy Juno."

With this last sentiment of his friend's, Don Juan perfectly agreed, yet would have felt quite as well satisfied had it been uttered *a-propos* of any other charmer as of his gipsy mistress; however, he allowed Don Sancho to proceed, without giving him any interruption, otherwise than by now and then murmuring an acquiescent monosyllable. So his friend continued:—

"For instance, there is a certain young actress* whom I have seen at Madrid, who has been an object of general admiration for her fair-haired beauty, and incomparable elegance. Of this young woman, I have to some of my acquaintance expressed my own admiration in such rapturous terms, that they would rally me, and say that I must surely be in love. 'Oh, no,' I would reply, it is not love—it is something purer—it is devotion—I could worship this divine Maria: those azure orbs of hers, so unlike our southern beauties, should rather be adored than approached by the breath of earthly passion.'—Then my companions would laugh obstreperously, and exclaim—'Worship an actress!—really, Don Sancho, you ought to be congratulated on this pure devotion of yours, and this truly novel Virgin Mary you have made unto yourself!'—I was not, however, to be flouted out of my humour, and one day I wrote to a logical friend of mine who had been puzzling himself to find out a theory of love and beauty, a copy of verses which I will endeavour to repeat to you. I should first observe, that in this little piece I have disregarded our established metrical canons, in order to indulge my own fancy more freely. This, in addressing a friend, one may venture to do—as that is, thank heaven, a far different affair from asking the opinion of a critic. They ran thus:—

"Ask you why beauty charms the soul,
To what she owes her wide control?—
Why do we love the rose's bloom?
Or why the orange grove's perfume?
Or why the balmy airs of spring?
Or why to hear her sweet birds sing?
Or whence is music's power? or whence
The force of heavenly eloquence?—
And would you really *analyse*
The influence of two beauteous eyes;
And why a heavenly-moulded form
A breast of very ice can warm;
And why its twining serpent grace,
Assisted by a radiant face,
Resistless draws the heart along
In fetters not more soft than strong?
No such vain problem will I try—
Let me be charmed—I care not *why*.

"Yes—let me on *Maria* gaze,
Or let my kindling fancy raise
Her beauteous image to my view—
For Beauty's *queen* no more could do,
Would she Apollo's self subdue,
Than woo him with Maria's eyes,
Within whose clear blue heaven there lies
All that of softly bright may beam
In some rapt soul's seraphic dream.

"Yes—by her face of angel brightness,
And by her step of fairy lightness,
And by each other nameless grace
That waits upon that form and face,
And by the music of her voice,
That makes each listening heart rejoice,
I would not, in Elysian bowers,
Desire, to deck my brow with flowers.
Hers is the eye of softest beam,
Which ne'er knew passion's fierce extreme;
It darts no lightning, but its ray
Is cheerful as the vernal day;
Unlike the wild impetuous flashes
That often burst in storm from ebon lashes,
Like the red bolts of heaven before the thunder crashes.

"Such beauties have I seen, whose eyes
Boast the fierce light of summer skies;
On *them* we gaze with troubled view,
For while they warm, they threaten too.
Not so Maria's—theirs the light
So softly clear, so mildly bright,
They bless us with a calm delight;

* It is of no importance whatever to our story, yet it would be a curious question in dramatic history, to examine why, in the days of Cervantes and Shakspeare, the parts of women were not played by women on the English stage, while the Spanish stage had its actresses as well as its actors, who, like ours of the present day, not unfrequently personated male characters. For a humorous sketch, in Cervantes' best style, of the condition of Spanish female comedians, or *farfantas*, as they were then called, see *Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, lib. iii, cap. 2, where the poor maker and mender of plays is holding forth to the heroine of the story on the advantages she would find in turning actress.

For in those lucent orbs we find
The lustre of as pure a mind.
"Oh! may her pleasures all be *real*,
And may her woes be all *ideal!*
Oh, never may that buoyant grace
To drooping mournfulness give place;
Ne'er may she rue deceiver's guile;
And never may that witching smile,
Which Love himself might wish to borrow,
Be veiled one moment by the clouds of sorrow!"

"Pretty well," observed Don Juan, when his companion had finished his recitation; "pretty well, though, as you say, irregular, and containing perhaps more thought and imagery than harmony.—But hold,—after what you yourself have said, I have no right to play the critic, even were I competent so to do, which, heaven knows, I am not.—But, setting apart the composition, I must own, my friend, that I think your acquaintance were not altogether unreasonable in rallying you on this subject,—if, at least, you were accustomed to make use, in your prose commendations of this blue-eyed charmer, of terms anything like those employed in your verses. Surely a lovely actress is to be praised in strains less ethereal and more glowing,—and if she must needs be divine, let her rather be addressed as a Venus, than as a Madonna. For beauty and chastity to tread the boards in the same female shape, would be too much."

"Really, Don Juan," interrupted the other sharply, "to hear you talk, one would suppose that you were sitting quietly and dutifully in your father's house at Madrid, or following the path of honour in your intended military profession; so sagely and morally do you hold forth.—But pray, my friend, what brought you here?—come, come, since the life of a handsome gipsy girl, is at least as perilous to modesty as that of a pretty actress, you'll find it to your own satisfaction to allow that it is at least *possible* for virtue to survive, even when surrounded by depravity."

"Assuredly," said Don Juan, "I have sufficient evidence of that in Preciosa—still, however, I think there is some difference between her case and that of an actress.—But no matter—we had perhaps better drop the discussion, as it is likely you are prepared to retort upon me, that I can see the mote in your eye, but not the beam in my own, and we have no sufficient umpire at hand to decide between us,—so, to put an harmonious termination to this trifling discord of ours, your guitar must assist my voice, in a piece which I myself (poor a poet as I am) have adventured to compose in my mistress's praise,"

"With all my heart," answered Don Sancho.

"Well, then, however devoid my verses may be of other merits, you will find them regular, at least. A *genius* may despise rules, but a mere versifier, like myself, must be guided by them." This remark was accompanied by an ironical yet good-humoured smile. However, a lover is not necessarily a genuine poet, and Don Juan's verses, like many others written from the like impulse, contained more love than poetry. But his voice being a fine one, was enough to redeem this imperfection in a composition addressed more to the ear than to the mind.

Scarcely had the two youths completed the song and its accompaniment, before they heard the voice of Preciosa behind them; and listening attentively to some simple verses which she sang sweetly and distinctly, in a style of artless melody, they rose to receive her; for in what fell from Preciosa's lips she displayed so much good sense, wit, and delicacy, that Clemente could not help thinking Andres justified in his intention, which until then he had attributed more to youthful rashness and inexperience than to sound judgment. The next morning they removed their camp, and went and pitched it at a place within the jurisdiction of Murcia, three leagues from that city; and while they were there, a misfortune befel Andres, which had nearly cost him his life, and the circumstances of which are detailed in the next chapter, at page 122.

GOOD HUMOUR.

Of all the qualifications of the mind which are not positive virtues, I do not know any that is more desirable than good humour. No quality renders the possessor more easy and happy in himself, or recommends him more forcibly to other people. It is hardly saying too much in favour of this quality, to assert that it is one of the first requisites in society; for, though strict honour and integrity are of more essential value in the grand purposes of human life, yet good humour, like small money, is of more immediate use in the common commerce of the world. There is no situation in life, no engagement in business,

or party of pleasure, wherein it will not contribute to mitigate pain, or heighten enjoyment. Some persons may almost be said to be of a good humoured complexion, and seem to be constitutionally endued with this amiable turn of mind —a blessing, for which they may thank heaven with the same kind of gratitude that he ought to feel, who experiences the comforts of being born in a delightful and temperate climate. We are naturally attached even to animals that betray a softness of disposition. We are pleased with the awkward fondness and fidelity of a dog. Montaigne could discover agreeable music in the good humoured purring of his cat; and, though our modern grooms and jockeys bestow all their attention on make, colour, eyes, and feet, yet the best writers on horsemanship consider a good temper as one of the best qualities of a horse.

—— J. P. JUN.

UTILITY OF FICTITIOUS WRITINGS.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following judicious and sensible remarks, extracted from the second volume of that admirabl work, "Turner's Sacred History of the World." We confess that we are much pleased to find our own opinion, as to the utility of fictitious writings, strongly and ably confirmed by a divine so eminent for piety, learning, and good sense, as the Reverend Sharon Turner.

"The peculiar susceptibility of the young mind to poetry, to works of feeling, to imaginative narrations, and to reading or hearing of romantic incidents, or of supernatural fictions, is striking; and this is so natural and so universal, and has in all countries created so many tales of this sort, which have been the delight of millions, and of all species of the human population, that we cannot err in presuming that it is an effect which was intended to take place. But if so, if it be a part of the original plan of our nature, it must have a quality in it of a beneficial agency; for nothing is a natural instinct or inclination within us, which is not of this character. My belief is, that all romantic fiction, which does not actually and purposely paint and praise vice and vicious characters, and seek to make them attractive or imitated, acts advantageously on the mind, and especially on the well-educated spirit, and most certainly adds to the happiness of life. As the great Duke of Marlborough is said to have derived his knowledge of English history from Shakspeare's historical plays, so a large proportion of mankind derive much of their moral impressions and opinions from the narratives, fictitious or real, which they read, hear, or talk about. These influence more than the songs of a nation; and their composition improves as the social mind advances; but they will no more cease to interest than the eye to see. It is, therefore, a benefit to society when a moral genius writes them. Dr. Johnson's grand idea is universally true: 'whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.' Most men of genius and celebrity have been fond of romances in their youth, and the taste has continued to their latest age. I have no doubt that the ancient romances of the middle ages, especially Amadis de Gaul, and in a less degree, Amadis of Greece, and their companion fictions, were of great service to our forefathers. I cannot here detail the facts on which I have formed this opinion, nor the reasonings which convince me, that with all their occasional imperfections, and the evils of some, the fictitious narratives of the present day contribute no small degree of both moral and intellectual improvement to many; but I remember meeting with some remarks on the connexion between poetry and religion, in a periodical work, which seem to me to be too good and too just to be forgotten.

"'The connexion between the want of religious principle, and the want of poetical feeling, is seen in Hume and Gibbon; they had, radically, unpoetical minds. Revealed religion is especially poetical. While its disclosures have an originality which engages the intellect, they have a beauty to satisfy the moral nature. It presents us with those ideal forms of excellence in which a poetical mind delights, and with which all grace and harmony are associated. It brings us into a new world—a world of overpowering interest, of the sublimest views, and of the tenderest and purest feelings. With Christians, a poetical view of things is a duty. We are required to colour all things with the views of faith; to see a divine meaning in every event, and a superhuman tendency. Even our friends around are invested with unearthly brightness; no longer imperfect men, but beings taken into divine favour,

stamped with his seal, and in training for future happiness. The virtues peculiarly Christian, are also essentially poetical. Meekness, gentleness, compassion, contentment, modesty, besides the devotional virtues; whereas the ruder and more ordinary feelings, anger, indignation, emulation, martial spirit, and love of independence, are the instruments of rhetoric more justly than of poetry.'

"Mr. Southey, in his very pleasing letters to Sir Egerton Brydges, remarks that 'the prose romances have had a greater effect upon our literature than has been supposed. In reading Amadis of Greece, I have found Spenser's 'Mask of Cupid,' Sir Philip Sydney's 'Zelmanie,' and Shakspeare's 'Florizel;' the latter by name going to court a shepherdess, who proves a princess at last. Was ever any single work honoured with such imitators?"

BERNARD, THE DECORÉ.

(From the French of Prosper Chalas.)

On the morning of the twenty-eighth of July, 1830, Bernard, a journeyman carpenter, had set out from the faubourg St. Antoine, where he lived, to take part in the contest. Having left his wife and infant child in care of his mother, and tenderly kissed them all, he joined a group of a dozen men who were waiting for the enemy, armed with whatever they could find, some with muskets or pistols, others with reaping-hooks, and bayonets fitted on handles.

Bernard arrived, his musket in one hand, a bag of ammunition in the other. He and his wife had spent the whole night in making cartridges, which he generously shared with such as were unprovided.

It was two in the afternoon. A regiment of the royal guard was slowly defiling on the Boulevards. Their march was silent and threatening. A fearful sight was it to behold these grenadiers, with their pale faces, their fixed gaze, their features hid under their huge black caps; interspersed here and there with other faces, more expressive, more animated, glowing with rage and vengeance, those of the officers, who cried to the soldiers, "Forward!" in a quick and stern voice—a voice which found no echo in the breast of those simple mortals, who, looking in vain for the hostile uniform among the crowd that was pointed out to them, said hesitatingly, each one to himself, "Is what we are going to do right!"

This regiment had been ordered to proclaim martial law in the Rue St. Denis and St. Martin, at which places the popular fury seemed to have risen the highest. First came the lancers, chasing before them and trampling upon every thing that obstructed their march; then the sappers, huge giants, bristling with steel, their axes on their shoulders; next the grenadiers; then the colonel and his staff, youths of five-and-twenty, fresh and rosy as maidens; after them the rest of the grenadiers; and finally the cannon, with the cannoniers in full uniform, old soldiers of Austerlitz, calm, immoveable and mute, with the lighted match in hand; a squadron of lancers closed the funeral procession. All marched in order, with ranks dressed, as though they were to be reviewed by the king, between those beautiful alleys of leafy trees, between two lines of white houses, glistening in the sunbeams with their shutters closed, as in a city of the dead; with a burning sky above their heads, a burning pavement beneath their feet; in the midst of a crowd of gazers who grew pale and silent as they passed—all marched with measured tread, with one step, like one man, without music or drum. Oh! 'twas a noble regiment! It is dead. The next day, at the same hour, its remains were dug out from under the barricades.

They had marched in this manner from the church de la Madeleine, when, on arriving at the slope of the Boulevard Poissonière, they stopped short. An immense barricade, more than twenty feet high, formed of overturned carts, beams placed crosswise, and the fragments of a guard-house which had been demolished opposite the *Théatre de Madame*, crosed their path. On the other side, entrenched behind paving-stones and mattresses, were a dozen men, kneeling, with muskets presented, ready to fire. The silence of the dead reigned among them. The colonel said to the sappers—"Cut that away."

The task was a difficult one. The axe was turned aside and broken by the irons of the carts, and tires of the wheels; and if a breach was made, the heavy stones rolled down and filled it up instantly. And besides, these men, gigantic in size, but unused to the fatigues of war—robust and nervous, but not having eaten or drank since the evening before, were soon wearied out; they were bathed in sweat; their hearts were sick: the idea that they

were about to put to death men who would ask quarter in French, made them cowards. The work went forward slowly.

Seeing this, the colonel ordered the ranks to open, and the artillerists brought up two pieces of cannon, to destroy this novel rampart. Then wounded pride glowed in the sappers' features—they strike with terrible strength, and the barricade falls—then the men kneeling behind it, unmask and deliver their fire. The soldiers are fired on from the four corners of the faubourg, and the Rue Poissonière—two hundred musket shots are sent in every direction, from windows, from doors, from above, from below—two hundred shots from fowling-pieces, fired by sportsmen! The carnage was dreadful. Then, too, a child ten years old, with a holster pistol as large as himself, in his two hands, makes his way through the grenadiers, creeping on all fours under the horses' bellies; he approaches the colonel, shoots him down, and escapes amid a shower of balls, not one of which touched him.

The colonel was taken up dead. An ammunition chest received the body, and the regiment marched on slowly and sadly to the *Porte St. Denis*, where new barricades, with a shower of paving stones, which rained down from the triumphal arch, stopped them a second time.

The grenadiers and artillerists, black-bearded old soldiers, remained calm and immoveable; they had told each other "our last day has come." But the young lancers were bewildered under this fierce storm of stones, and every kind of new projectile which the vengeful ingenuity of the Parisians could invent. Their horses stumbled on pavements strewed with sharp flints and broken bottles; they plunged and broke their legs over the cords and chains stretched across the street; their riders were struck with a panic, and retreated at full gallop. But the path was blockaded behind them; and after they had passed the ruins of the first barricade, they saw the aged trees of the Boulevard falling before their eyes like slain giants, a verdant rampart, fearful yet beautiful to look upon.

Between the Rue St. Fiacre and the garden of M. de Lunenberg, two men were coolly sawing a huge tree, to the top of which ropes were made fast, held by others who stood ready to drag the tree down, as soon as the sawers had finished. The retreating lancers were on one side, a squadron of cuirassiers was advancing on the other; they at once broke into files, to force a passage by the side-alleys, but they were watched! Men, before invisible, sprung upon them, and clung to their horses' legs. The first attacked were unhorsed at once, the others formed in order of battle and began firing on their assailants. The first shot stretched one of the two carpenters dead; the other coolly grasped the saw with both hands, and laboured on alone. The tree, nearly sawn through, and violently shaken from above, fell upon the cuirassiers. The carpenter then seized his musket, cast a last and mournful look on his dead comrade as he cocked it, and slew a captain of lancers; then, finding he would have no time to load again, he seized his musket by the barrel, raised the cry of "*vive la charte!* down with Charles the tenth!" and followed by four or five merchants' clerks, as bold as himself, plunged into the midst of the centaurs of the royal guard, brandishing his piece above his head. When he had regained the main body of combatants, the hero, with ten wounds, but still erect, turned and endeavoured to reload, but a ball struck him in the stomach; his eyes rolled; he fell backwards heavily and fainted, as he cried, with dying voice, "*vive la charte!* down with Charles the tenth!"

It was Bernard, the carpenter of the faubourg St. Antoine.

His comrades, when they saw him stretched on the pavement, gazed on each other in silence; then, all at once, by a sudden and general movement, they rushed like lightning on the horsemen. For a quarter of an hour the struggle was desperate. Every blow told, every blow was mortal. The cuirassiers were killed with their own carbines, the lancers with their own lances, which were wrested from their hands as a plaything is from an infant. Cries of fear, of pain, of rage, and of supplication rose in confusion on the air, louder than the musket shots and the bellowing of the grape, which was sweeping the rue St. Martin. At last, vanquished, overcome, worn out with heat and fatigue, the horsemen broke their ranks and disappeared.

We all know what took place during the after part of that day and the next following one.

When the contest was over; when the song of victory and the hymn of liberty had succeeded to the clamours of rage and vengeance; while France and astonished Europe were exchanging congratulations; while, on the Palais Royal and in the suburbs, at the theatre and

in the market-place, each vied with the other in magnifying the heroism of the Parisians, poor Bernard, painfully stretched on his iron couch in the hospital, suffered horrible agonies, which he forgot at times, to listen to the rest of the story from the lips of his mother and his wife. He had been there fifteen days, and had only been able to see and hear since four. When the queen of France, and Mademoiselle Adelaide, the princes, the ministers, and the monarch himself, came to visit the wards of the wounded, Bernard heard and saw nothing; a circle of fire pressed upon his brain; the bed clothes burned upon him; he was delirious, and the physicians gave him up.

The celebrated Dupuytren examined his wound; his search for the ball was unsuccessful; it was buried in the intestines. "If this man is cured," said he, to his pupils, "it will be a case without parallel in the annals of medicine; for there is no instance where a ball lodged in this way in the body, has not caused death sooner or later."

Bernard's wound kept him six months in the hospital, between life and death; six months of convalescence and relapses, of hopes cherished and disappointed. The carpenter bore it all with angelic patience, like that of women, who know so well how to suffer! The idea of death did not terrify Bernard; on the contrary, it was without terror that he one day overheard the assistant on duty communicate Dupuytren's opinion to the nurse. To have offered up his life for the freedom of his country; to know that one day his name would be read, sculptured in letters of gold, on the brazen walls of the pantheon; that passers-by would take off their hats to his wife and child, saying, respectfully, "there goes the widow of a brave man;" to be sure that the future threatened no privation for his Augustine, inasmuch as she would be a pensioner of the state and her child be adopted by it; all these hopes of glory and happiness for those he left behind him, filled the wounded man's heart with joy, and he cried, with enthusiasm, "who would not die on such terms!"

He remained six months in the hospital, till he was thought capable of being removed.

So far every thing went well, excellently well. Thanks to the subscriptions which poured in from all quarters, Augustine and her infant had not felt the want of Bernard's industry, and when squalid famine visited the faubourg St. Antoine, her frequent resort, she passed by the dwelling of the carpenter. But this ardour soon cooled. Philanthropy and patriotism were exhausted. The thing must have an end. A decoration for the living, a pension for the widows and children of the dead, and let the matter rest there. So thought some, so spoke others, and the heroes of July were admitted to prove their claims to this nicely graduated tariff of public gratitude.

The carpenter was now able to work. He sought employment. Alas! the shop he had left in July was full, and the master would not dismiss any one to make room for him. "Eight months of idleness must have spoiled you," said he. Bernard went to other masters with no better success. The capitalists had fled in terror. Paris was overflowing with labourers out of employment. Every evening, when he returned to his humble dwelling, he had to answer "no," to his wife's anxious inquiries. Tired and hungry, he opened the chest, found the scanty portion which Augustine had saved from her own and her child's food for her husband's supper—he ate without daring to complain that there was so little — he wept as he saw his child watching his meal with an envious eye—then stopped—pushed the half-emptied plate aside, and letting his head fall on his breast, said, in a desponding tone—"Take it for yourselves, wife. I am not hungry now"—and went to bed.

The glorious dreams in which he had indulged on his sick bed returned to his mind, but full of bitterness. He saw himself driven out of Paris like an useless vagabond. He returned into his native province with his wife and child. He was turned away, with the question, "what does this fellow want? Does he think we have got more than we need for ourselves?" He was treated as idle and lazy. "But it is no fault of mine," said he, "I fought in July and was wounded. I have been in the hospital six months!" "You were served right," was the answer; "this will teach you to meddle with politics; meantime, go and beg somewhere else. The town has more paupers now than it can support."

Meantime, the committee of national recompenses had finished its labours. The list of the combatants who had been adjudged worthy of the special decoration was published in the newspapers. Bernard's name was on it. It was a consolation for the poor labourer. His

strength returned, his courage revived; he regained hope and confidence; he forgot his sorrows when he saw himself in print, when he thought that his name would be repeated every where as that of a hero. He returned home that day sooner than usual, proud and rejoicing, happy at being able to tell his wife "I have got the decoration!" When he returned, Augustine was in tears, with her pale and meagre infant asleep on her lap. There was nothing to eat in the house!

Then Bernard forgot what had made him return so soon. The lustre of his new glory vanished: he saw nothing but the empty bread-tray and two innocent victims, who cried to him, "Bernard, why did you join in the fight of July?" "Ah! that's true," said he, unconsciously answering aloud, a reproach which his conscience alone addressed to him. "But then, why am I not dead? why did not they kill me? my poor wife would have had a pension!"

This dreadful, damning idea filled his whole soul. The misfortune of living, the misfortune of not having fallen beneath the bullets and sabres of the cuirassiers, of having being too well taken care of at the hospital; these were Bernard's misfortunes. Men of the world will, I fear, scarcely comprehend them.

His agony was yet more acute when he learned that a pension was granted to the widows of all such as died of their wounds within a year after the conflict. To have been so near the tomb, to have had so many chances of a prize in the lottery of death! and yet to lose, to be cured, to have no disease, no hope! "Wretch that I am," exclaimed Bernard, "cured, a thousand times cursed be the day I took up the musket! I shall die now, it is true, but it will be of hunger and misery, writhing on the chamber floor by the side of Augustine and my child; dead of hunger, and misery before me!"

These wild thoughts naturally affected his health. One day, quite exhausted, he dragged himself to the house of M. Dupuytren, whose evil forebodings had proved so unfounded. "I thought I was going to die, sir," said he, "you promised me that I should; I heard the hospital people say so while I was sick. Were you mistaken then? What a pity, sir! Think, I had nothing else to keep my wife and child from starving!"

M. Dupuytren, questioned Bernard as to his sensations since he had left the hospital. There was more than one circumstance in his statement which made the doctor shudder. "You must not torment yourself in this way," said he, "you will kill yourself if you continue."

"Ah! that is all I ask for," said Bernard. "What would you have? every person spurns me; but if I die —."

"Yet, you will die of grief and not of your wound, and that death will do your wife no good. Calm yourself," said the doctor, softening his usual abruptness somewhat. "Have you tried every means of procuring employment—have you no resources whatever?"

"Charity, sir, nothing else. And, good heavens! must I go about asking alms, with the cross at my button hole?"

"Are there any who do?"

"Surely there are, but I have not the heart to do it."

"You are a man of courage, however, Bernard?"

"I believe I am, M. Dupuytren."

"Well, then," said the physician, "be patient; you have not two months to live."

"Are you sure? do you not deceive me!" cried the wounded man.

"I wish I could deceive myself, my friend," replied the professor.

Bernard threw himself at his feet, in a transport of joy, calling him his father, his saviour! He begged of him a certificate of what he had told him, that he might try to get some advances made him by the committee of pensions. M. Dupuytren gave him a letter for one of the members.

The poor journeyman carpenter hastened to the office of the committee with his precious document. He handed it to a clerk, and waited till his name was called. When he heard it, he answered, "Here."

"Who are you?"

"One of the combatants of July, with the decoration."

"What do you want?"

"I was wounded on the twenty-eighth of July. The law grants a pension to the widows of those who die of their wounds within a year; I am going to die, and I come to ask of you some little trifle on account of my wife—something for us to live upon till I die!"

All present were astonished at this strange request.

"How do you know you are going to die?" said the clerk, at last.

"I am sure of it—M. Dupuytren has given me his word for it, and he would not deceive me! Did you not read his letter?"

"All this is very well. But we cannot comply with your request. Our funds are exhausted now, and you must wait—"

"Wait! for what? Till I die, I suppose, gentlemen! And if I die of hunger, when my wife comes you will turn her away and say, 'Your husband did not die of his wounds!'"

The clerk called the next in order; and when Bernard attempted to remonstrate, ordered him to leave the office.

He returned home, wild with rage and despair, when, as he reached the Place de la Bastille, he felt a violent pain which attacked his intestines! He stopped—he trembled—he studied this unexpected sensation—he watched its return—he feared that he was mistaken, the poor wretch! A second time something sharp and piercing seemed to move within him. "Oh, heaven!" cried he, "thanks, thanks! it is the ball, and I am saved!"

He went home, and, without saying a word to his wife, took his crutches, and went to visit a neighbouring surgeon, for he was too weak to walk to M. Dupuytren's dwelling; and he feared, besides, that he might have deceived him in order to tranquillize his mind.

"Sir," said Bernard, "I have come to consult you."

"Are you ill, friend?"

"Yes, luckily!"

"Luckily?"

"Yes; but you do not know—"

"Where is your pain?'

"There, oh, there! I have felt it move—"

"What?"

"The bullet, sir, the bullet! It is mortal, is it not? Oh! pray tell me is it mortal!"

His eyes kindled as he uttered these wild words, and his knees tottered.

Bernard, panting between fear and hope, now told the surgeon all that had happened to him—his wound, his residence in the hospital, and the pain which had suddenly attacked him.

The surgeon, after two or three questions, reflected awhile and said, "It is nothing."

At these words, Bernard changed colour; a cold sweat bathed his body; he turned pale, and fell on the floor.

The astonished surgeon administered some ether, and asked him, "Why are you so much affected? I assure you it is nothing at all."

"Alas! I am undone!" cried the workman; "and yet M. Dupuytren assured me it was all over with me!"

Thereupon he mentioned his visit to the famous professor, and drew a horrible picture of the wretchedness of the two objects of his love and his fears, who had eaten nothing for almost three days.

The good surgeon tried to console him, forced him to accept some money, and requested him to call again in a week.

This week and the succeeding ones passed in cruel alternatives of sickness and health. Time ran on—the year was near its end, when the pain which the carpenter felt finally assumed a fixed character, which enabled the surgeon to ascertain the existence of an abdominal abscess, caused by the presence of the bullet, which had slowly ulcerated his intestines.

On the first of July, Bernard dragged himself for the last time to the surgeon's, who told him, in a troubled voice,

"My friend, you have not a week to live."

The carpenter thanked him from the bottom of his heart; then clasped his hands, and gave thanks to God, who had at length taken pity on him.

On the twelfth of July, 1831, the gates of the hospital St. Antoine opened to give passage to an humble coffin, that of Bernard, the carpenter, a combatant of July, decorated, who died at five o'clock on the morning previous. A brilliant train surrounded this humble coffin, which was canopied by tri-coloured flags, festooned together with chaplets of oak leaves. A battalion of the national guards, with arms reversed, headed and closed the procession. Six of the deceased's brethren in arms bore the coffin, on which his cross was laid. The long, low roll of eight drums, shrouded with crape, added to the mournful pageantry. Next to the corpse walked the good surgeon in tears; after him came a few neighbours, followed by a deputation of the wounded of the three days.

The procession moved toward the spot set apart for these national interments. The commander of the guard delivered an eloquent oration, and a volley from two hundred muskets awoke the echoes of the great city of the dead. Then all went home, most of them asking, "Who was this Bernard, though?"

For a whole year, a young female, with an infant child, was seen to kneel weekly in this spot.

She is not to be seen there now. She has married again, two months since, bringing the pension which her first husband earned for her, as her dowry to her second.

Such is the story of Bernard, the *de-*

coré. It is a sad but a true one. In every point of view, he died in good time.

GREAT READERS.

Most great men have been great readers. Miracles are recounted of their powers of perusal. How Dr. Johnson "would tear out the heart" of a book at a glance. How Burke devoured two volumes octavo in a stage-coach; and how package after package of these sweet medicines for the mind was thrown in to Napoleon on the island, like food to a lion, and, with hoc presto, despatched. After all the pity and puling have been exhausted by commentators on the lamentable ignorance of Shakspeare, we ascertain to a surety that he was one of the most profound and extensive readers of his time. The man who in the present age had written most had read most. Reading and writing go together as naturally in literature as they do in the prospectus of a schoolmistress, who professes to inoculate these branches of learning on the juvenile. The dullest eye, when aided by the telescope, can see farther than the brightest without such assistance. Burns, with the help of a dozen or more volumes, makes himself the first poet of his native land; with the stupendous aidance of a Bodleian (or even the feebler one of a circulating) library, might he not have ranked himself with Byron or Shakspeare?

HEROIC PHILOSOPHY.

A French Royalist officer (during the civil war in La Vendeè, in 1794), dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned toward the sufferer, and thus addressed him:—"My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold; and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man."

TICKLING A CROCODILE.

The Indians, it is said, are very expert in catching the cayman:—a man dives down upon the crocodile's back, while asleep, and fastens a rope round its body; he then strides across it, and, making a signal to his companions on the river's bank, they are pulled towards the surface of the water together. By tickling it under the axilla with a stick, the monster, it is stated, becomes perfectly manageable, and is hauled to the beach, where the rider's comrades dispatch him with iron-shod clubs.'

SENSIBILITY.

Extreme sensibility is not likely to increase individual happiness, but will most assuredly augment our sources of pain. Sensibility to a certain point is to be desired, as without it, we should be deprived of our most exquisite gratifications, and enjoy few of the pleasures peculiar to rational beings; but I am decidedly of opinion, that where this quality exists, it ought, in a great degree, to be the business of education to repress its powers; to allay, if possible, the poignancy of its effects; and to endeavour to lessen the anguish, to which its victim is irrevocably doomed. A state of apathy cannot be desirable, because it necessarily implies total incapacity of properly appreciating every sublime and exalted source of enjoyment; but that excessive sensibility, which augments the natural afflictions of life, to a degree of agony which they might not otherwise produce, is certainly no less to be deprecated.

CUSTOM FAMILIARIZES.

"It is surprising," says Mrs. Lee, "to watch how rapidly familiarity diminishes all antipathies. I never shall forget the cold chill which crept over me, on first seeing a huge lizard crawling on the wall of my bed-room; yet in time I not only was amused by the rapid movements of the large lizards, as they chased each other up and down the verandah where I sat, but even fed them daily. A snake close to me, I thought would be death; but at last I became so careless about them, that, although there was a nest of deadly snakes in a hole in the wall, which it was necessary to pass, in going the shortest way to the kitchen, I used to watch for a minute or two, and then dart past, when they drew their heads in; a dangerous experiment, for they are very fierce when they have young ones. A battle between a snake and a rat was a curious sight, to which we were summoned by hearing, in the hall above the store-room, a hissing and squeaking, for which we could not account. On opening the store-room to ascertain the cause, a snake was to be seen rearing its beautiful, many-coloured neck and head, while a rat's black eyes were glistening with rage. They were in too great a fury to be disturbed by our approach, and flew at each other several times: at length the rat died in great agony, swelled up to a frightful size, and covered with foam; the snake was immediately destroyed by the servants."

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THE CROISSY YEW.

(From the French.)

—

The Croissy Yew is a little tale, full of freshness and interest. We will let our readers judge of it by an analysis, and some extracts.

"I will tell you, sir, why I come every evening to smoke my pipe under the Croissy yew."

So begins the tale. In 1812, the narrator, who had escaped the conscription, by entering college, which he had since left, did not know what to do with himself. Meantime, he amused himself by climbing up into a huge yew tree, and casting his eyes over the surrounding country. One moonlight evening, when at his post, he overheard a conscript, who was bidding adieu to his sister and his betrothed. The latter wept. The more resolute sister said,

"Have you not got a colonel? him who enlisted you? Well, go and find your colonel, throw yourself on your knees, and say, 'My lord, I don't want to go away—I don't want to be killed. There are my sister and a wife, who cannot live without me, and who are going to throw themselves into the river. Beat me, colonel, put me in prison, but don't make me go away! Long live the emperor! He's a noble fellow! Let him leave me in peace, and go about his business! Colonel, I am a man and a free one, and I have no right to leave my sister Christine, who won't have me to quit her; and who will hate you, colonel, if you make me go off!"

The brother smiled at his sister's eagerness, and told her he must have a substitute, and money to pay him.

"Well," said Christine, "I will give you everything I've got. My gold cross, my ear-rings, my silk neck-kerchiefs, my collerettes; in a word, all my trinkets, to him who will consent to go."

"All that does not amount to the price of a man," replied Eugene.

Christine reflected awhile, and said, catching her brother's arm—

"Well! I am well worth a man—worth more than a man—oh, certainly I am! I will give myself, then. I will tell somebody or other, 'Go in my

brother's place, and I will be your wife. You see I am pretty—a little spoiled, but what matters that? I will love you so, if you will save my brother! Oh, yes! I swear by the golden cross, in which is some of my mother's gray hair, I would willingly marry him who would devote himself to you."

At evening, as they were seated at their humble meal, without being able to touch it, and looking tearfully at each other, some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the young man, hastily drying his eyes.

An old sergeant made his appearance, saying,

"Health! Is the conscript Eugene Leven here?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"There," said the soldier, throwing a letter on the table.

Eugene read slowly at first, but afterwards devoured the paper. It was his discharge in due form. He looked at the old soldier with astonishment.

"That means that your place is taken, conscript. It's a pity, though; for your moustaches would have sprouted with a little gunpowder. But enough, you are happy now—farewell."

And he was going away.

"Oh, the devil!" said he, as he returned, "Christine Leven—is that your sister? Where is your sister?"

"Here," said Eugene, pointing to Christine, who was pale with joy and emotion.

"This one is for you, miss;" and he threw a second letter on the table, but stopped short as he saw Christine trembling with agitation, crumpling the letter in her hands, and gazing fixedly on the table.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" said Eugene. "Dear Christine, let us see that letter? Selfish being that I am, I never thought of it. Let me see who dares to write to you? What does all this mean?"

And he ran over the letter hastily.

"Oh, read it aloud," said Christine, "it's the same to me! Good heavens! this is but just!"

Eugene read aloud.

"Miss—I ask nothing—I go away without making any terms—I take your brother's place; you need him, and no one needs me. But I am honest and love you, ever since I saw you weep. I send you a ring of my mother's. If you have pity upon me, you will take the golden cross, in which is some of your mother's gray hair, and which glitters on your neck in the moonlight, this evening you will place it in the crevice of the large yew tree, near the branches. I will get it to-morrow morning; then you will wait two years, and, if I am not dead, I will bring it back. Will you remember what you swore on that cross? Farewell."

"What does this mean?" said Eugene, slowly. "How could any one know? Sergeant, do you understand this?"

"Some fellow on the look-out near you."

"Why then did he not come to us frankly?" answered the young man. "What a way of obliging is this!"

"Ah," said the soldier, "there's the thing! one's afraid of being treated as a spy; and, then, when one's young, and timid, and all full of romantic sentiments! one knows how to write and is afraid to talk, for want of practice; that's it!"

Eugene shook his head.

"Soldier!" cried he, "your hand! I will not have this substitute—my sister shall not be sacrificed—I will go with you. See!" And he took up his discharge, and prepared to tear it in pieces.

Christine stopped him.

"But what if I want to have him?" said she. "After all, it's a fine action on his part. And then he goes without making any terms—and then he is unhappy—and then I have no other means of keeping you—and then I want to be in love with him! He did well, however, in not shewing himself—one might have regretted him too much. I will take the cross—but I should like to know—sergeant, have you seen him?"

"Yes, now and then."

"Well! he is not hump-backed or bandy-legged, is he?"

"A good joke! Is the French army recruited with such sort of stuff under the little corporal? Is it not composed of individuals irreproachable as to their persons, and no fools as to morality?"

"Is he a man of worth?" asked Eugene.

"Very much so, I answer for it."

"Well, sir soldier," said Christine, removing from her graceful neck the cross with the black riband which supported it; "tell him that he has done well; and place this cross in the hollow of the great yew; and then, say nothing more to him, but do not quit him, do you hear! and try to come back with him, to tell me—' There he is, it is he himself, he is worthy of you.'"

Eugene and Louise looked on, without being able to speak. The grenadier rose, took off his cap, received the cross, wiped away a tear, and said, "Enough;"

Christine turned to her brother and future sister. She was no longer the same person. Her character had assumed a more serious hue. She told Louise, "I, too, am betrothed; the pledge of my faith is in the hands of a soldier of the guards."

A year afterwards Eugene had to leave his home. The enemy was in France, and he would not have accepted a substitute now if he could have found one. At Montereau his life was saved by a lieutenant of carabineers. As this officer informed him that he had no family, Eugene invited him home to his own.

Charles, such was his name, soon won Christine's favour: but she had plighted her troth to her brother's substitute, and she was faithful to him. Then Charles handed her the golden cross, and told her that it was he, who, a poor collegian, ashamed of the noble action he was about to perform, went away without seeing her, and finally rose to the rank of lieutenant.

"At present, sir," continued the narrator, "we are married. The sergeant died at Waterloo. Eugene and myself have prospered in the world; we live in that little red and white house you see yonder, and I go every evening to smoke my pipe under the Croissy yew."

NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS.

CORTES; OR, THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. A ROMANCE. BY DR. BIRD.

[In the subject chosen by Dr. Bird, we perceive a new and rich mine opened to the lovers of historical romance. For notwithstanding the thrilling interest with which the mere history of this conquest is invested, the field has remained almost untrodden: it will, however, apart from local predilection, yield to none in adventure and stirring interest, while it combines all the splendour of, we had almost said, oriental luxury. We subjoin an extract, the subject of which, is one of the many conspiracies with which Cortes was continually threatened, after all outward opposition from the natives had been subdued. It exhibits the turbulent spirit of the adventurers of whom those expeditions were composed, and strongly reminds one of the present state of that unhappy country. The plot chosen, is that in which Villafana, the head of the police, is implicated. Its denouement is thus described]:

—

While Cortes muttered these words to himself, he was roused by a sudden voice at the great door, and heard distinctly the unexpected voice of Villafana, saying, as he wrangled with the guards,

"Oh, 'slid, you take upon you too much. I come at the order of the general."

"Admit Villafana," said Cortes, in tones that penetrated loudly to the farthest limits of the room, for the cavaliers were stricken into a boding silence at the accents of the alguazil; "admit my trusty Villafana." And Villafana entered.

He was evidently flushed with wine, and it was for that reason, doubtless, that he did not seem to observe the presence of his forsworn associate, nor the suspicious act of two cavaliers, who stole from the group, and took possession of the door by which he had entered. He approached with a reckless and confident, though somewhat stupid, air, exclaiming, after divers humble scrapes and salaams,

"I come at your excellency's bidding, according to appointment. This was the hour, please your excellency—but 't is a scurvy night, with much thunder and lightning."

"Ay, truly," said Cortes, with a mild voice, while all the rest stood in the silence of death; "but, being so observant, Villafana, how comes it you have not remarked that you are here without the Indian Techeechee, whom I commanded you to bring hither at this hour?"

"Senor," said the alguazil, a little confused, "that old Ottomi is a sly dog, and, I doubt me, not over-honest."

"I doubt me so, too," said Cortes, in the same encouraging tones; "yet, honest or false, sly or simple, methinks thou shouldst not have suffered him to escape."

"Escape! what, Techeechee escape!" cried Villafana, with unaffected surprise; "Ho, no! I did but give the gray infidel a sop of wine, and straightway he hid himself in a corner, to sleep off his drunkenness. And — and — and" continued he, with instinctive though clumsy cunning—"and I thought it would be unseemly to bring him to your excellency, in that condition. I beg your excellency's pardon for making him acquainted with such Christian liquor; but it was out of pity, together with some little hope of converting him to the faith;

and, besides, I knew not his head was so weak. I will fetch him to your excellency in the morning."

"Why, this is well," said the captain-general, with such insinuating gentleness as characterizes the snake, when closing softly on his prey; "and I doubt not thou canst give me as good an account of the ambassadors. It is said to me, that they also have escaped."

"Good heavens!" cried Villafana, startled not only out of his confidence, but in great measure out of his intoxication, by such an announcement; "the ambassadors escaped? It cannot be?"

"Pho, they have hurt thee more than I thought—even to the point of destroying thy memory," rejoined the captain-general, with the blandishment of a smile. "There is blood upon thy shoulder: I doubt not, thou wert severely hurt, while attempting to prevent their flight. No one ever questioned the courage of Villafana."

"Yes, senor, yes—no—yes; that is—I mean to say—saints of heaven!" And here the alguazil paused, completely sobered—that is, restored to his senses, but not to his wits; for he perceived himself in a difficulty, and his invention pointed out no means of escape. He rolled his eyes, haggard at once with debauch and alarm, over the cavaliers, and, though the lofty figure of Alvarado concealed Gaspar from his view, he beheld enough in the extraordinary sedateness of all present, to fill him with the most racking suspicions. He turned again to Cortes, and commanding his fears as much as he could, went on with an appearance of boldness.

"Alas, noble senor, if the ambassadors *be* escaped, I am a lost man—for I trusted too much to the vigilance of others, and I should not have done so. Alas, senor," he continued with more energy, as his mind began to work more clearly, "I have committed a great offence in this negligence; but I vow to heaven, it was owing to my fears of Juan Lerma, who made many efforts to escape, and had strong friends to help him. Your excellency may see the necessity I was under, to give all my thoughts to him; for, some one having furnished him with a dagger, he foully attacked me, not on my guard, giving me this wound; and had it not been for the sudden rushing in of the guard, I should have been killed."

Thus spoke the alguazil, with returning craft, mingling together fiction and fact with an address which astonished even himself.

"Yes, senor," he continued, satisfied with the strength of his argument, and now elated with a prospect of providing against the effects of his imprudent disclosures in the prison; "yes, senor, and the young man, besides thus wounding me, swore he would have me hanged for a conspiracy; stating roundly, as the guards will witness, (I am certain that Esteban, the Left-Handed, heard him,) that, being a notorious grumbler, any such fiction would be believed of me. As if this would make me a conspirator! whereas, your excellency knows, according to the proverb, barking dogs are no biters." And the audacious ruffian, relapsing into security, attested his innocence by a gentle laugh, and the sweetest of his smiles.

"Again, I say, thou speakest well," said Cortes, carelessly descending from the platform, on which he had mounted at the approach of Villafana. "Thine arguments have even satisfied me of the folly of certain charges, brought against thee by this mad fellow, here, at thy elbow."

As he spoke, Alvarado, taking his instructions rather from a consentaneous feeling of propriety, than from any hint of Don Hernan's, moved aside, and Villafana's eyes fell upon the figure of Gaspar.

"Think of it, good fellow," said Cortes, laying his hand upon Villafana's shoulder, as if to support himself a little; "the things he said of thee are innumerable, and excessively preposterous. He averred, for instance, that thou wert peevishly offended, because I had not invited thy presence to the festivities of the morning banquet, and wert resolved to come, whether I would or not, and that with a letter from my father in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Eh! is not this outrageous? He said, besides—But, o' my life, thou hast bled too much from this wound! Juan Lerma strikes deep, when the fit is on him. I hope thou art not faint, man?"

To these benevolent expressions, the alguazil replied by turning upon the general a countenance so bloodless, and an eye filled with such ecstasy of despair, (for if the poniards of all had been at his throat, he could not have been more perfectly apprised of his coming fate), that Cortes must have been struck with some feeling of commiseration, had not his nature been somewhat akin to that of a cat, which delights less to kill than to sport with the agonies of a dying victim. As it was, he continued to torment the abandoned wretch, by adding, pleasantly,

"And what thinkest thou of this, too, my Villafana? Two hundred and forty conspirators, to rush in when the blow was struck! doubtless to carve their dinners from the ribs of my cavaliers! Ah, Villafana, Villafana! thou shouldst have a care of thy friends. Our enemies are harmless, but our friends are always dangerous. What dost thou say to all this, Villafana? Knave! hadst thou twenty daggers in thy jerkin, thou wert still but an unfanged reptile!"

While he spoke in this jestful mood, he was sensible that Villafana, (doubtless with an instinctive motion, of which he was himself unconscious, being apparently turned to stone), was stealing his hand up towards his bosom, as if to grasp a weapon. The moment the member had reached the opening of his garment, Cortes caught him by the throat, and giving utterance to his last words with a voice of thunder, and employing a strength irresistible by such a man as Villafana, he hurled him to the floor, at the same instant placing his foot on his throat. Then stooping down, and thrusting his hand into the traitor's bosom, he plucked out, at a single grasp, a poniard, a letter, and the fatal list of conspirators. He pushed the first aside, read the superscription of the second with a laugh, and casting his eye upon the third, devoured its contents with an avidity that left him unconscious of the murmurs of the fierce cavaliers, and the groans of the wretched alguazil, strangling under his foot.

"What, senor! will you rob the gallows of its prey?" cried Alvarado, pointing his sword at the prostrate traitor, as, indeed, did all the rest, (having drawn them at the moment when Cortes seized him by the throat). "His crime is manifest to all; what need of trial? Every man his steel through the dog!"

"Hold!" cried the captain-general; "this were a death for an hidalgo. Up, cur! up, and meet thy fate! Up!" And he spurned the wretch with his foot.

The alguazil rose up, his face black with blood, which, not perfectly dispersing, even at release from strangulation, remained in leopard-like blotches over his visage, ghastfully contrasted with the ashy hues that gathered between them. As he rose, his arms were seized by two or three cavaliers; and Sandoval, as quick in action, as he was sluggish in speech, snatching the rich sword-sash of Samite from his own shoulders, instantly secured them behind his back.

"For the love of heaven, senores!" cried Villafana, finding speech at last, "what do you mean? what do you design? You will not kill an innocent man? Will you judge me at the charge of a liar? Gaspar is my sworn foe. I will make all clear. Senor, I have been drinking, and my mind is confused; take me not at this disadvantage. Oh, for heaven's sake what do you mean? The list? what, the list? 'T is for a merry-making—a rejoicing for my birthday. I will explain all to your excellencies. I am an innocent man. Gaspar is a forsworn caitiff—a caitiff, senores, a caitiff! I claim trial by the civil judges."

"Gag him," cried one.

"Strike him on the mouth," said another. And Villafana, gasping for breath, uttered, for a moment, nothing but inarticulate murmurs.

"De Olid, Marin, De Ircio," cried Cortes, rapidly, and with inexpressible decision, "ye are judges of life and death; Sandoval and Alvarado, by right of office, ye can sit in judgment; Quinones, Guzman, and the rest, I make you, in the king's name, special associates of the others. Why, here is a court, not martial, but civil; and the dog shall have judgment to his content! He stands charged of treason. Guilty, senores? or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" cried all with one voice; and De Olid added, "Let us take him into the garden, and hang him to the cedar-tree."

"To the window," said Cortes, pointing with his sword to the stout cords, hanging so invitingly from the serpent's head; and in an instant the victim was dragged upon the platform.

Up to this moment, his fears had been uttered rather in vehement complaints, than in outcries; but now, when he perceived that he was condemned by a mockery of trial, doomed without the respite of a minute's space to pray, the rope dangling before his eyes, and already in the hands of a cavalier, who was bending it into a noose, he uttered a piercing scream, and endeavoured to throw himself upon his knees.

"Mercy!" he cried, "mercy! mercy! I will confess—I can save all your lives —mercy! mercy!"

Of all the sights of horror and disgust, villany, transformed at the death-hour, into its natural character and original of cowardice, is among the most appalling. Villafana was as brave as a ruffian could be; but when imagination is linked in the same spirit with vice, courage ex-

pires almost at the same moment with hope. With a weapon in his hand, and that at liberty, Villafana, perhaps, would have manifested all the valour in which despair perceives the only hope, and died like a man. As it was, bound and grasped in the arms of strong men, entirely helpless, and equally without hope, his death staring him in the face, he gave himself up at once to unmanly fears, and wept, screamed and prayed, until the guards, at watch in the vestibule, sank upon their knees, and conned over their beads, to divert their senses from cries so agonized and so horrible.

As he strove to prostrate himself before his inexorable judges, he was pulled up by the cavaliers, and among others by Don Francisco de Guzman, whose countenance he recognized.

"Save me, Guzman! save me!" he cried; "for thou wert once of the party —save me!"

"Peace, wolf—"

"Mercy! mercy! noble senor!" he continued, turning to Cortes: "I am but one of many. Guzman is as false as I; I charge him with treason: he has abused your excellency's ear! Listen, senores, and spare me my life: give me a day—give me but to-night to pray and confess, and you shall have all. There are cavaliers among us. Mercy, for the love of heaven! Camarga, the Dominican—Don Palmerino de Castro—Muertazo of Toledo, Carabo of Seville—Artiaga, Santa-Rosa, Bravo, Aljarah, and an hundred more—"

"Peace, lying villain!" cried the captain-general. "What ho, the rope! quick, the rope!"

"A moment to repent! a moment to repent!" shrieked the victim, struggling so violently to bring his hands before him, as if to clasp them in prayer, that the silken band crackled behind him, and his hands turned black with congested blood; "a moment to repent! for I am a sinner. What! would you condemn my soul, too? Saints, hear me! angels plead for me! A priest, for the love of heaven! I killed Artiaga of Cadiz; I scuttled the ship at Alonzo, drowned the nuns, and stole the church-plate. Call Magdalena. Where 's Magdalena? You are murdering me! Mercy! mercy! I killed Hilario too—I poniarded him in the old wounds inflicted by Juan Lerma —I have much to repent. A priest, for the love of heaven! A priest, oh, a priest!"

Thus raved the villain, stained with a thousand crimes; and if aught had been wanting to steel the hearts of his executioners, enough was divulged in the unavailing abandonment with which he accused himself of misdeeds, so many and so atrocious. While his neck was yet free from the rope, he struggled violently, but without any attempt to do a mischief to his unrelenting murderers; his resistance was indeed like that of a cur, under the chastisement of a cruel and brutal master, which howls and contends, and yet fears to employ its fangs against the tyrant. But when he found, at last, that the cavaliers were actually putting the hasty halter about his neck, his struggles were not greater to escape than to inflict injury. He shook and tossed his head in distraction; and Don Francisco de Guzman endeavouring to seize him by the beard, he caught the hand of the cavalier betwixt his teeth, and held it with the gripe of a tiger.

"Hell confound thee, wolf!" cried Guzman, groaning with pain, and striking him over the face with the hilt of his sword, but in vain: "Help me, cavaliers, or he will have my hand off!—Villain, unlock thy teeth—"

"Stand aside. This will unloose thee," said one, thrusting his rapier into the thigh of the vindictive wretch; who no sooner felt the cold steel penetrate his flesh, than he opened his mouth to utter a yell. Whip him up *now*. So much for traitors!"

It was the last scream of the assassin. His lips uttered one more cry to heaven; the name of Magdalena was cut short, as the noose closed upon his throat, and ended in a hoarse, rattling, gulphing whine, that did not itself prevail beyond the space of a second. As he shot up to the top of the window, an intense glare of lightning flashed through the alabaster, and his figure traced upon that lustrous and ghastly medium, was seen dangling and writhing in the death-agony. The next moment, the huge curtain was drawn over the dreadful spectacle: but those who paused a moment, to look back, could behold the convulsions of the dying miscreant giving motion, and sometimes protrusion, to the dark folds of the drapery. When all was silent, in the darkness of the night, the watchmen in the vestibule could yet hear the pattering of blood-drops falling from his mangled limb, upon the sonorous wood of the platform.

But there were other scenes now occurring, which, for a time, drove from their thoughts the memory of Villafana.

AN ADVENTURE UPON THE ROAD;

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

The following curious circumstance is from "Nights at Mess," published in Blackwood's Magazine.—About thirty years ago, Mr. B. having at that time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on horseback from the city to a cottage he had near Cramond. It was a wild night in November, and though he usually took the seaside as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high-road. When he had proceeded about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the road side, and seized the bridle of his horse. Mr. B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behaviour, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr. B. remarked that it trembled excessively. After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein, and said in a trembling voice,

"Pass on, sir, pass on;" and then he added, "thank heaven, I am yet free from crime."

Mr. B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man, and said, "I fear you are in distress—is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?"

"*Strangers* may, perhaps," replied the man in a bitter tone, "for nothing is to be hoped from *friends*."

"You speak, I hope, under some momentary feeling of disappointment."

"Pass on, pass on," he said, impatiently; "I have no right to utter my complaints to you. Go home and thank the Almighty that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention when I heard you approach—or this might have been"——he suddenly paused.

"Stranger," said Mr. B., in a tone of real kindness, "you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me; I certainly have no right to pry into your concerns, but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and I frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow."

"You know not, sir," replied the stranger, "the person to whom you make so generous a proposal—a wretch stained with vices—degraded from the station he once held, and on the eve of becoming a robber"—"ay," he added, with a shudder, "perhaps a murderer."

"I care not, I care not for your former crimes—sufficient for me that you repent them—tell me wherein I can stand your friend?"

"For myself, I am careless," replied the man; "but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection, though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort, to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar; I wished for *her* sake, to become once more respectable, to leave a country where I am known, and to gain character, station, wealth, to all which *she* is so justly entitled, in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world." Here he paused, and Mr. B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket-book, and unfolded a bank bill; he put it into the man's hand, and said, "Here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds." The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low, subdued tone, "I will not attempt to thank you, sir. May I ask your name and address?" Mr. B. gave him what he required.

"Farewell, sir," said the stranger. "When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you—till then I dare not."

Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge and disappeared. Mr. B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends; but as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity; and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely from his mind. One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was put into his hands, and the servant told him that the Leith carrier had brought a hogshead of claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds, with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expressions of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date; but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mer-

cantile houses in the city where he lived. Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr. B., strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good magnum of it have I drank at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he died, and the secret of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Grey-friar's churchyard, the procession was joined by a gentleman who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty-five years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the panel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner, and said,

"I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living."

Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage, and disappeared. Now, this, I have no doubt in my mind, was the very individual who had so much excited my curiosity. All I can say is, if he is still alive, I wish, when he dies, he would leave me his cellar of wine, for his judgment in that article, I'll be bound to say, is unimpeachable and sublime.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

BY B. CORNWALL.

Day dawn'd. Within a curtain'd room
Fill'd to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light;
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green
And near it often times was seen,
A gentle boy with thoughtless mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then *he* died! Behold before ye,
Humanity's brief sum and story,
Life, death, and all that is of—glory!

MAIDEN LADIES.

[The following just and beautiful remarks, conveying as they do, a merited tribute of respect to a class of the gentler sex, of whom it is too much the fashion to speak slightingly, we copy from the second volume of *Turner's Sacred History of the World.*]

That the maternal offices and feelings were meant to be the most important and completing, as they always will be the most politically useful qualities of the female character, our own experience and daily observation fully attest; but the female nature is admirable, independent of these; and it has been part of the divine system, that it should have its beauties and benefits distinct from those which result from its social position as a mother. It was foreseen by its Creator, that a large proportion of both sexes, and therefore of women, would, in every civilized state, remain without the connubial association. Few or none are willingly so on either side; but the artificial and very complicated condition into which property, civilization, and even enlarging prosperity lead society, have, in all ages and nations, caused a considerable proportion of every existing population to live unallied, in the single state. This result is evidence, that the fulfilment of the purposes of our existence is as attainable in the one form as in the other, and we may likewise add its happiness, although we might prefer to receive the boon of comfort rather in the one shape than in the other. But all can no more command marriage than they command wealth, rank, or fame, or any specified object depending on others. The temporal blessings of life are generally to be earned and acquired by time, and with uncertainty and inequality; so must those subsisting means, the deficiency of which, according to the individual idea of comfort, is always the chief cause of any remaining unmarried in the young and active period of life.

But this single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much likewise of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. To how many a father—a mother—a brother, and not less, a sister, is she both a necessity and a blessing! How many orphans have to look up with gratitude to her care and kindness!

How many nephews and nieces owe their young felicities and improvements to her! Were every woman married, the parental home would often in declining life, be a solitary abode, when affectionate attentions are most precious, and, but from such a source, not attainable. It is the single class of women which supplies most of our teachers and governesses; and from the lower ranks, nearly all the domestic assistants of our household come. What vast changes, not promotive of the general happiness, would ensue in every station of life, if every female married as soon as she was fully grown! Certainly human life would, in that case, have a different aspect, and must be regulated on a new principle, and would lead to consequences which cannot now be calculated.

The single woman is, therefore, as important an element of social and private happiness as the married one. The utilities of each are different, but both are necessary; and it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly reason, and discreditable to every just feeling, for any one to depreciate the unmarried condition.

If from what is beneficial we turn our glance to what is interesting, the single lady is, in this respect, not surpassed by the wedded matron. For no small portion of her life, I think for the whole of it, with judicious conduct, she is, indeed, the most attractive personage. The wife resigns, or ought to resign, always her claims to general attention; and to concentre and confine her regards, and wishes, and objects, to her chosen companion, and domestic claims and scenes. She has quitted the public stage; she seeks no more the general gaze; she has become part of a distinct and separated proprietary. But the unmarried lady remains still the candidate for every honourable notice, and injures no one by receiving it. Those of the male sex, who are in the same condition, are at as full liberty to pay her their proper attentions, as she is to receive them. Being in this position as to society at large, she is always interesting wherever she goes; and, if she preserve her good temper, her steady conduct, and her modest reputation undiminished, and cultivate her amiable, her intellectual, and her truly feminine qualities, she cannot go anywhere, in any station of life, without being an object of interest and pleasurable feeling to all those of her own circle with whom she may choose to be acquainted.

It is only by displaying undue solicitude for changing her condition, or disappointment at the change not occuring, or a peevishness which is imputed to such feelings, or unbecoming attempts to obtain or extort notice, that she lessens her natural attractiveness.

It is for us all never to regret or covet what we do not or cannot obtain; and never to repine that others have what we do not possess. It is for us all to use and value, and cultivate the happinesses which we are possessing, and not to sigh or crave for those which do not come to us.

It is for us all, to be at all times grateful to our kindest Provider, for the daily comforts with which he is supplying us; and to resign every thing else to his will and regulation, and patiently and magnanimously to await his direction of our state and fortunes. Then every one of us would be enjoying a greater felicity from our ordinary life, than we can experience on any other plan.

He arranges and administers life on this principle. He requires us to believe in his invisible government and guidance of it; to be always content with his dispositions and distribution of it; and to be assured, that if we thus leave it to him, he will, from time to time, place us in that condition, and in those circumstances which will be really best and happiest for us. Let the single of both sexes think, feel, and act firmly and perseveringly on these principles, and they will find that life, in every one of its states and positions, is like a fine garden, full of rich, though varied, flowers and fruits, in all its compartments.

HINDOO DEITIES.

The gods whom the Hindoos worship, are impersonations of all the vices and all the crimes which degrade human nature; and there is no grossness and no villany which does not receive countenance from the example of some or other of them. The vilest and most scandalous impurity pervades their mythology throughout; is interwoven with all its details; is at once its groundwork and completion; its beginning and its end. The robber has his god, from whom he invokes a blessing on his attempts against the life and property of his neighbour. Revenge, as well as robbery, finds a kindred deity; and cruelty, the never-failing companion of idolatry, is of the very essence of the system.—*Thornton's India.*

THE SPANISH GIPSY GIRL.

Chapter VII.

Oh ponder well! be not severe;
So save a wretched wife;
For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life.
Beggar's Opera.

After depositing at that place, according to custom, some silver vessels and pieces of plate as a security, Preciosa, her grandmother, and Christina, with two other gipsy girls, and the two youths Andres and Clemente, put up at an inn kept by a rich widow, who had a daughter, seventeen or eighteen years of age, with rather more freedom of manners than beauty, and named Juana Carducha. The Spanish word *carducha*, signifies a large card for combing wool; so that this damsel's name rendered in English, would have the elegant sound of *Joan Woolcomb*.

This young lady having seen the gipsies dance, the devil instigated her to fall in love with Andres, so violently, that she resolved to tell him so, and to take him for her husband if he was willing, even though it should offend all her relatives; and so she sought an opportunity for telling him her wishes, and found it in a yard into which Andres had gone to look after two asses. She went up to him, and said hastily, for fear of being seen—

"Andres," for she already knew his name, "I am single, and rich; for my mother has no child but me; this inn is her own; and besides that, she has many vineyards, and four more houses. I have taken a liking to you; if you will marry me, you have only to say so; answer me directly, and if you are wise, you will stay, and see what sort of a life we have of it."

Andres was astonished at Senora Carducha's resolution; and answering her without delay, as she requested, he said: "Madam, I am already betrothed; and we gipsies never marry any but gipsies; I am obliged to you for the favour you intended me, of which I am unworthy." Senora Carducha was almost ready to faint at Andres's abrupt answer; to which she would have replied, but that she saw some of the gipsy women entering the yard: she went away ashamed and mortified, and would fain have revenged herself if she could.

Senor Andres's prudence made him determine to quit the place, and fly the temptation which the devil set before him, for he could plainly read in the eyes of Senora Carducha, that she would not hesitate to dispense with the matrimonial ties; and so he thought it best to escape as quickly as possible from a situation so perilous to his fidelity: he accordingly requested all the gipsies to quit that place the same night: they, who always obeyed him, immediately set about removing; and taking back their pledges, they departed that evening.

Senora Carducha, seeing that Andres's departure did not leave her time to continue her suit, took measures to oblige him to stay by force, since he would not do it willingly; and so, with all the ingenuity, sagacity, and secresy, which her ill intention suggested to her, she put amongst Andres's baggage, which she knew to be his, some rich coral necklaces, and two silver cups, with some other of her trinkets; and scarcely had they left the inn before she cried out that some gipsies had robbed her of her jewels; which alarm brought to the house the police-officers, and collected about it all the people of the village. The gipsies halted, and all swore that they had not stolen anything, and that they were willing to open all the bags and boxes belonging to the gang.

At this, the old gipsy woman was very much troubled, fearing that in the course of the search, the ornaments which Preciosa had worn in her infancy, and also Don Juan's dress, which she preserved with great care and secrecy, would be discovered. But Senora Carducha was so kind as to relieve her very shortly from her anxiety; for while they were examining the second bundle, she desired them to ask which belonged to that gipsy who was the great dancer, as she had seen him twice enter her apartment, and perhaps he had taken them. Andres, understanding that he was the person meant, said to her with a smile. "This, ma'am, is my wardrobe, and this is my beast; if you find about either of them, anything which belongs to you, I will pay seven times its value, besides submitting myself to the punishment which the law inflicts on thieves. The officers immediately began to strip the ass; and after a few turns, they found the things which were said to be stolen, at which Andres was so astonished and stupefied, that he stood as still and mute as a statue.

"Didn't I suspect right?" said Senora Carducha; "see what an innocent face the thief can put on."

The alcalde, who was present, began to pour out a flood of ill language upon Andres, and upon all the gipsies, call-

ing them notorious thieves and highway robbers. Andres remained silent all the while, lost in amazement; for the possibility of La Carducha's treachery never occurred to him. While he was standing thus, there came up to him a swaggering soldier, a nephew of the alcalde's, who said, "See, how the young gipsy stands; I'll lay a wager that he makes faces and denies the theft, though the stolen goods are found upon him; it will be well if you're not all sent to the galleys; would'nt this sturdy rogue be better there, serving His Majesty, than going about dancing from town to town, and thieving from place to place. As I'm a soldier, I've a great mind to knock him down." And so saying, and without more ado, he lifted his hand, and gave him a blow, which aroused him from his stupefaction, and reminded him that he was not Andres, but Don Juan and a gentleman; and rushing furiously upon the soldier, he drew the man's own sword from the scabbard, and sheathed it in his body, laying him dead upon the spot.

The people cried out; his uncle, the alcalde, was enraged; Preciosa fainted; and the by-standers armed themselves to pursue and take the murderer. The noise and confusion increased; and Andres, being alarmed at Preciosa's fainting, went to render assistance to her, and neglected his own defence.

It so happened, that Clemente was not present at this unfortunate occurrence, as he had got out of the town with the baggage; and so many people fell upon Andres, that they soon secured him, and loaded him with two very heavy chains. The alcalde would fain have hanged him on the spot, had he been at liberty to do so; but he was obliged to send him to Murcia, the crime having been committed within its jurisdiction: they did not carry him thither till the next day; and while he remained in the village, the unfortunate Andres underwent a great deal of abuse heaped upon him by the enraged alcalde and his assistants, and by all the inhabitants of the place: the alcalde took into custody as many more of the gipsies as he could get hold of; for most of them escaped, and among them Clemente, who had good cause to fear the consequences of being taken and discovered.

At length, with the minutes of the examination, and with a long train of gipsies, the alcalde and his officers, with a number of other armed men, entered Murcia, and amongst them went Preciosa, and poor Andres upon a mule, with the chains about him, with esposas, or manacles on his hands, and a *pie de amigo** under his chin. All the inhabitants of Murcia came out to see the prisoners, having already heard of the soldier's death. But Preciosa looked so lovely that day, that all who beheld her blessed her, and the report of her beauty reached the ears of the corregidor's lady, who, being curious to see her, persuaded her husband to give orders that she should not be put in the prison in which all the rest were lodged. Andres was put by himself in a narrow dungeon, whose darkness, made darker to him by the absence of Preciosa, so dejected him, that he thought he should certainly never quit it again, except to be carried to his grave.

They took Preciosa, together with her grandmother, to be seen by the corregidor's lady; who had no sooner beheld her than she said, "They've good reason to call her beautiful;" and when Preciosa approached her, she embraced her tenderly, and was so struck by her appearance, that she could not take her eyes off her. She asked her grandmother how old the girl was.

"She is fifteen years old, within two months more or less," answered the old gipsy.

"That," said the lady, "would now be the age of my poor Constanza. Ah! my friends, how strongly this girl reminds me of my misfortune!"

Preciosa here took the lady's hands, and kissing them a number of times, and bathing them with tears, she said to her: "Madam, the gipsy whom they have put in prison is not to blame, for he was provoked — they called him a thief, and he is not one—they struck him a blow on his face, which is such a one as discovers the worth of his mind. In the name of heaven, and of your own

* This was an instrument of iron, somewhat resembling a gibbet in miniature, which was usually fixed under the chin of a criminal when flogged or exposed to public shame, in order to prevent the head from falling upon the breast. It should seem, however, from this passage of our story, that the Spanish magistrates, or their officers, were not accustomed to wait for the judicial conviction of the prisoner, before they put him in this kind of pillory; or perhaps his being taken on this occasion, as they considered, *in flagrante de licto*, more especially as his victim was the alcalde's relative, inclined them to treat him as rigorously as they dared in any case take upon themselves to do. How the instrument in question came to receive the odd appellation of *pie de amigo*, or *friend's foot*, seems rather mysterious. A Spanish antiquary could perhaps throw light upon it.

goodness, madam, procure that his trial may be delayed, and that the corregidor may not be in haste to inflict upon him the punishment with which the law threatens him. And if the beauty which you say I possess, have given you any pleasure, preserve it by preserving this poor prisoner; for the end of his life will be that of mine also. He was to be my husband, although good and sufficient impediments have hitherto prevented us from uniting our hands. If money be necessary to stop the prosecution, our company will sell all that they possess, by public auction, and will give even more than shall be required. Oh! lady, if you have known what love is, and if you now feel it towards your husband, have pity on me, who love mine tenderly and sincerely." All this while she kept hold of the lady's hands, looking earnestly in her face, and weeping piteously; while the latter returned the tender pressure, and gazed as steadfastly upon the streaming eyes of the distressed girl, with scarcely fewer tears in her own.

At this moment the corregidor entered; and finding his wife and Preciosa thus closely embracing and dissolved in tears, he was struck by her sorrow and her beauty. He asked the cause of this distress; and Preciosa answered him by quitting the hands of his lady, and throwing herself at his feet, exclaiming: "Mercy, sir, mercy! if my husband dies, it will kill me too. He is not guilty; but should he be found so, let me suffer the punishment,—but if that cannot be, at least let the proceedings be delayed, that time may be given to seek means for his relief; since as he did not offend maliciously, heaven may perhaps vouchsafe to send him a deliverance." The sensible appeal of the gipsy girl excited fresh astonishment in the corregidor; and but for the dignity of his office, which required him to restrain his emotions, he could almost have wept with her.

While this was passing, the old gipsy was ruminating on many various and important matters, and, at last, starting from her contemplation, she said, "Sir, and madam, have the goodness to wait for me a few moments, and I'll change all this sorrow into joy, though it should cost me my life." So saying, she stepped hastily out of the room, leaving all present in amazement at her words. During her absence, Preciosa continued her tears and supplications that her husband's trial might be deferred, intending to send information of it to his father.

The old gipsy soon returned, with a small box under her arm, and asked the coregidor to go with his lady and her into another apartment, as she had something of consequence to tell them in private. The corregidor, thinking that she meant to discover to him some thefts of the gipsies, to induce him to shew some favour to the culprit, immediately withdrew, with her and with his wife, into his wardrobe; where the gipsy, kneeling down before them, said, "If, sir, and madam, the good news which I'm going to tell you should not be thought to deserve in return the pardon of my great offence, I 'm ready to receive the punishment you shall please to make me suffer. But first I 'd have you tell me whether you know these trinkets."

So saying, and bringing out a casket, she gave it into the hands of the corregidor, who opened it, and found some infantine ornaments, but did not know what they could mean. His lady also examined them, but was equally at a loss; she only said, "These ornaments must have belonged to some baby."

"They did so," said the gipsy; "and to what infant they belonged, is written on this folded paper."

The corregidor eagerly opened it, and read these words; "the child's name was Dona Constanza de Azevedo y de Menesses; its mother's, Dona Guiomar de Menesses; and its father's, Don Fernando de Azevedo, a knight of Calatrava; it was carried off on Ascension-day, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-five; It had on at the time the trinkets contained in this box."

The moment the corregidor's lady had heard the contents of the paper, she recognised the trinkets; raising them to her lips, she kissed them again and again; and in the excess of her joy, she fell into a swoon. The corregidor hastened to assist her before he had time to ask the gipsy for his daughter; and as soon as she recovered, she said, "Oh my good woman, you are no gipsy, but an angel; where is the owner—I mean the child, to which these things belonged?"

"Where is she!" returned the gipsy; "she is in your own house; that gipsy girl who drew so many tears from your eyes, is the owner of them; and undoubtedly she is your daughter; for I stole her from your house at Madrid, the day and hour mentioned in that paper."

The agitated lady no sooner heard this, than she threw off her cork shoes,

and ran almost breathless into the apartment where she had left Preciosa, whom she found surrounded by her maids, and still weeping. She ran up to her, and without saying anything, hastily unlaced her bosom, to look if she had, under the left breast, a small white mark or mole, with which her infant was born, and she found it very distinctly visible, as her growth had enlarged it; then, with the same celerity, she took off her shoe, discovering a beautifully turned and snowy foot, upon which also she found the mark she sought; which was, that the two last toes of the right foot were joined together in the middle by a small portion of skin, which while she was an infant, they would not cut for fear of giving her pain. The breast, the toes, the trinkets, the date of the theft, the gipsy's confession, and the emotion which the sight of the girl had excited in herself and her husband, firmly convinced the corregidor's lady that Preciosa was her daughter; so taking her up in her arms, she returned with her to the room where she had left her husband and the gipsy woman. Preciosa was amazed, not knowing the reason of this examination of her person, and still more at being carried in the arms of the lady, who kissed her a hundred times on the way.

Dona Guiomar arrived with her precious burden in the presence of her husband, and giving her out of her own arms into those of the corregidor, she said to him; "Here, sir, receive your daughter Constanza, for this is assuredly she; there can be no doubt of it, for I've seen the mark of the toes and that of the breast; and besides, my heart has been telling me so from the moment that my eyes first beheld her."

"I have no doubt of it," answered the corregidor, holding Preciosa in his arms, "for my own sensations have been the same as yours;—besides, how otherwise could so many particulars correspond, except by miracle?"

Chapter VIII.

"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it."—*Winter's Tale.*

All the household were in astonishment, asking one another what all this could mean, and each guessing very far from the truth; for how, indeed, should they imagine that the gipsy girl was the daughter of their master and mistress?

The corregidor told his lady, his daughter, and the old gipsy, that he desired that the matter should remain secret until he himself should disclose it. He also told the old woman that he pardoned her the offence she had committed in robbing him of his dear child, since her having now restored her deserved even a greater recompense; and he was only sorry that, knowing as she did the birth of Preciosa, she should have betrothed her to a gipsy; and yet more, to a thief and a murderer.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed Preciosa, "he is neither a gipsy nor a thief; and if he has taken life, it was from one who attacked his honour, and he could not do otherwise than shew his real blood, and kill him."

"What do you mean by his not being a gipsy, my dear?" said Dona Guiomar.

Here the old gipsy related as briefly as she could the story of Senor Andres; that he was the son of Don Francisco de Carcamo, a knight of Santiago, and that his name was Don Juan de Carcamo, knight of the same order; that she had in her possession the dress which he had changed for that of a gipsy; she also related the agreement which had been made between Preciosa and Don Juan, to make a trial of two years before they decided whether they should be married or not; she spoke of the propriety with which they had both conducted themselves, and of the agreeable temper of Don Juan. This excited their wonder as much as the recovery of their daughter, and the corregidor ordered the gipsy to go and fetch Don Juan's dress which she had mentioned; she did so, and returned, with one of the gipsy men carrying the dress.

While she was absent, Preciosa's parents asked her a thousand questions, which she answered with such grace and good sense as would have made them love her, even had they not known her to be their daughter; they asked her if she had any partiality for Don Juan? She answered, no more than that she felt obliged to be grateful to him who had humbled himself to be a gipsy for her sake, but that her gratitude should extend no further than was conformable to the pleasure of her parents.

"Say no more, Preciosa, my child," said her father ("for this name of Preciosa I would have thee keep in memory of thy loss and of thy recovery); for I, as thy father, undertake to find for thee an establishment which shall not disgrace thy birth."

Preciosa sighed at hearing this; which her mother had the sagacity to attribute to her being in love with Don Juan; she said to her husband, "Sir, since Don Juan de Carcamo is of such good quality, and is so fond of our daughter, it would not be amiss for us to give her to him in marriage."

To which he answered, "We have but found her to-day, and would you have us lose her so soon? pray let us enjoy her presence for a little while; for when she is married, she will not be ours, but her husband's."

"You are right, sir," said the lady, "but give orders for Don Juan's liberation; for he must be lying in some dungeon."

"He must so," said Preciosa; "for to a thief, a murderer, and above all, a gipsy, they will not have given a better lodging."

"I will go and see him, as if I were going to take his confession," returned the corregidor; "and again I charge you, madam, that no one be acquainted with this story until I choose them to be so;" and embracing Preciosa, he immediately set off to the prison.

He entered the dungeon in which Don Juan was confined, but would not take any one in with him: he found him with his feet in a *cepo*, a kind of moveable stocks, with the manacles on his hands, and with the *pie de amigo* still fixed under his chin; the place was dark, but the corregidor had a sort of small sky-light opened above, which admitted a very faint light; and as soon as he saw him, he said;

"How do you find yourself, worthy sir? Oh! that I had all the gipsies in Spain in a string, that I might make an end of them in one day, as Nero would have done with the Romans! Be it known to you, most excellent thief, that I am the corregidor of this city, and am come to learn, between ourselves, whether it be true that a certain gipsy-girl who came along with you is your wife."

On hearing this, Andres imagined that the corregidor had fallen in love with Preciosa; of so subtle a nature is jealousy; however, he replied, "If she has said that I am her husband, it is quite true; and if she has said that I am not her husband, she still tells the truth; for it is not possible that Preciosa should tell a falsehood."

"Is she so careful of telling the truth?" returned the corregidor; "that is no small thing indeed for a gipsy. Well, my boy, she has told me that she is your wife, but that she has not yet given you her hand. She has learned that your crime is such that you must die for it, and she has asked me to marry her to you before your death, in order that she may have the honour of being the widow of so distinguished a thief."

"Then, senor corregidor, I pray that you will do so, since she solicits it; for if I be but married to her, I shall go contented to the other world, after being made hers in this."

"You must be very fond of her?" said the corregidor.

"So much so," answered the prisoner, "that it is beyond all expression. Indeed, senor corregidor, let my case be terminated at once. I killed the man who would have deprived me of my honour; I adore this gipsy-girl; I shall die contented if I die in her favour; and I know that we shall not be without that of heaven, since we shall both of us have kept faithfully and punctually the promise which we made to each other."

"Then," said the corregidor, "I shall send for you to-night to my house, and there marry you to Preciosa; and by noon to-morrow you shall be on the gallows. I shall then have satisfied the demands of justice, and fulfilled the wishes of both of you." Andres thanked him, and the corregidor returned home to his lady, and told her what had passed between him and Don Juan, and other things which he intended to do.

In his absence, Preciosa had related to her mother the whole course of her life, and that she had always believed herself to be a gipsy and the granddaughter of that old woman; but that she had always had more self-respect than could be expected in a gipsy. Her mother desired her to tell her whether she really loved Don Juan de Carcamo; she answered, with down-cast eyes, that, having considered herself a gipsy, and that she should better her fortune by marrying a young gentleman of rank like Don Juan de Carcamo; having also experienced his good disposition and delicate attentions, she had regarded him with some affection; but that, as she had already said, she entirely submitted her will to theirs."

The night came; and when it was almost ten o'clock, they brought Andres from his prison, without the manacles and the *pie de amigo*, but with a great chain wrapped round him from head to foot. He arrived in this manner without being seen by any one but those who

brought him to the corregidor's house, where they took him silently and secretly into an apartment, in which they left him alone. In a little while, a clergyman came to him, and told him to confess himself, for he was to die the next day.

To which Andres replied, "I am very willing to confess myself, but why don't they marry me first?—and if I am to be married, the bride-bed which awaits me is certainly a very hard one."

Dona Guiomar, who knew what was going on, told her husband, that she feared he was going too great lengths with Don Juan, and requested him to moderate the rigour of this trial, lest it should have some fatal consequence. The corregidor thought this advice was good; and so he went and called away the priest, who was confessing him, saying that the gipsy was first to be married to Preciosa, the gipsy-girl, and that he should confess himself afterwards: he desired him to commend himself to God with all his heart, as he often showered his mercies at the time when the fountain of hope seemed to be dried up.

Andres was accordingly led out into a *sala*, or drawing-room, where there were only Dona Guiomar, the corregidor, Preciosa, and two men servants. But when Preciosa, who was standing beside her mother, saw Don Juan in his heavy chains, his face pale, and with the traces of weeping upon it, her heart failed her, and she clung to her mother's arm, who, embracing her, said, "Be of good cheer, my dear, for all that you see is to redound to your pleasure and advantage." But she, not knowing what was about to take place, seemed inconsolable: the old gipsy woman was in great perturbation; and the rest of the by-standers, in breathless expectation, to see how the affair would end. The corregidor said, "Master curate, this gipsy and this girl are the couple whom your reverence has to marry."

"That," said the clergyman, "I cannot do, without the necessary preliminaries being first gone through. Where have the banns been published? Or where is the license from my superior?"

"The inadvertence has been mine," answered the corregidor; "but I will procure the vicar's license."

"Then, until I see it," rejoined the curate, "these good people must excuse me." And without staying to hear another word, for fear that any scandal should be given, he quitted the house, and left them all confused.

"The reverend father has done right," said the corregidor, as soon as he was gone; "and peradventure this may be a providence of heaven to defer the execution of Andres, as he must at all events be married to Preciosa, and before that can take place, the banns must be published,—and time will thus be given, which may possibly bring this unhappy affair to a happy end."

He did, however, desire to know from Andres, whether, should his fortune take such a turn as to make him the husband of Preciosa without those dismal circumstances, he should consider himself happy in being so, either as Senor Andres, or as Don Juan de Carcamo.

As soon as Don Juan heard himself called by his name, he said, "Since Preciosa has not thought proper to confine herself within the bounds of secresy, but has discovered who I am, I will declare, that could I be raised at this moment to the empire of the world, I should still consider this union so blissful, that it would satisfy all my desires on this side the grave."

"Then," resumed the corregidor, "for this good resolution which you have shewn, Don Juan de Carcamo, I will so order it, that, in due time, Preciosa shall be your lawful consort;—meanwhile I give her to you in anticipation, as the richest treasure I possess, which you must value as highly as you say, for in her I give you Dona Constanza de Menesses, my only daughter, who, if she equals you in love, is not beneath you in birth."

Andres was in utter astonishment at seeing this friendship shewn him, but Dona Guiomar explained it by briefly stating to him the loss and recovery of her daughter, and the indubitable marks by which she was identified; all which excited new surprise and wonder in Don Juan, rejoicing him at the same time beyond measure: he embraced his father and mother-in-law, calling them his parents, and kissed the hand of Preciosa, as she presented it to him with tears.

The affair was now no longer kept secret; the news of it was soon spread by the servants who were present, and coming to the ears of the alcalde, the uncle of the dead man, he saw that his revenge was disappointed, as, independently of the particular circumstances of the case, he well knew that, according to the rules of Spanish justice, the rigour of the law could not be executed upon the son-in-law of the corregidor. Don Juan put on his travelling dress, which

the old gipsy had brought; and his imprisonment and chains of iron were changed for liberty and chains of gold. The sadness of the imprisoned gipsies was turned into joy, for the next day they were liberated on bail. The dead man's uncle accepted a promise of two thousand ducats to desist from the prosecution of Don Juan, who, not forgetting his comrade Clemente, sent in search of him; but he was not to be found, nor was anything to be heard of him until four days after, when it was known for certain that he had embarked for Genoa in one of the galleys lying at Carthagena.

The corregidor told Don Juan that he had certain intelligence that his father, Don Francisco de Carcamo, was appointed corregidor of that city, and it would not be amiss to wait for his arrival, in order that the nuptials might be celebrated with his consent. Don Juan said that he would do whatever else he should desire, but that first of all he must be married to Preciosa. The archbishop granted a license for the marriage to take place with one publication only. The citizens, with whom the corregidor was very popular, kept holiday on the occasion, and celebrated the wedding-day with bull-fights, cane-throwing, and illuminations. The old gipsy woman was allowed to remain in the house, as she would not leave her grand-daughter Preciosa.

The story of the gipsy girl and her marriage reached the capital; Don Francisco de Carcamo learned that the gipsy was his son, and that Preciosa was the gipsy girl whom he had seen, whose beauty, in his eyes, excused his son's misconduct (whom he had considered as lost, having learned that he had not gone to Flanders), and the more so, as his marriage with the daughter of a person of such wealth and consequence as Don Fernando de Azevedo, was a sufficiently advantageous match. Being eager to see his son and his daughter-in-law, he hastened his departure, and within twenty days arrived at Murcia; when the rejoicings were renewed, the marriage-feast was held, the history of the young couple was again related, and the poets of that city, which, says Cervantes, possessed several good ones, undertook to celebrate the extraordinary occurrence, together with the incomparable beauty of the gipsy girl; "and so well," adds our author, "did the famous licentiate Pozo treat the subject, that in his verses the fame of Preciosa will endure for ever and ever."

We had nearly forgotten to inform the reader, that the enamoured daughter of the landlady declared to the magistrates the falsehood of the charge which had been brought against Andres the gipsy, confessing her passion and her crime, for which no punishment was inflicted, because, in the general joy for the discovery and union of Don Juan and Dona Constanza, vengeance was disarmed, and mercy prevailed.

CONVERSATIONAL INTERCOURSE.

What makes those men, who associate habitually with women, superior to others? What makes that woman, who is accustomed to, and at ease in the company of men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved, for their colloquial powers? Solely because they are in the habit of a free, graceful, and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation, in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is interchanged continually. Their asperities are rubbed off; their better materials polished and brightened; and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of our character are laid aside, like the harshness of a warrior in the time of peace and security.

NOVEL EFFECTS OF REFLECTION.

A gentleman had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes, (Ardea pavonina) one of which at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large looking glass into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image, than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and shewed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely, the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, at length dying from an accidental injury.

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LEGENDS OF THE WARDS OF LONDON.

(For the Parterre).

No. I.

THE MERCER'S WIFE:

A LEGEND OF THE WARD OF CRIPPLEGATE WITHIN.

Chapter I.

THE TRANSMUTATION.

He who has looked into Stow or any other writer on the antiquities of London (if he be a Cockney, we will not suppose it possible that he has not), will learn that in days of yore, Bucklersbury was inhabited by dealers in drugs and simples. But, like all the other localities of the great metropolis, it has changed its aspect, and all trades exist or thrive where herbs and "'pothecaries' stuff" once wasted their fragrance. 'Tis true that one warehouse of this description still remains (we know not whether it has descended from father to son since Stow wrote), at the corner of Barge Yard; but there is no other establishment of the kind, that we know of, in this neighbourhood. Bucklersbury is now noted for its eating-houses, which are, we believe, superior to any of the kind in London. There is also a coffee house y'cleped the *Imperial*, where, with every comfort, a luncheon, a dinner, or a cup of tea, may be obtained "upon the most reasonable terms," and in a style of neatness, not to say luxury, at which our forefathers would have marvelled. What would not have "glorious John," who, we are told, dined at a threepenny ordinary, said of and felt at such a place as this! Even "honest Ben" might have felt more at his ease, and left us fewer of his fancies. We have always been friends to these establishments, first, because they afford rest and refreshment at a very reasonable rate to those whose avocations compel them to spend the greater part of the day in the city; and secondly, because they have taught young men to be content with a cup of wholesome coffee and the magazines and newspapers, instead of seeking excitement in the bottle. Though our nature is social, essentially social, we abhor drunkenness from our

very soul, and therefore we say, long live those establishments where the cup may be had that "comforteth the braine and helpeth digestion."*

But (lest the reader should imagine that, like George Morland who painted out his ale-house scores, we have run up a score at the Imperial, and are writing a puff for the proprietor, to get ourselves out of the debt), we must leave *modern* Bucklersbury with its eating-houses and its other attractions, and tell the friends of the *Parterre* something about it "ages agone."

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, there stood in Bucklersbury, a few doors from the end of Walbrook, an ancient house, with an ornamented gable, surmounted by a weathercock. Its upper stories jutted over the footpath, and its windows on the ground-floor were well defended by stout iron bars. Besides these precautions of the occupant, the shutters were always kept closed and barred, and the door was upon all occasions first opened with a chain attached to it, in order that the visitor, if an unwelcome one, might be excluded if desirable or expedient. Here dwelt Moses Lyons, a remnant of the scattered tribe of Israel. Why he was suffered to dwell there, was perhaps best known to some of the aldermen and spendthrifts of that day. At any rate, he was permitted to take up his abode in Bucklersbury, instead of among the people of his own nation, in the quarter allotted to the Jews in London. Moses had all the rapacity and cunning of his tribe; but could now and then do a kind act even to those whose religion he disdained, and who held him in detestation and abhorrence.

At the close of a fine summer's day, while the bells were ringing for evensong, a youth of slender frame, clad like a page of that period, with a hood of purple velvet, and a jerkin of the same colour, hose of murrey-coloured serge, and long piked shoes, came tripping down Bucklersbury, flourishing his light staff, and affecting the air coxcombical. From the embroidered belt with which he was girded, hung a short broad weapon resembling a wood-knife, and underneath the belt was stuffed a small elongated bag, the two ends of which seemed loaded with something which was certainly heavy, if it was not valuable. The youth proceeded direct to the house of Moses Lyons, and rapped with his staff on the door. The summons was not heeded, for Moses was often annoyed by "runaway knocks" from the 'prentices and idle boys in that neighbourhood. The knocking was repeated again and again, and at length a small wicket was opened in the huge door, and a visage appeared of such surpassing and disgusting ugliness, such a libel on the human face divine, that the young man recoiled before it. It was Rachael, the Jew's housekeeper.

"What want ye?" queried the beldame, in a tone that was any thing but inviting.

"Thy master," was the laconic reply.

"What would ye have with him this evening? he hath gone to his bed, and will not be disturbed."

"Humph!" said the youth, tapping nervously with his heel on the ground, "that's unlucky, mine ancient portress; but say I *have a pawn*, a jewel of price."

Instantly the hideous face disappeared, the huge chain which helped to secure the door was heard to fall, and sundry bolts creaked and groaned. Immediately after, the door opened slowly, and the page entered, the bolts and chain being again put in requisition, as it closed upon him.

Hobbling along the gloomy passage, and beckoning the page to follow her, old Rachael bade him wait for a moment at the door of a room which she entered. A moment after, he was ushered into the presence of Moses the usurer, who, seated at a table, was busily employed in making entries in a large account book with huge brass clasps.

"Well, what ish it you want thish late hour," inquired the usurer, eyeing the page with a scrutinizing glance.

"I want money, Moses," said the youth, with an embarrassed look, "and men say you have plenty—that a legion of angels are at your bidding."

"The world ish fond of falsehoods, young man. I am not rich: I am old and poor; but what have you got in that leetle bag?"

The page drew forth the bag from under his girdle, and emptied its contens upon the table—sundry costly rings, a gold chain, a rich carcanet of jewels, and a clasp set with large rubies.

"I would fain exchange these baubles for coin," said he.

The Jew's eyes were instantly fixed on these articles of *bijouterie*, and counting them over, he asked his visiter whether he wished to pledge or dispose of them at once.

"Give me what thou canst for them,"

* Lord Bacon.

said the page, "my master hath no farther need of them: he needs the current coin."

"What monies does he want for them?" inquired the old fellow, with the characteristic caution of his race.

"Fifty gold nobles," replied the page.

"Fifty gold noblesh!" echoed the Jew with feigned surprise, though he well knew the articles before him were worth half as much again, "your master ish mad, young mans."

"Very likely," observed the page dryly; "but he wants fifty nobles for those ornaments, nevertheless."

"But I cannot give such a sum."

"Then I can try some Christian, who hath a conscience," and the youth began to gather up the different objects, and deposit them again in his bag.

"I will give forty-five nobles," said Moses, "and a basilard of fine almain work for thyself, to boot."

The Jew thought this last offer would be *a clencher*—he had often used the same means with the servants and retainers of those who had stood in the like need, and he was therefore rather surprised to find that he had not gained his point in this instance. But he had little time to marvel at the youth's honesty, and seeing him deposit the last article in the bag, he hastily took from an iron chest a bag of gold, and began to fumble with the string with which it was tied, muttering to himself all the while, "Feefty noblesh! feefty noblesh! it ish a ransom for an earl."

The page watched him closely, as he counted out the broad pieces, and observed with a smile that he had only given forty-eight.

"Ah! plesh my shoul," exclaimed the Israelite, drawing forth two more pieces, and adding them to the heap, "I am getting old, my eyesh are bad, young man."

"They will prove a measuring cast with thy conscience, Moses," said the youth; and placing the nobles in his bag, he tucked it under his girdle and departed.

Chapter II.

THE RENCONTRE.

The page, on regaining the street, heard the bolts and bars again creaking under the hand of the Jew's housekeeper, who never wished him good even, but seemed rather to rejoice that her master had dispatched him so promptly. He bounded up Bucklersbury with a light step, and was just passing into the Chepe, when the narrow entrance of the street was darkened by a figure at which the page "startled like a guilty thing." It was now twilight, but he quickly recognised the features of the sober-clad citizen who was advancing towards him. To a casual passenger the tremor which shook the young man's frame might appear like a fit, and so indeed it was; but not one of the ordinary kind. His heightened colour changed to ashy paleness; his knees smote each other, and supporting himself on his light staff, he seemed to gasp for breath.

"Hey dey!" cried the sober-looking, and gravely-clad citizen, advancing towards the trembling figure, whom his presence had so much alarmed. "You are ill, young sir! prithee take my arm for awhile, and move into the Chepe, where the air is fresher."

The page hurriedly pulled his hood over his face and spoke not, but he waved his hand and shook his head, in a manner that indicated his unwillingness to accept the offer of assistance.

"What! you refuse to take the arm of an honest citizen! thy betters have leant upon it ere now, young man."

Still the youth remained silent, and with his head averted. The citizen smiled bitterly, and again addressed him.

"Why, what ails thee, young man? does my presence offend? I wot not that there was aught terrible in Matthew Fitz-Arnold—prithee throw off thy hood, and this fit will leave thee in a trice."

As he spoke, he laid one hand on the youth's shoulder, and with the other made an attempt to unclasp his hood; but the page, evidently alarmed at his pertinacity, freed himself in an instant, and laid his hand on his dagger. Master Arnold, apparently startled at this demonstration, recoiled from the object of his attentions, and at the same moment a voice saluted him in no very courteous accents.

"How now, gaffer! what has the youth done to offend thee?"

The citizen turned, and beheld the person who had accosted him—a tall, elegant figure gaily apparelled, and girt with a handsome broad belt sustaining a sword and dagger. The half hood which he wore was of scarlet richly embroidered, and set off the dark locks which clustered about his temples. His complexion was pale, but his eye was bright and piercing; and a beautifully formed aquiline nose—a rare feature in

an English face—contributed dignity to a countenance, which many a city dame had considered passing comely. Sir Mark Courtenay was, in fact, the handsomest man within the city gates, and it must also be said to his shame that he was the most vicious. He had wasted a princely fortune in riot and debauchery, and had for sometime been living, to use a modern phrase, "on his wits;" which is as much as to say, in a manner no one knew precisely how. Wealthy men of rank had long since discarded him; and the citizens, with few exceptions, were ill-inclined to brook his haughty temper; but enough of Sir Mark and his qualities for the present. The citizen whom he had addressed so rudely, was not a man to be bullied; he had in his youth been a soldier, and was a man of stalwart frame and tried courage: he replied to the uncivil words which had been addressed to him in a manner that indicated something more than mere indignation.

"Ho! good Sir Poppinjay! dost thou set thy feathers at me?"

Ay, Sir Mercer!" was the reply; "'gainst thee or thine—let the boy pass; what has he done to merit thy rudeness?"

"He is a graceless gangrel," said the citizen, grinding his teeth with rage; "and thou—art an ass, and I will crop thy ears if thou art malapert."

The knight laughed aloud, but it was a forced laugh, and his left hand mechanically clutched the scabbard of his sword, as if to prepare for an encounter, which he saw was inevitable.

"Ha! by the mass!" cried he, "thou art mad, sir mercer. Ass though I be, I will not be ridden by a cuckoldy lout like thyself. What the good day, are we to —"

The remainder of his speech was cut short by the violent gestures of Master Fitz-Arnold, whose rage seemed to have reached its climax, at this last epithet. His gray eyes flashed fiercely on the gallant who had uttered it, and then on the page, who stood a mute, though by no means unconcerned spectator of the brawl. At length his ire found vent in a torrent of incoherent abuse, which he crowned by spitting in Courtenay's handsome face. This was enough: swords were unsheathed in an instant, and several ineffectual blows were exchanged. The weapons clashed sharply, and the page uttered a cry of alarm. Suddenly, several citizens who had been attracted to the spot by the noise of fighting, entered Bucklersbury; and the foremost of them, unsheathing his sword, struck in between the combatants, and prevented further mischief.

"Unhand me, and let me cut the dog's throat," cried Fitz-Arnold, who, foaming and struggling in the grasp of his friend and neighbour Peter Neave, of the West Cheap, seemed by no means pleased with this interruption. "Unhand me, I say — I would slay my brother for that vile word;" but his friend held him fast, while Courtenay, who had been released from the hands of the others upon a promise that he would not renew the combat, sheathed his sword and adjusted his apparel.

"We shall meet again," said he, in a calm tone, to his antagonist.

"The blessed Virgin grant me that boon!" cried the mercer, "and if I don't humble thy saucy crest, I pray heaven mine may be for ever laid low."

The knight uttered not a word in reply, but making a very significant and provoking gesture to the enraged citizen, he turned on his heel and walked leisurely down Bucklersbury.

Chapter III.

THE DISCLOSURE.

The crowd which had been drawn together by the scuffle described in the previous chapter, quickly dispersed, and Master Neave led his friend and gossip into the Chepe, anxious to know the cause of the quarrel. It should be mentioned that, in the height of the tumult, the page had decamped no one knew whither. Master Fitz-Arnold replied to his friend's questions by monosyllables only; but when Neave stopped at his own door, he readily accepted an invitation to supper.

Neave was a rigid bachelor, but a good-hearted fellow, and as the two friends sat at supper, it was evident that some secret grief gnawed the heart of Matthew Fitz-Arnold: he ate not, spoke not, but sighed incessantly. At length Neave pushed his trencher from before him, and looking inquiringly in the face of his friend, thus addressed him:—

"Matthew Fitz-Arnold, my honoured friend, what mean these meagrims? you sigh like a lover, though more vehemently, but you have passed the age for such follies, and art, besides, wedded to a woman whom most men account exceeding fair—you have ——"

Here Neave's address was suddenly

stopped; he observed that Fitz-Arnold's lip quivered, and that he had touched unwittingly upon a disagreeable subject; but ere he could change the theme, the mercer burst into tears and sobbed like a school-boy.

The tears of bearded men are of all others the most distressing. The sorrow and the tears of infancy are transient, and those of women are but as the heat drops of a summer's day—soon dried and soon forgotten. Far different are those which relieve, while they convulse the proud and unyielding heart of man. So thought Peter Neave; and as he witnessed his friend's grief, the tears stood in his own eyes. Neave's astonishment, however, was fully as great as his sympathy.

"Why, neighbour Fitz Arnold! why my honoured friend and gossip!" cried he, "what means this fit? I never saw a tear in thy eye before."

The mercer responded by a deep and long drawn sigh. "Neave," said he, "I am the most wretched of men!"

"Nay, nay, friend Matthew, you rave—this is but a fantasy—some witch hath charmed ye."

"Ay, witch indeed!" screamed the mercer, starting up, and pacing hurriedly to and fro. "Wicked and wanton, as she is fair and winning! Peter Neave, I was once happy, and had a virtuous wife—I am now—(he crashed a bitter oath) what that vile coxcomb styled me; and you, you Neave, stepped between me and mine enemy."

"I thought it a common street brawl, and you know well that these poppinjays are always favoured, let the quarrel end as it may," remarked Neave, in a tone which shewed that he was not pleased at the reflection. "Sam Basing was fined three merks for ruffling with one of these gentry last Shrovetide, and lost his thumb to boot."

"I would have given a hundred merks," cried Fitz-Arnold, "to have cleft the knave to the chine; but we shall meet yet. Neave, Neave, thank the saints thou art a bachelor."

Here Fitz-Arnold grasped his friend's arm tightly, and his voice fell until it reached a scarcely audible whisper,

"Saw ye a boy in the crowd to night?" he asked.

"Ay, gossip," he had a purple hood; a fair stripling, with a lady face; at least so it seemed to me; but there was little light, ye wot."

"Whither did he fly?"

"Of a truth I cannot tell: I took no special note of him."—

"That boy—that page *was a woman!*" said the mercer, vehemently.

Neave gave a prolonged whe—w! and muttered something about the city being scandalized by such doings.

"Thou hast more to marvel at," said the mercer; "*that woman was thy friend's wife—was Isabel Fitz-Arnold!*"

Neave looked awfully blank at this strange announcement; but recovering from the surprise which it had occasioned him, he ejaculated, "It cannot be, gossip; thou art dreaming."

"Would to God it were so," exclaimed Fitz-Arnold, as his eyes again swam with tears; "prove to me that it is a cheat upon my senses, and I will, wealthy though I be, exchange all I possess for a pedlar's pack, and a light heart; but no, no, no, 't is too true, Neave; all I have heard is confirmed. Yet, beshrew me if I'm not ashamed of these tears for the loss of one so worthless. *Revenge* is still left me, and revenge I will have, though I die in achieving it."

"I would fain believe that thou art deceived," said the goldsmith. "You will bring the gallant who has done you this shame before the mayor?"

"No, Neave," said the mercer, in a cool determined tone, brushing away with the sleeve of his doublet the tear that still lingered on his cheek, "I will not proclaim my shame at Cross or Conduit; I will meet the villain who has robbed me of that I valued most, and carve my vengeance on his brazen front, or meet the death I now covet—I am resolved. Hearken:—I have learnt all from my wife's maid.—My good name is dishonoured, and my valuables converted to the use of that vile felon. This day—this very evening—my graceless partner, in the disguise of a page, pledged with a Jew in Bucklersbury, sundry trinkets, which I valued highly. Her Leman, who dared not be the bearer of them, hovered about the neighbourhood—oh that the crafty rogue had conveyed them thither himself!—Well, mark: I met the wife of my bosom in that unseemly garb—she quailed like the partridge when the hawk hangs in the air—but I feigned not to know her.—A grievous fit o'ertook her, and I proffered my arm, when, on the instant, up came my enemy—thou knowest the rest."

"Nothing" observes Lord Bacon, "openeth the heart like a true friend. Fitz-Arnold thus unburdened himself of the grievous load that had oppressed him for some days past. Neave endeavoured to console him; but like Rachael,

he refused to be comforted, and shortly quitted his friend's house, with reiterated vows of vengeance on the author of his unhappiness.

Chapter IV.

THE DOUBLE TRIAL.

While Fitz-Arnold sat with his friend, his guilty partner, in the belief that her disguise was impenetrable, hurried through the streets in an agony of grief and shame; but she had gone too far to abandon the designs she meditated, and trusted to her reaching home before her husband. This she accomplished. A small door at the rear of a goodly house in Aldermanbury, hastily opened with a key which she drew from her bosom, and Isabel Fitz-Arnold reached her chamber unperceived by all in the house, except her maid, who was instantly in attendance.

"Oh Madge," said the dame, throwing herself into a large arm chair, and gasping for breath—"*I have seen my husband!*"

She unclasped her hood, and drawing it from her head, her long dark tresses descended over her shoulders, while her flushed cheek and dilated eye, told how fierce a storm agitated her heaving bosom. Fatigue, fright, and uncertainty as to the fate of those she had left engaged in mortal combat, combined to complete her bewilderment.

"Be calm madam," said the damsel, "prithee be calm, and shift this strange gear—my master will return anon."

Calm didst thou say, wench—'t is impossible! *he may not return again.* I left him blade to blade, and foot to foot with Courtenay; oh that I could know the issue of the brawl. He may be slain—Courtenay may be slain—and I—I, Madge, am wretched, though safe and beyond suspicion." She shed a torrent of scalding tears, and then, as if relieved by them, began deliberately to divest herself of the unseemly garb she had assumed.

Like all tale tellers, when they bring their characters into a scrape, we are here compelled to say, that we must leave much to the imagination of our readers, who will therefore be pleased to picture to themselves, according to their several fancies, the lamentable situation of Mistress Fitz-Arnold. She had forfeited for ever her good name, and spurned the affection of a worthy man, for a worthless coxcomb, whose only recommendation was a pleasing address, and a handsome figure. She was now beginning to feel the effects of her folly and wickedness. To think on the probable issue of the combat, the death of either of the combatants, was madness. Should Courtenay fall, she would then be bereft of the man for whom she had sacrificed every consideration. On the contrary, should her husband be overpowered by his more youthful adversary, she would, though unwittingly, be implicated in his destruction. Her uncertainty in this respect was, however, soon relieved; she had scarcely assumed her appropriate attire, when the noise of Fitz-Arnold's arrival caused her heart to leap within her bosom—*Courtenay must then have fallen!* She descended to meet her husband in a small room below, where supper had been laid.

The mercer sat in his large carved high-backed arm chair, and though his look was calm, the nervous tapping of his foot on the oak floor was not unobserved by his wife. He raised his head on her entrance, and his rigid features assumed a look of stern severity. The lady attempted to speak, but her tongue refused to articulate, and she sunk into a chair.

"How now, mistress!" cried Fitz-Arnold, "what ails you?"

"I am faint, sweetheart," said the guilty wife, as her pale face gradually assumed a still more pallid hue: agony had stiffened her usually bright and handsome features into the rigidity of marble, and the heart of Fitz-Arnold, much as she had caused him to suffer, almost relented when he saw the awful change in that lovely countenance: her eyes became fixed and glassy, and her very lips,—those bright pouting lips, which but three years agone had pronounced the vow of eternal love and constancy, became blue, like those of a corpse.

"She believes her Leman dead," thought the mercer—"'t is *for him* she feels—I will torment her yet;" and the spark of compassion, which had been kindled for a moment in his bosom, was quenched for ever by that bitter reflection.

Meanwhile, his wretched wife, making an effort to recover her composure, endeavoured to divert attention from herself.

"Husband, dear husband," said she, "you seem ill at ease."

"I am," said the mercer, with bitter emphasis.

"You are chafed and weary?"

"I am."

"Who has angered you?"

Here mistress Fitz-Arnold rising from her seat, advanced, and laid her small white trembling hand upon her husband's shoulder.

"I have had a ruffle with a stranger in Bucklersbury," said the mercer.

"Holy mother! and you are hurt?"

"No, i' faith; *I* am returned scathless; but it is not so with mine adversary."

"Hast thou slain him then?" she inquired with startling earnestness.

"I believe so," replied Fitz-Arnold, raising his head.

Scarcely, however, had he uttered the words, when his wife fell heavily at his feet, as if struck by lightning.

"What ho! Madge! Walter! Sam! help!—your mistress is dead!" shouted the mercer, snatching up the senseless form of his wife from the floor, and violently ringing a bell which stood on the table. His two apprentices and the maid rushed into the room in alarm, and while they endeavoured to revive their mistress, the citizen paced hurriedly up and down the apartment, a prey to a thousand conflicting feelings. Isabel Fitz-Arnold was borne to her chamber in a state of utter insensibility, from which she did not recover until several hours afterwards.

Chapter V.

THE FLIGHT.

Matthew Fitz-Arnold was not naturally an unfeeling man, but insult had steeled his heart: he felt that he had received an injury beyond reparation: his domestic peace had been invaded, and his wife's affections for ever estranged from him: he dreaded the ridicule of the fool and the knave: he knew his fellow-citizens would flout him when his shame was published to the world; yet all this was but light, when he thought on the effect which his feigned tale of Courtenay's death had produced upon his guilty partner—that thought seared his brain, and rendered him insensible to remorse or pity. Like all peaceably-disposed men, when once roused, he was difficult to appease; and if his rage did not at once burst upon his wife, it was only because he meditated some deep and direful plan of vengeance. Isabel Fitz-Arnold had yet to learn that her husband knew of her infidelity; she trusted to her maid, who, however, by threats and promises of reward, had been induced to disclose every thing. Every act of her mistress was duly noted and related to the mercer, who waited only for an opportunity to crush his enemy.

A calm bright evening had succeeded a warm sultry day, and the sun, still lingering above the horizon, glared on the housetops and weathercocks of the little town of Acton. The roaring of the smith's forge in the High-street had ceased, and the begrimed Cyclop himself was standing at the door of his smithy, conversing with one or two of his neighbours. The subject of their gossip is not recorded, but doubtless it partook of the same character with that of such confabulations at the present day. The *conversazione* was for a moment interrupted by the passing of some strangers, whom we must pause to describe. Side by side rode a man of handsome and gallant aspect, and a lady, whose face, half hidden as it was by her wimple and gorget, yet shewed a pair of eyes of surpassing brightness. Behind them, on a rather spare-looking horse, rode a boy with a saucy-looking face, shaded by a profusion of long light hair: he had charge of a large leathern bag, or valise, which was strapped to the saddle, and he stared impudently at the towns-people, and leered at the windows as he passed along. The travellers did not halt in the town, but seemed rather anxious to proceed onward; yet their transit was not unobserved.

"They are a gallant couple," said the smith.

"I'll venture a pottle they're runaways," observed his neighbour, the baker; "did ye mark the lady's downcast look as she rode along, and how proudly the man of her choice bore himself."

"Ay, marry," rejoined the smith; "a man may well be proud when he has such a sweet face to travel by's side—God speed them, say I."

"Amen, goodman smith," said the town crier, as he joined the group. "Amen, say I, an' they be honest; but what if the dame be another man's wife, eh, gossip?"

"Go to, Sam," said the baker; "with thy fardel of suspicions—heaven help thee, when thou art married: an' I were a woman, I would not be thy wife to 'scape purgatory."

"Wert thou my wife, I would discipline thee with a hazel rod," said the crier; "I would make thee serve me on

thy knee, and thou should'st always style me"——

"*Ass!*" cried the baker; and there was a loud laugh at the interpolation.

"Ware the ass's hoofs," muttered the functionary. "Wert thou my wife, I say, I would make thee as tame and gentle as a pet lamb, under my discipline. Thou should'st stand at my chair back while I fed, and should'st provide me with"——

"A pair of noble antlers!" again interrupted the baker, when the deep voice of the smith chimed in.

"Peace, gossips," said he, "this is idle pastime — I marvel who those travellers may be; but here comes old Thomas the sexton: I saw him peering at them as they passed the church yard. Ho! master Thomas, thou art death's chamberlain, but thou hast a shrewd knowledge of the living. What think'st thou of those travellers who passed scarce half an hour hence?"

"Think," replied the old man, his grey eyes twinkling beneath the tufts of white hair which overshadowed them, "think, why that they be *runaways!*"

"I could ha' sworn it!" cried the baker; "the lady's eyes were cast downward, and she raised them but once to look upon her companion."

"She was passing fair," continued the sexton, "and the gallant was a proper man, and comely to look upon; but the boy who followed, would become the gallows well; 'Thy garden is full of weeds, old sir,' cried he, as he saw me digging in the church yard, 'thy labour is ill bestowed.' 'Heaven send thee a coverlid of grass, young coistrel, when thy race is run,' quoth I, at which he grinned like a babion."

"It was a saucy-looking urchin, truly," said the smith: "if the proverb be true, 'like master like man,' he follows a bold spirit; but who have we here?"

As the smith spoke, a cloud of dust was observed at the entrance of the High street, and four horsemen advanced at full speed: they halted before the smithy.

"Good friends," said the leader, who was no other than Matthew Fitz-Arnold, "have any travellers passed through your town since noon tide?"

"Why would ye know, master?" queried the baker; while the smith, who deemed the mercer no less than the runaway lady's father, dived into his shed, muttering something about the cruelty of separating true lovers.

Fitz-Arnold bit his lip with impatience, and wiped the dust and perspiration from his brow.

"I will bestow an Edward noble on any one who can give me intelligence," said he, drawing forth the glittering bait, and holding it up between his thumb and finger; "who speaks?"

The baker looked shyly at the noble; the sexton shrugged his shoulder, and uttered a "Humph!" while the crier leered at the coin in a manner that betrayed his feelings, but he dared not take it while his neighbours stood by; so, like them, he remained mute. At that moment a little urchin who had been playing with a group of children a few doors off, came up, and began to stare at the strangers.

"My pretty boy," said Fitz-Arnold, snatching at the opportunity, "has a lady passed through the town on a sorrel pony?"

"Ay, sir," replied the child, his eye fixed on the gold piece, which the mercer still held between his thumb and finger; "a beautiful lady, and a brave knight with gold spurs, and a gold chain round his neck, and a"——

"Enough! enough!" cried Fitz-Arnold, tossing the noble to the little fellow; "forward Neave, forward boys!" and dashing the spurs into his horse's flanks, he and his companions went thundering through the town.

"They will soon run down their game," said the smith, as he emerged from his retreat. "I grieve for the poor lady. Did ye mark, neighbours, that one of the tall lads who followed that stern-looking man, carried a bow in his hand, and had a sheaf of arrows in his belt."

"There will be a breach o' the king's peace, and, mayhap, murder, ere nightfall," observed the crier.

In the meantime, the mercer and his assistants pursued their way at full speed; and soon came in sight of the fugitives, whom the reader has doubtless recognized. Considering themselves safe at that distance from the city, they were proceeding at a leisure pace along the high road, unconscious of the peril that threatened them. Great, therefore, was the suprise of Courtenay, but greater still his affright, when on turning his head to see who was approaching, he beheld four horsemen advancing at full gallop. One glance sufficed to assure him that the foremost of the pursuers was Matthew Fitz-Arnold. Flight was impossible; and there was death—certain death in the inevitable encounter.

Courtenay leaped from his horse just in time to save the companion of his flight

from falling to the ground. "Dearest Isabel," said he, taking her insensible form in his arms, "I will save thee, or die."

"And die thou shalt," cried Fitz-Arnold, who arrived at the moment, "or I carry a sword of lath."

Courtenay delivered his fair burden into the hands of that saucy-looking boy, whose appearance has been described. She lay in his arms mute and motionless, and the boy placed her with her back against a large elm by the road side, and fanned her face with his cap. The mercer advanced towards his wife, when her seducer interposed.

"Back!" cried he, fiercely; "she shall not be removed, while I live to protect her!"

"Back thyself! base robber!" cried Fitz-Arnold, in a voice of thunder. At that instant Peter Neave grasped the knight by the throat, and he was quickly deprived of his sword and dagger by the two apprentices. Courtenay struggled hard to free himself, but without avail; and the next moment he saw one of the boys remount, and receive from the mercer the drooping form of Isabel Fitz-Arnold: the other 'prentice also remounted, and at the command of their master, they both proceeded at a brisk trot down the road with their charge.

Courtenay again struggled violently, and succeeded in disengaging himself from the grasp of Neave; but he stood unarmed, half choked, and defenceless before his enemy.

"Nay, chafe not," said the mercer, bitterly; "thou shall have back the weapon thou hast dishonoured; I am no common stabber; I murder not thee or thy *reputation*. Take up thy sword, vile disturber of a honest man's peace; take up thy sword, and defend thyself if thou canst!"

He pointed to the unsheathed sword which lay on the ground. The caitiff knight snatched up the weapon: his eye rested for a moment on the receding figures of the two apprentices who were bearing off their mistress, and then fell on the boy who had accompanied him in his flight.

"Ralph," said he, "if I fall, the few things thou hast in those mails are thine own; carry my body to the abbot of Westminster, who will give it decent burial for my mother's sake."

Here his voice faltered, and his lip quivered; but whether his emotion was sincere or feigned, it availed little with his adversary, who in a stern voice bade him defend himself, and advanced upon him with uplifted blade.

The reader will bear in mind, that in those days gentlemen did not "fight by the book of Arithmetic;" that the rapier was then unknown, and that a man was slain or disabled by a slashing blow which cleft his skull, or inflicted a deep gash, instead of receiving a stoccado which pierced through "liver and lungs baith." We laugh at Falstaff's account of his fight, a full hour by Shrewsbury clock, but it should be remembered, that up to the time of Elizabeth, the *buckler* was much in repute; and that, consequently, single combats were often prolonged and kept up with a degree of obstinacy which would surprise our modern duellists. Here, however, the combatants were armed only with their swords, the broad heavy weapons of the period.

Courtenay fought with caution, and parried with great dexterity several of his adversary's strokes; but he was opposed to a man who, though by many years his senior, had not forgotten the athletic exercises of his younger days, nor consumed his strength in riot and dissipation: he fought, too, merely in self defence, while Fitz-Arnold was nerved by a desire of vengeance. Neave stood by, an anxious spectator of the combat: at length the sharp, angry click of the weapons was interrupted by a dull heavy blow, which told that one of them had taken effect: the sword of Fitz-Arnold had descended on the breast of his adversary, laying open his doublet, and inflicting an extended wound, which, but for his gold chain, would have been deep and decisive. The knight stepped back, lowered his weapon, and pressed his hand upon his breast until the blood streamed between his long white fingers.

"Mercer," said he, firmly, though his face was ashy pale, "thou hast drawn my blood—art thou content to let me pass on my way? If I have done thee harm, thou hast requited me."

"Wretch!" cried Fitz-Arnold, in a stern, determined tone, "*I came to slay thee, or be slain;* think not to escape me, thou shame to knighthood! yon bright sun will shine no more on one of us. Robbed of all I held dear, and taunted in mine own city, where my name has long been honoured, I wish not to live but for one purpose—to crush the vile destroyer of my earthly happiness:—villain, defend thyself!"—He rushed upon his bleeding enemy, and their

swords again met with a loud clash; but the die was cast; ere half a dozen blows had been exchanged, Fitz-Arnold's weapon descended on the face of Courtenay, and sent him staggering backwards to the foot of the large elm: he made an effort to recover himself, and raised his sword, but the next moment his head fell on his shoulder, and Fitz-Arnold smote him on the neck with all his might. Courtenay uttered a loud groan, and dropped at his feet. At that moment a shrill cry, which made the mercer and his friend start, was uttered by the boy, who had waited in an agony of suspense a few paces off. The stripling rushed to aid his master, and threw himself upon the quivering body with the wildest exclamations of grief and despair. Fitz-Arnold was touched by this demonstration of the poor boy, and attempted to remove him from the body. "Away with thee!" cried the youth, wildly, "thou hast slain my master."

"He is indeed dead," said Neave, looking on the body, "and here is a troop of lances coming to arrest us." He pointed to several horsemen, who were advancing on the spur towards them. Flight would have been vain, and the mercer and his friend yielded themselves prisoners.

Chapter VI.

It was all but dark, and Lud Gate creaked on its hinges, preparatory to its being closed for the night, when Fitz-Arnold and his friend Neave came galloping up the hill, and upon being recognised as citizens, were immediately admitted by the guard. They had been detained at Acton, during a brief examination; but ample evidence was given, that the combat was fair, and that the provocation which the victor had received was extreme. Even the boy, the faithful but unscrupulous follower of an unworthy master, bore testimony that the fight was maintained according to the established custom of Englishmen, and that the wounds which Courtenay had received, were in the front, and inflicted with the *edge* of his antagonist's weapon.* They stopped not a moment, but held on their way through St. Paul's Churchyard, St. Martin le Grand, and the narrow streets, until they reached Aldermanbury. Fitz-Arnold dismounted in haste, and entering his house, was followed by Neave. His first inquiries were of his wife. She had been brought home in safety, and was in her chamber. Thither he proceeded; it was now time to upbraid her; her seducer was slain, his deadly foe had fallen; but he had vengeance in store for his wife, and that vengeance could be no longer smothered. He drew from his bosom three gold rings, which he had taken from the fingers of the dead Courtenay, to whom they had been presented by his wife. They were strung on a lock of the slain knight's hair, which the mercer had cut off with his dagger, before they were apprehended. He hurried to the chamber, and lifted the latch of the door, which, however, was secured on the inside. He demanded admittance, but no answer was returned.

"Strange!" muttered Fitz-Arnold; "she cannot sleep! Isabel Fitz-Arnold, it is thy husband!"

Still no answer — not the slightest noise met his ear from within. His wife's maid interposed, weeping bitterly, and entreated him to withdraw.

"Begone wench," said he in a terrible tone, "and bid Sam bring me a crome; I'll burst the door, an' she will not come forth."

Neave and the apprentices here ascended the stairs, and entreated him to desist, but he was inflexible, and the bar having been brought, he applied it to the door. The strong oak groaned under his efforts, and in the midst Fitz-Arnold paused, as if he fancied that his wife was stirring; but all remained still, and he renewed his efforts to break open the door.

"Dear friend," said Neave, whose nerves had been unstrung by the sad scene he had witnessed that afternoon; "prithee, desist until the morning."

The mercer turned his haggard and bloodshot eyes reproachfully upon his adviser, and again applied his crow, when the door, torn from its hinges, no longer opposed his entrance. Throwing down the implement, he rushed into the chamber, when a spectacle, as heart-rending as it was unexpected, met the horror-stricken husband. Stretched on the bed, divested of a portion of her travelling dress, and still grasping in one hand a small chased gold pouncet-box, lay Isabel Fitz-Arnold, still warm and lovely, but lifeless! The box contained

* Before the reign of Elizabeth, a blow below the girdle was reckoned unfair, and to turn the point upon a man, was considered assassin like; but during the reign of the "Virgin Queen," one York, a desperate adventurer, who was afterwards poisoned by the Spaniards in the Low Countries, brought into England the foreign custom of fighting with the rapier, together with the slang of the fencing schools, which both Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, indulging the popular humour, did not fail to ridicule and contemn.

a black powder, and explained the manner of her death.

That evening there was loud weeping and wailing in the house of Matthew Fitz-Arnold, the wealthy mercer of Aldermanbury, and lights were seen passing and repassing by the latticed windows, and the next morning the death-bell was swinging heavily in the tower of St. Mary's Church.

Our tale is told. The mercer, crushed by misfortune, divided his wealth partly among his friends and relations, and partly among the poor, and died a cowled monk in the Black-friars Monastery, five years afterwards.

A. A. A.

[*End of Legend the first.*]

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

Thomas Augustus Phelps was a junior clerk in a small retail shop, in an unfrequented part of the city. His salary was insignificant, and his expenses were considerable; and, there being no visible channel through which extraneous funds could come into his possession, how he contrived, as the saying is, "to make both ends meet," was a problem which his most intimate friends were utterly unable to solve, and which was, moreover, a subject upon which, for some reason or other, he always declined to throw any light. He was generally characterized as a genteel and rather well-informed young man—that is, his dress was unexceptionable; his address easy, forward, and flippant; and he discoursed with uncommon fluency on a number of subjects which he knew nothing about. After he had gone though the business of the day, he improved his mind, of an evening, by playing billiards, and his morals by lounging about the saloons and lobbies of the theatre, from which places he criticised the performances in a very decided manner. This he was the better enabled to do, from being hand and glove with many of the minor actors, by whom he was let into the secret that the principal favourites of the town, were persons destitute of ability, but that the capabilities of the minors were uncommon, though lost to the public by a monstrous system of managerial mismanagement, which bore heavily upon the whole mass, and with intense severity upon the peculiar talents of the several informants. But his greatest qualification was his inexhaustible fund of what is termed "small talk!" This he poured forth on all occasions, in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," in a way that gained him the ardent admiration of numerous young ladies, and at last made an indelible impression upon the susceptible heart of Miss Julia Carmine, only surviving child of an artificial-flower manufacturer in —— street. Julia was a beauteous being, in the spring of life. Her features were strictly and chastely classical, excepting her nose, mouth, chin, and forehead; her eyes were exceedingly blue, her colour rich and roseate, and her auburn tresses flowed in luxuriant ringlets down her lovely neck, which was somewhat short. Nature had done every thing for her, setting aside that she wore artificial curls, and had purchased the majority of her teeth; and though her complexion of a morning was rather sallow, yet when dressed out, and seen by candle or gas-light, she was in reality a very pretty-looking young woman. She had faults, to be sure—who has not? But the greatest of them were, that she talked occasionally a sort of mongrel French, played on the guitar, and kept an album.

What a sacred thing is first love! and its accompanying train of inexplicable and indescribable feelings! and how hallowed in the imagination becomes every spot connected with this purest of passions; particularly the spot where a mutual reciprocation of sentiment first took place! It is that of which I am about to speak. Julia and Thomas Augustus sat alone one evening in a small arbour, or rather wooden box, in a retired corner of the "tea-garden."

"The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,"

and a variegated lamp, attached to the front of the box, was all that shed a melancholy radiance over the scene. Both experienced sensations unknown till then, and they had each a glass of ice-cream before them.

"How beautiful is the firmament, with all its countless myriads of twinkling stars," observed Thomas Augustus Phelps, looking upwards.

"Beautiful indeed!" sighed Julia.

"And this ice-cream aint so coarse neither," said he.

"No—by no means," responded she.

"Methinks," continued Thomas, "I

could sit for ever thus, with thee by my side, gazing upon the blue vault of heaven, beloved Julia!"

Julia did not answer, but her silence spoke more eloquently than words; she bowed her head, and it is presumed blushed, but, as the lamp wanted trimming, there was not light enough distinctly to ascertain that fact. Thomas Augustus gently drew the sweet girl towards him, and ho! extremity of bliss! she did not resist. The coldness of worldly restraint was broken down—they exchanged vows of everlasting fidelity, and Thomas was about to seal the covenant on her lovely lips, when the man that goes about to gather up the empty glasses, unceremoniously popped his head into the box, and observed, "that he did not allow of them there sort of proceedings in his garden!" Thomas Augustus would have resented this injurious insinuation on the instant, only he was by no means athletic, and did not possess a particle of courage. He therefore contented himself with declaiming for some time in a style of lofty invective, and wound up by indignantly paying the man what he owed him, tucked Julia under his arm, and walking out of the shrubbery.

It is necessary, however, to premise that twelve months antecedent to the tender passages on which we have been dilating, Mr. Phelps commenced business on his own account in Canal-street. His debut was made during that auspicious period denominated the "Canal-street fever," when, in consequence of the lowness of the rents in that part of the city, every body flocked thither, which caused the landlords to quadruple their original demands, by which judicious proceeding they ruined their tenants and got no rent at all. He had invariably represented his affairs to Julia as being in a most prosperous state; but unfortunately, though he was a young man possessed of many virtues, a love of truth was not one of them. Indeed, they who knew him best, affirmed that he was a notorious liar, and there is no reason to doubt their word. As he had started altogether on credit, and as he spent all the money that came in as the goods went out, when his bills fell due, he told his creditors he was extremely sorry, but that he had no funds to meet their demands: they in return assured him that they were extremely sorry to hear it, seized upon the residue of his stock, and turned him out of doors. This was hard to bear, and he flew on the wings of love to find consolation in the society of his beloved Julia; but she was not at home. The next day he called, and still the same answer. On the evening of the third day he was admitted to her presence, but "Oh frailty—thy name is woman!" she had heard of his misfortunes, and received him with chilling politeness. The lady was not at all mercenary; but then she had found it convenient, as she informed him, to plight her virgin vows to Mr. Raphael Jackson, (familiarly termed Ralph Jackson) and they were to be married early in the ensuing week. Thomas stood mute and motionless, for, as the poet justly observes,

> "Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
> Founts, that but now in sunshine played,
> Is the congealing pang which seizes
> The trusting bosom when betrayed."

What barbed the dart and made the matter worse, was that this Mr. Raphael Jackson—a young lawyer with a good deal of cunning, and more impudence, consequently likely to do well in the world—was his most particular friend. Julia aroused him from his trance by asking him if he would not "stay to tea?" this offer he indignantly spurned, and immediately quitted the premises. The next morning he found on his table an invitation to the wedding. It was of course, never suspected that he would accept it, and was purely meant as a piece of gratuitous insolence on the part of the bride. Whoever calculated, however, on his not coming, reckoned without their host. "Yes!" exclaimed he mentally, as he surveyed the perfumed rose-coloured note; "yes; I will see her once more—for the last—ay, for the last time!"

About seven o'clock in the evening of the 22d of April, 1827, a jovial wedding party were assembled at the house of Mr. Carmine, to celebrate the nuptials of his accomplished daughter. All was prepared for the impressive ceremony. The bride had got through shedding the preliminary tears usual on these occasions; the bridegroom was doing his best, as in duty bound, to look joyous and happy; the bridesmaids were tittering and laughing for some reason or reasons best known to themselves; the groomsmen were endeavouring to be uncommonly facetious, and the clergyman had put on a look meant to rebuke all tittering and facetiousness, when the door suddenly opened, and a figure stalked into the room. It was Mr. Thomas Augustus Phelps, but, alas!

how changed! He looked not like one who had come to participate in a scene of happiness. His boots were dirty, his hat was slouched over his eyes, his coat was buttoned up to his chin, his cravat was far from clean, and his hands were stuck into his trowsers' pockets. The company recoiled, the bride uttered a faint exclamation, and the bridegroom stepped forward, and demanded in a bullying tone of voice, "the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion?" Phelps spoke not a word, but drew from his right-hand coat pocket the perfumed rose-coloured invitation note, and presented it to the bridegroom. He then drew from his left-hand coat pocket an uncommonly large horse-pistol; upon which Mr. Raphael Jackson retreated with great precipitation. Phelps deliberately cocked the pistol, and an uncommon curiosity took possession of the guests to see which one of them he intended to sacrifice. This interesting suspense was soon ended; for slowly bringing the fatal weapon in a line with his own forehead, he proceeded to pull the irrevocable trigger. A struggle ensued; and dreadful to relate, in the scuffle the pistol went off, full in the face of one of the fair young bridesmaids. Fortunately she sustained no injury, which led to a suspicion that the instrument of death had been loaded with an eye to safety. Upon this the gallant bridegroom experienced a revivification of valour. He stepped forward, informed the unfortunate Phelps that he should hear from him in the morning through the medium of Mr. Hays, and peremptorily ordered him to leave the room. The poor bride, who during this scene had been rather in the back ground, thought she now perceived a favourable opportunity for display, and accordingly, as the most natural expedient, commenced a fainting fit; but there being no one sufficiently on the alert to catch her in his arms, and having, in the hurry of the moment, neglected the precaution of seeing that there was a chair in her immediate vicinity, she was obliged, when just upon the brink of insensibility, not only to recede considerably, but also to look around her and diverge from a straight line in order to attain that necessary piece of furniture. This gave such an air of insincerity to the whole proceeding, that even her warmest admirers were compelled to admit that the attempt was a failure. Mr. Jackson once more asked Mr. Phelps whether he intended to quit the room, or whether he was waiting for him (Jackson) to put him out. Phelps scorned to reply; a peculiar expression flitted over his pale features, he cast an indescribable look towards the bride, and then did as he was desired.

On the following day, about noon, a gallant Liverpool packet was passing Sandy Hook, outward bound. On her deck stood the principal actor in the intended tragedy of the preceding evening. His disappointment in love, and some fraudulent transactions connected with his late failure, had induced him to seek relief in change of scene. The breeze was fair, and the vessel was careering "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea" at the rate of about nine knots an hour. Phelps stood at the stern of the ship, gazing intently on the land of his forefathers, which was fast fading in the distance. A slight blue line at the verge of the horizon was all that remained to him of the home of his childhood—the scene of so many balls, and publics, and parties—where he had danced, and sung, and played billiards, and eaten oysters when a mere boy; the tears started to his eyes, he leaned his head over the ship's side, and in a voice choked with agony, exclaimed—

"Oh, captain, I am very sick!"

The captain, in that cheerful tone of voice with which a man who has nothing the matter with him consoles another who has, replied, "Never mind, sir—you'll be better in a day or two—haul taut the fore-top-sail halliards there! belay!"

This to Phelps, whose face exhibited as many shades of blue, and black, and green, and yellow, as the back of a dying dolphin, was a great consolation. Indeed I have myself often had occasion to observe the happy effects of similar scraps of comfort applied to sea-sick passengers. It is so pleasant when you are suffering under this horrible affliction—when every minute seems an age, and every hour an eternity—to be told, "never mind, sir, you'll get over it in less than a week, maybe!"

Time rolled on, and nothing reached the American shores concerning the fate of Thomas Augustus Phelps, except a flying report that he had been undergoing a course of exercise on the Brixton tread-mill, when one Sunday morning, in the autumn of the year 1829, a shabby-genteel personage was seen strutting up the Broadway. It was Phelps—yet why was he here? His first-love blessed another; and the chil-

dren that ought to have been called Phelps, were christened Jackson.

The wooden paling of Trinity churchyard was at that period prostrate, and the cast-iron railing had not been erected, so that there was no obstacle to a free ingress to and egress from the burying-ground. Phelps wandered in among the tombs — a presentiment of some overhanging evil weighed heavily upon his breast, and before he had proceeded far he came to a plain marble slab almost overgrown with grass. A strange curiosity seized him; he knelt down and parted the rank weeds which overshadowed it; a sunbeam at that moment darted precisely on the place, and he saw, carved in legible German-text, the simple inscription, "Julia." He was indescribably affected; and yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in thinking that she had too late become sensible of his merits, and pined into the grave in consequence of his absence. While indulging in this train of reflection, a troop of little boys, attracted by the extraordinary spectacle of a man upon his knees in a churchyard, began to gather round, shouting and pelting him with earth and small pebbles. He arose to reprimand them; but there having been a heavy shower of rain, and he having white duck trowsers on, the effect of his kneeling, upon his clothes, can, like a young heroine's feelings, be more easily imagined than described. He instantly, therefore, became an object of universal observation, and the little boys shouted and pelted more than ever. Phelps was exasperated beyond measure; he seized one of the young miscreants, shook him well, and threatened the most dreadful corporeal chastisement if he did not desist.

"Hurrah for Jackson!" (President General Jackson) exclaimed the young rebel, nothing daunted.

"Hurrah for Jackson!" chimed in his young companions in evil-doing. This pointed, though unintentional allusion to his rival, at once unnerved Phelps—recollections of former insults and injuries came over him, and he strode from the burial-ground, the boys hurraing all the while at his coat-tail! when lo! who should be seen issuing from the church porch but Mr. Raphael Jackson himself, with his own Julia, now Mrs. Jackson, hanging on his arm! This was too much—so then it appeared she had not pined away in his absence—she had not died—and he had been kneeling by the side of some one else's Julia! They passed him without speaking, he muttered dreadful imprecations to himself, and bent his way down Wall-street.

He is now only the wreck of his former self, though he is more corpulent than he was wont to be, yet it is not a healthy corpulency; and his apparel is the extreme of what is generally denominated "seedy." Yet amid this moral and physical desolation some traces of identity are yet preserved—some glimmerings of what once was Phelps! There is still that peculiar strut in his walk, and he still wears his hat knowingly adjusted on one side of his head; but he drinks like a fish, talks politics incessantly, and his shirt-frill is much bedaubed with snuff. What will be his final fate depends upon ulterior circumstances; at present it is enveloped in the mists and darkness of futurity.

THE TENDENCY OF PERIODICALS AND LIGHT READING.

We often hear it asserted, that the general diffusion of literature, especially by periodicals, tends to create a taste for superficial productions, and lessens the number of what are called profound readers; or, to use one of the hacknied similies of the complainers, the stream of knowledge grows shallow as it is widened. The author of Pelham observes, that the French are called a superficial people, because those classes, which in other countries are utterly ignorant, have a smattering of knowledge in France. The present age is charged with the same defect, because those who once read nothing, now read little else than gazettes, magazines and novels. In both cases, the only kind of people among whom profundity should be expected, are overlooked. We believe that persons of genuine taste are far more numerous now than when the use of books was confined to a few, and that whatever in any way multiplies the use of them, will eventually add many to the more reflecting and critical classes of readers. When the attention of the whole community is turned toward letters, however the devourers of literary trash may increase, still many minds above the common order, which in a less reading age would never have been awakened, will then not only acquire a love of letters, but will learn to select with taste, and peruse with critical attention from among the

motley multitude of authors before them. When the reading community is vastly extended, the number of profound readers *must* in some measure increase. Shakspeare lived and wrote in an age when periodicals were unknown, and novels did not greatly abound, and yet should he revisit us, and find his works loading the shelves of every bookseller, and learn that the wisdom of centuries had been employed in critical dissertations upon them, it would be hard to make him believe that they are now less read and appreciated, than in the days of good Queen Bess. Milton, too, gave his immortal poem to the world when its attention was very little taken up with light reading; yet, could he compare the scanty reputation he then enjoyed with his present fame, he would be most ungrateful to join in the hue-and-cry against the present degeneracy of taste. He would be doubly ungrateful to denounce periodical writings, since he is in no small degree indebted to the Spectator and Rambler, for his being rescued from obscurity. Reviews and magazine essays of later date, have also recalled public attention to other old authors, who had long lain neglected. Witness the works of Massinger, and the old English dramatists. They have also done much to add firmness to the already established reputation of others. It is true the number of ephemeral works which are now daily poured forth, is immense; but have our own times produced, and does it appreciate nothing better? This century, it is true, cannot boast a Shakspeare or a Milton. Greece gave birth to but one Homer, and one Eschylus. Our Homer and Eschylus happened to be born some centuries ago, and the Anglo-Saxon race may never produce one or the other again. But, if their rank were loftier, will their fame be more enduring than that of Walter Scott? We believe they will all three be equally remembered till their lands' language shall be forgotten. Have Dryden, Pope, and Goldsmith reared monuments so much more imperishable than those of Byron, Moore, and Campbell; and have not the names of Hope and Bulwer, nearly as fair a prospect of being preserved as those of Fielding and Smollet? Many other living authors might be mentioned, who will be as much known and esteemed two hundred years hence as Suckling and many other sweet but half-forgotten poets, are now. All these may, we think, be fairly placed as an offset against the numerous living authors who have been producing innumerable defunct works for the last thirty years. Great as is the evil inflicted by the latter, it must be looked upon as one of the evils which accompany every great good. A harvest that yields much wheat will always yield more chaff; and the peasant who would complain of such a case, would be deserving of famine. It must be recollected that the present age has not only produced the distinguished writers we have cited, but has appreciated their merits; and the latter circumstance we conceive to be a far stronger proof of the correct taste of our own times than the former. A great genius may chance to be born in any age, but the generation that sets a just value on his works, cannot be wholly given over to frivolity. Away, then, with this whining about the decline of taste, and the growing predilection for trash. "Dost thou think," says one of Shakspeare's characters, "because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" And in like manner we would say to the long-faced critic—Dost thou think because thou art profound, there shall be no more light reading? Since it has not pleased heaven to gift some people with wisdom so great as thine, leave them to read light essays, or lighter novels, if they will; and though these simple ones should seem innumerable, doubt not there are other wise men in the world than thyself, who revere the sages of old as much as thou dost.

G. P. M.

PERPLEXITIES OF LANGUAGE.

The English is certainly a most anomalous language. Others have fixed rules for idiom, inflection, and pronunciation, but in this there appears to be no settled principle. Our discourse is a series of arbitrary and immethodical varieties. No wonder that to foreigners its attainment proves so difficult. To begin with pronunciation: we have five vowels, each of which has, of course, one distinct sound—a Chinese could understand that, without much reflection. Well, he learns the sound of *a*, and *e*, and *i*, and *o*, and *u*, and very naturally supposes, when he meets either of them in a word, that its sound is what he has learned it to be. The word happens to be *hat*, and he calls it *hate*, of course. No; then he learns, for the first time, that *a* has another sound, altogether different from the first.

In process of time he fastens this also upon his memory, and goes on with his reading; after a while he stumbles upon a *fall*, and very innocently calls it *fal*; wrong—*fale*, then—no; *a* has a third sound, he discovers, and is sometimes to be pronounced like *aw*. Presently he meets with *father*, and after trying *fayther*, and *fa-ther*, and *fawther*, to no purpose, ascertains its fourth sound of *ah*, and then has work for years before him to learn which of the four is to be adopted in every word he meets, of which the letter forms a part. *E* is quite as bad; if he wishes to write he asks for a *peen*; and after a while discovers that the *e* in *verdant*, in *where*, in *when*, in *dear*, and in *pewter*, has the power of five different letters. He points to a tree and calls it *fire*, not suspecting the change of sound occasioned by the absence of the final *e*; and to a small piece of wire with a head to it, and calls it *pine*, while the best notion he can form of the sound, when the *e* is present, is *firee* or *pinee*. *O* is another Proteus, and takes a different sound in *know*, in *who*, in *how*, in *morning*, and in *wonder*. What would be a reasonable time for him to employ in learning the difference between *u* in *gun*, in *pudding*, in *future*, in *busy*, and in *burial*? Well; he learns all these various sounds at last, but his perplexities are by no means ended. He has yet to find that in some cases the vowels are extinguished altogether, as the *a* in *season*, the *e* in *hearty*, the *i* in *heifer*, the *o* in *journey*, and the *u* in *guest*. Then the consonants are prolific in difficulties. *B* is sometimes silent as in *debtor*; *c* has three sounds; *f* divides its empire with *gh* and *ph*; *g* is hard and soft by turns, and often silent; *k* appears and disappears, sometimes in the self-same word, as *knack*; and all have some abominable whimsicality of their own that our Chinese can never hope thoroughly to master. But even supposing all the contradictions and anomalies of pronunciation overcome, he finds himself equally bewildered with the meanings of the words. His own language is, indeed, no less remarkable in this respect, but that helps him little in his troubles; because *chou* in Chinese, signifies a book, a tree, hot weather, the dawn, the loss of a wager, and twenty other objects, he is not the less puzzled by the seven meanings of *block*, the ten of *sweet*, the nine of *open*, the twenty-two of *upon*, and the sixty-three of *to fall*—not to mention the forty-seven of *box*, with which the unfortunate Frenchman was so pestered. There are some words, even, that change in their construction; as, for example, the perfect participle of the verb *to roast*. *Roast-beef* is legitimate, all the world over, but most other edibles when roasted, cannot dispense with the final syllable. G. P. M.

MISERIES OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE.

Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging; there may be every thing he can desire, in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the official zeal of his housekeeper; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy; the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied—and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hand meets his—no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment as he enters. He sits to a book—alone; there is no one by his side to enjoy with him the favourite passage—the apt remark—the just criticism;—no eyes in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself; no one to look up to but himself; all his enjoyment, all his happiness, must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; buries his face in his hands, and sighs aloud—*O! me miserum!*

DELIGHTS OF A MARRIED MAN'S LIFE.

Behold him! all the while he is busied about his daily occupation, his thoughts are wandering towards the time for going home in the evening after the toils and fatigues of the day. He knows that on his return, he shall find an affectionate face to welcome him—a warm snug room—a bright fire—a clean hearth—the tea-things laid—the sofa wheeled round on the rug—and, in a few minutes after his entrance, his wife sitting by his side, consoling him in his vexations; aiding him in his plans for the future, or participating in his joys, and smiling upon him for the good news he may have brought home; his children climbing on the cushion at his feet, leaning over his knees to eye his face with joyous eagerness, that they may coaxingly win him. This is the acme of happiness.

LEARNING.—Learning, like beaten gold, in proportion to its being more extended, becomes more superficial.

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EUGENE AND MARIE.

A PARISIAN ADVENTURE.

From the French of Alex. Dumas.

(For the Parterre.)

I know not if, among those who chance to read this tale, there be one who has ever remarked the difference which exists between the driver of the cab and the hackney coachman. The latter is grave, immoveable, and cold, supporting the intemperature of the air with the patience of a stoic; alone on his seat—in the midst of society, without coming in contact with it—allowing himself as his only amusement, a slash of the whip to his comrade in passing—without affection for the two lean animals he drives—without pity for the unfortunate persons he happens to drive against, and never deigning to bestow on them even a grin, without some classical epithet. He is, in fact, a most egotistical being, very sulky, and wears his hair quite straight.

The driver of the cab is altogether a different person; one must indeed be in a very bad humour not to take in good part his advances, the straw he pushes beneath your feet, the covering of which he deprives himself let it rain or freeze, to guard you from the wet and cold; you must be more than obstinate if you listen silently to the thousand questions he asks you, the exclamations that escape from his lips, the historical quotations with which he overwhelms you. But then, a cab driver has seen the world,—he has lived in society—he has driven by the hour, an academical candidate who was paying his thirty-nine visits, and the candidate has inoculated him en passant —so much for his literature. He has driven a deputy to the chamber, and the deputy has imbued him with politics—two medical students have also been seated by him, and they talked of operations, and thus they have given him a slight shade of physic—in a word, though his knowledge may be superficial, yet he is a stranger to but few things in this world; he is caustic, witty, a great talker, wears a cap, and has always some

relation or friend who gets him into the theatre for nothing.

The hackney coachman is a man of the olden times, having no relation with any one except those who are strictly necessary to the exercise of his functions, over-reaching, but an honest man at the bottom.

The cab driver is a man of those societies now grown old—civilization has reached him, he has allowed himself to be new modelled by it, his morality is about on a par with that of Barthol.

When I am not thinking of a favourite drama, when I am not going to a wearisome rehearsal, when I am not returning from the theatre which had sent me to sleep, I have a little chat with them, and sometimes I am as much amused in my ten minutes' ride, as I had previously been tired out during the four last hours of the evening party from which I am returning.

Thus I have one drawer in my brain consecrated entirely to *cab souvenirs*.

Among these there is one which has left a deep trace, although it is now more than a twelvemonth since Cantillon related the following story to me.

Cantillon drives Number 221; he is between forty and forty-five years of age, dark, with his features strongly marked, and wore at the time I am speaking of, (1st January, 1831) a beaver hat, with some remains of gold lace round it, a great coat, in colour resembling the dregs of wine, in which I could still discern some traces of livery, and boots that had not quite lost their facing; you shall soon see whence proceeded this difference between his dress and that of his comrades.

It was as I before mentioned, new year's day, 1831—about ten o'clock in the morning. I had planned in my head a series of visits, which one is indispensably obliged to pay in propriâ personâ.

I had made a list of the streets where those friends lived, whom it is always agreeable to embrace and shake hands with, even on new year's day; in short, those *sympathising* friends whom one does not see for six months at a time, whom one always meets with open arms, and at whose house one never leaves a card.

My servant had been to call a cab—he had chosen Cantillon, and Cantillon owed this preference to the remnants of his gold lace, his livery, and the cockade on his hat. Joseph had smelt out a brother whip out of employ. Besides, his cab was chocolate-colour, instead of being daubed with yellow and green, and what seemed strange, the first fold of the leathern hood was lowered with plated springs. A smile of satisfaction shewed Joseph that I was pleased with his choice. I gave him a holiday for the day, and seated myself comfortably on excellent cushions. Cantillon threw over my knees a brown great coat, gave a click of his tongue, and the horse set off without the assistance of the whip, which remained suspended during our ride, rather as an ornament than as a means of coercion.

"Where are you going to, sir?"

"To Charles Nodier's at the arsenal."

Cantillon answered with a sign which meant to say, not only I know where that is, but I know that name also.

As for me, I was then composing *Anthony*, and settling myself very comfortably in the cab, I began to reflect about the end of the third act, which rather puzzled me. But what hindered me not a little, was the sight of my companion, who looked displeased, watched anxiously my fixed eyes, seemed shocked at my absence of mind, and tried all in his power to divert me, sometimes with "sir, the coat is falling," I pulled it round my knees without answering; then he blew his fingers, I placed my hands silently in my pockets; then he whistled La Parisienne, and I beat time mechanically. I had told him in getting in, that we had four or five hours to remain together, and he felt quite tormented that during that time I should keep a silence so prejudicial to his wish for conversation. At length his symptoms of uneasiness redoubled to such a degree, that they quite pained me. I opened my mouth to speak to him, his forehead unwrinkled immediately; unfortunately for him, the finishing stroke that had been wanting, in order to complete my third act, at that moment flashed across me, and as I had turned towards him, and half opened my mouth to address him, I quietly sunk into my place, saying to myself, "*That will do.*" Cantillon thought I was rather *touched*, and heaved a deep sigh. A moment after he stopped his horse, saying, "We are there." I was at Nodier's door. I should like to talk to you about Nodier, for my own sake, in the first place, who love and know him, and then for yours, who perhaps love him, but do not know him, but that must be for some other time, for now we must return to my coachman.

In about half an hour I came out; he lowered the steps very graciously for

me—I seated myself again by his side, and was just settling myself in my sort of arm chair, which had disposed me so for contemplation, and had said with my eyes half shut,—

"Taylor, rue de Bondy."

Cantillon seized the favourable moment, and said quickly—

"M. Charles Nodier! Is he not a gentleman that writes books?"

"Exactly so—but how did you know that?"

"I have read one of his novels when I was with M. Eugène, (he sighed deeply), about a young girl whose lover was guillotined."

"*Thérese Aubert?*"

"Ah, that is it—if I knew that gentleman I could give him a famous subject for a novel."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, you may say indeed! but if I could wield the pen as well as I do my whip, I would not give it to any one else, I would do it myself."

"Well, relate it to me."

He looked contemptuously at me.

"O, *you*, that is not the same thing."

"Why not?"

"Why, because you don't write books."

"No, but I write Plays—and perhaps your story will serve for a drama."

He looked at me a second time.

"Perhaps it was you who wrote "*Les deux Forcats?*"

"No, I did not."

"Or, *L'Auberge des Adrets?*"

"Nor that either."

"What theatre do you write for then?"

"Until now I have only written for *le Théatre Francais*, and *l'Odéon*."

He cast another contemptuous glance at me, which gave me to understand that I had sunk considerably in his opinion; he reflected a moment, and then as if making up his mind, began:

"Never mind; I used to go formerly to the *Francais* with M. Eugène. I have seen M. Talma in *Sylla*, he was the exact portrait of the emperor—a fine play nevertheless; and then in that little farce afterwards as an intriguer, who was dressed as a footman, and made such grimaces—O how droll he was that morning!—for all that, I like *l'Auberge des Adrets* best."

There could be no answering that,—besides, at that time I was over head and ears in literary discussions.

"Then you write tragedies?" said he, glancing sideways at me.

"No, I do not."

"What do you write then?"

"Dramas."

"Ah, you are romantic—I drove an academician the other day to the academy, who laughed famously at romancers; he writes tragedies, and repeated to me a few lines of his last; I don't know his name; he is a tall thin man, who wears the cross of the legion of honour, and the tip of his nose is very red. You ought to know him, I should think?"—I nodded.

"And your story?"

"Ah, but do you know, it is a very sad one—there is death in it!"

The tone of deep emotion with which he said these words, increased my curiosity.

"Go on, my good fellow."

"*Go on!* that is easy enough to say; but if I cry I can't go on."

I looked at him.

"You must know, I have not always been a cab driver, as you may see by my livery, (and he pointed to his clothes, where there still remained some fragments of red binding): it is ten years ago, since I entered into the service of M. Eugène; you did not know M. Eugène?"

"Eugène who?"

"Ah now, *Eugene who?*—I never heard him called by any other name, and I never saw either his father or mother; he was a tall young man like you, and about your age: how old are you?"

"I am twenty-seven."

"Ah that is it; not quite so dark; and then you have black frizzly hair, and his was quite straight; but as to the rest, he was a fine fellow if he had not been quite so melancholy; he had ten thousand livres a year; but that had nothing to do with it. For a long time I thought he was ill. It was then that I entered his service. I never heard one word louder than the other, 'Cantillon, my hat—Cantillon, put the horse to the cabriolet—Cantillon, if M. Alfred de Linar comes, tell him I am not at home.' I must tell you, he did not like this M. de Linar. The fact is, he was a rake, and such a one too!—as he lodged in the same hotel as we did, he was always at our back, so very troublesome. He came that same day, and asked for M. Eugène—I told him he was not at home, when all at once, my master began to cough, and he heard him: he went away muttering, 'Your master is an impertinent fellow.' I kept that to myself, as if he had said nothing. 'By the by, sir, what number in the rue de Bondy?'

"Sixty-four."

"Wo-ho; here it is."

Taylor was not at home, so I only went in and returned.

"What next?"

"What next? oh, the story! but first, where are we going to?"

"Number 58, rue St. Lazarre."

"Ah, to Mademoiselle Mars'; she is indeed a famous actress. Well, as I was saying, that same day, we were going to an evening party in the rue de la Paix: I placed myself in the string; as midnight struck, my master came out; he had met M. Alfred, they had spoken; he returned, saying, 'He is a coxcomb whom I shall take upon myself to correct.' I forgot to tell you, that my master was a good shot, and used his sword like a very St. George. We arrived on the Bridge of Statues, you know it (there were no statues on it then), when we passed by a woman, who was sobbing so loud, that we heard her notwithstanding the noise of the cabriolet; my master called out 'stop.' I did so; but before I had time to turn my head, he had jumped out. The night was so dark, that we could see neither heaven nor earth; the woman was walking on, my master followed her, all at once she stopped at the middle of the bridge, jumped on it, and then I heard a splash! My master did not hesitate; he gave a spring,—but I must tell you, he swam like a fish. I said to myself, if I remain in the cabriolet, that will not do much good; but as I do not know how to swim, if I jump into the water, they will only have two to drag out instead of one; so I said to the horse—this very same one, who then, was four years younger, and had more oats in his belly, 'Stop there, Coco.' One would have thought the animal understood me, for there he stood quite still. I set off; arrived at the bank of the river, where I found a little boat; I jumped in, but it was attached by a rope; I pulled and pulled, and then felt for my knife, but I had forgotten it; in the meanwhile my master was plunging about like a cormorant. I pulled so strongly, that crack went the rope, and I fell almost head-first into the river. There I lay sprawling on my back in the boat, but thought I to myself, this is no time for counting the stars, so up I jumped: the shock had made the boat spring forward, I looked about for the oars; in my somerset, I had thrown one into the water; I tried to row with the other, but turned round and round like a tetotum; I thought to myself, well, I shall not get on at this rate, I had better wait. I shall never forget that moment as long as I live, it was frightful! the river was so black, that as it rolled on, it looked like ink; now and then, only, a little wave rose and cast up its spray, then in the middle I saw appear for one moment the white robe of the young girl or my master's head, who came to the top to breathe; once only they appeared both at the same time; I heard M. Eugène say, 'Now I see her!' with two strokes he was at the place where her dress had been floating but a moment before, then I saw only his legs above water, which quickly disappeared. I was about ten paces from them; being carried down the stream by the current, and holding my oar as tightly as if I would have snapped it asunder, exclaiming, 'Oh God! would that I knew how to swim!' One moment after he reappeared; this time he held her by the hair; she had fainted; my master also was but just in time, there was a rattling in his throat, and he had hardly enough strength to keep above water, for she had become as heavy as lead; he turned his head to see which side of the shore he was nearest to, and perceived me: 'Cantillon,' said he, 'here;' I was at the edge of the boat holding out the oar to him, but alas! he was more than three feet off it. 'Here!' repeated he. I was losing all command of myself—a wave passed over his head. I remained with my mouth open, and my eyes fixed on the place; he reappeared; that took a load from my breast; I again stretched out the oar; he had come a little bit nearer. 'Courage, master! courage!' I cried: he could no longer answer. 'Leave go of her, and save yourself!' 'No, no;' said he. I —— the water rushed into his mouth. Ah, sir, every hair on my head was wet—I was leaning out of the boat, holding the oar; every thing seemed to be turning round. The Bridge, the Hôtel des Gardes, the Tuileries, all seemed dancing; and yet I had my eyes fixed on that head, which was gradually sinking lower and lower—on those eyes even with the water, and which appeared to me double their usual size—then I saw only his hair; the hair also disappeared; his arm alone remained out of the water, with its fingers cramped. I made a last effort—I stretched out the oar; that was it, at last! I put the oar into his hand. Ah!" Cantillon wiped his forehead. I breathed more freely; he recommenced. "We are right in say-

ing that a drowning man would cling even to a bar of red-hot iron—he clung so tight to the oar, that he left the mark of his nails in it. I leant on the edge of the boat, and thus balanced it. M. Eugène again appeared above water;—I trembled so much, that I was afraid of leaving go of the oar. I laid upon it, with my hand resting upon the edge of the boat. M. Eugène's head was hanging back, like some one who has just fainted. I still kept pulling—I stretched out my arm, and caught him by the wrist. Ah! I was now sure of him; I held him as tight as a screw: a week after he had still the blue marks round his arm. He had not left go of the young girl; I drew him into the boat, and she after him; they both of them lay at the bottom, one not much more alive than the other. I called my master. He answered me not. I tried to strike the palms of his hands; but he kept them as firmly shut as if he were cracking walnuts. It was enough to drive one to despair.

"I took up my oar, in hopes of gaining the shore; with two even, I am not a very famous rower, but with only one, there was no getting on; I wanted to go one way, and the current dragged me another.

"When I saw that I was really and truly going straight to Havre, I said to myself, 'Faith, this is no time for false shame; I must call for help;' so I began to scream like a peacock.

"Those funny fellows in the little place where they bring drowned persons to life, heard me; they embarked, and in two minutes they had joined me. They hooked my boat on to theirs, and five minutes afterwards, my master and the young girl were being salted like herrings.

"They asked me if I also was drowned. I answered no; but that it was all the same; that if they would give me a glass of brandy, I should feel quite myself again, for my legs bent under me like thread papers.

"My master was the first to open his eyes; he threw his arms round my neck. I sobbed, I laughed, I wept. Good God! what a fool a man *can* make of himself!

"M. Eugène turned round, and perceiving the young girl, whom they were physicking, 'A thousand francs for you, my friends,' said he, 'if she does not die; and you, Cantillon, my brave fellow, my friend, my saviour—(I was still weeping) fetch the cabriolet!'

"'Oh!' said I; 'that's true; and Coco!'—— need not ask if I ran with all my might. I reached the place where I had left it. There was no more a cabriolet and horse there, than there is one in my hand now. The next day the police found it; it was merely an amateur who had returned home in it. I came back, and told him it was gone; he desired me to call a hackney coach.

"'And the young girl?' said I.

"'She has just moved the least in the world.'

"That was good news; by the time I had called the coach, she was quite herself, except that she was not yet able to speak; we carried her to the vehicle.

"'Coachman, No. 31, rue du Bac, and quickly.'"

"But, sir, here is No. 58, the house of Mademoiselle Mars."

"Is your story finished?"

"Finished, bah! not the quarter of it. I have told you nothing yet, as you shall see."

And, indeed, I felt much interested in what he had told me; I had only one compliment to pay to our great actress, which was the hope of finding her as sublime in 1831, as she had been in 1830, so that in ten minutes, I was again in the cab.

"And the story?"

"First of all, where must I drive next?"

"Any where, straight on—the story?"

"Ah, the story; whereabouts was I?"

"Coachman, rue du Bac, and quickly."

"Crossing the bridge, the young girl fainted a second time. My master made me alight on the quay, in order to fetch a doctor. When I returned with him, I found Mademoiselle Marie ——. Did I tell you that her name was Marie?"

"No."

"Well, that was her Christian name. I found Mademoiselle Marie lying on a bed with a nurse by her side. I cannot tell you how pretty she looked, with her pale face, her closed eyes, and her hands crossed on her bosom. She looked like the Virgin, whose name she bears; the doctor held a small bottle to her nose; I shall never forget *that*, for he placed it on the drawers; and I, stupid-like, seeing that it did her so much good, said to myself 'that must be some famous scent,' so I went softly to the drawers, pretending not to have any particular motive, and while their backs were turned, I took out the stopper, and stuffed the neck of the bottle up my nose. O, it was quite enough of a good thing! it could not have been worse, if it had been a hundred needles. 'Very well,'

thinks I, 'I shall know *that* again.' It made the tears run down my cheeks. 'Console yourself,' said M. Eugène, 'the doctor will answer for you.' 'O,' said I to myself, 'he may be a very clever doctor, but I shall not apply to him when I am ill.'

"In the meanwhile, Mademoiselle Marie came to herself again, and looking round the room, said,

"'This is strange, where am I? I don't remember this room?'

"'Ah,' said I, 'that's very likely, seeing you were never in it before.'

"'Silence, Cantillon,' said my master.

"Then, as he understood talking to women, he said to her,

"'Compose yourself, madam, I will take the same care of you as a brother; and as soon as you are in a state to allow of it, I will conduct you safely home.'

"'I am ill, then,' replied she, astonished; then recalling her ideas, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Oh! yes, yes, I remember all now; I intended!——' A shriek escaped from her lips. 'And it is you; you, sir, undoubtedly, who have saved me! Ah, did you but know what a fatal service you have rendered me! what a future of grief your kindness to an unknown has opened for her!'

"I listened to all this, still rubbing my nose, which tingled dreadfully; but however, that did not prevent me from hearing every word, and I tell it you just as it happened. My master consoled her as well as he was able; but to everything he said to her, her only answer was, 'Ah, if you but knew!—.' He seemed tired of always hearing the same thing repeated, and leaning down to her, he said, 'I know all—.'

'"You?' said she.

"'Yes; you love, have been betrayed, abandoned.'

"'Yes, betrayed,' answered she 'betrayed most cowardly, and cruelly abandoned.'

"'Well,' said M. Eugène, 'confide all your griefs to me; it is not curiosity, but the hope of being useful to you that urges me. I think you ought no longer to consider me as a stranger.'

"'Oh no, no,' said she, 'for a man who exposes his life as you have done, must be generous; you, I am sure, have never abandoned any unfortunate female, leaving her only the choice between eternal shame and a sudden death. Yes, yes, I will tell you everything.'

"Well, thinks I to myself, this must be interesting; it begins well; I must listen.

"'But first,' added she, 'allow me to write to my father, for whom I had left a farewell letter in which I told him my resolution, and who no doubt believes that I have accomplished it. You will allow him to come here, will you not? God grant that in his grief he may not have committed any desperate act—allow me to write to him immediately—I feel that it is only with him I could weep, and tears would be such a relief to me.'

"'Yes, write to him,' said my master, holding the pen and ink for her, 'for who would dare to retard for one moment the solemn meeting of a father and his child, who thought themselves separated for ever—yes, pray write, lose not a moment. Oh your unfortunate father, how much he must suffer!'

"Meanwhile, she was scribbling away in a pretty little hand-writing; when she had finished she asked the direction of the house. 'No. 31, rue du Bac,' said I. 'No. 31, rue du Bac,' repeated she, and in an instant the ink was streaming down the sheets. A moment after, she added, 'Perhaps Providence has guided me to this house.' Ah! thought I, providence or not, it will require a famous load of salts of lemon, to get out that stain.

"My master seemed quite puzzled. 'I can guess your astonishment,' said she; 'but when you know all, you will then conceive what an effect the direction of this house must have had on me.' She then placed in his hands her letter to her father.

"'Cantillon, take this letter.'

"I glanced at it, '*Rue des Fosses Saint Victor!*' 'A good walk, said I.' 'Never mind,' answered he, 'take a cab, and be back in half an hour.'

"In two minutes I was in the street; a cab was passing, I jumped into it; 'five francs, friend, if you take me to *rue des Fosses Saint Victor*, and bring me back.' I wish *I* had such good luck now and then. We stopped before a small house; I knocked again and again; the porteress opened the door grumbling. 'M. Dumont!' demanded I. 'Good God!' exclaimed she, 'do you bring any news of his daughter?' 'Famous news,' answered I. 'Fifth story, at the top of the stair-case.' I ran up four steps at a time; there was a door ajar, I looked in, and saw an old officer, who, weeping silently, kissed a letter, and loaded his pistols. Ah! thought I, this must be her father, or I am very much deceived. I pushed open the door, 'I come from Mademoiselle Marie.' He turned round

and growing pale as death, exclaimed 'My daughter?' 'Yes, Mademoiselle Marie, your daughter. Are you not M. Dumont, formerly a captain under the emperor?'—He nodded.—'Well, here is a letter from Mademoiselle Marie.' —He took it. Sir, I do not exaggerate, every hair stood on an end, and as large drops ran from his forehead as from his eyes.

"'She still lives,' said he; 'and it is your master who saved her: take me to her, friend, quick, quick.' He felt in the drawer of a small escrutoire, and taking out three or four five-franc pieces, he placed them in my hand; I took them for fear of humiliating him. I looked round the apartment. Ah! said I to myself, thou art not over rich. I turned round and slipped the 20 francs behind a bust of the Emperor, adding, 'I thank you, captain.—Are you ready? I am waiting for you.' He then began to descend as if he were sliding down the banisters. 'I say, sir,' exclaimed I, 'I can't see at all on these dark stairs of yours.' Bah! he was already at the bottom.

"At length, when we were seated in the cab, I said to him, 'without wishing to be impertinent, will you be so good as to tell what you meant to do with those pistols you were loading.' He answered me with a frown, 'one was for that wretch, whom God may forgive, but I cannot.' Ah, thought I, for the father of her child! 'The other was for myself.'

"'Well," said I, 'it is better it should have happened as it has.'

"'All is not yet over,' said he; 'but tell me how your excellent young master saved my poor Marie.'

"I then related all to him; he sobbed like a child; it was enough to melt the very stones to see the old soldier weep; so that at last the coachman even said to him, "Sir, really this is very silly; I can hardly see how to drive; and if the poor beast had no more sense than we have, he would take us straight to the Morgue."*

"'To the Morgue,' said the captain, shuddering; 'to the Morgue. Ah, when I think of it, it was there only I had any hopes of seeing again my poor Marie, the child of my heart, stretched on that black and filthy marble. Oh tell me the name of your master, that I may bless him, and place it in my heart by the side of another name.'

"'Of *his*, whose bust you have—is it not so?'

"'Oh, Marie! and she is quite out of danger—is she not? Does not the doctor say so?'

"'Don't mention that doctor—he is a fool.'

"'What, does he still fear for my child?'

"'No, I did not say so. It is with regard to myself I am speaking—my nose.'

"We were getting over the ground in the meanwhile; for all at once the coachman said, 'Here we are.'

"'Help me, friend,' said the captain, 'my legs fail me; where is it?'

"'There, the second story, where you see a light, and a shadow behind the curtain.'

"'Oh, come, come!'

"Poor man! he was as white as a sheet. I took his arm within mine—I could hear the palpitation of his heart. 'If I were to find her dead,' said he, looking wildly at me.'

"At the same moment, the door of M. Eugène's apartment opened two stories above us, and we heard a female voice calling, 'My father, my father!'

"'It is she—it is her voice,' said the captain; and the old man, who a moment before was trembling like an aspen, now sprang forward like a youth, entered the chamber, and without even noticing any one else, threw himself on his daughter's bed, weeping and exclaiming, 'Marie, my dear child, my daughter!'

"When I came in, it was quite a picture to see them in each other's arms; the father's rough, lion-looking face and his old moustachios rested on the face of his child; the nurse wept, M. Eugène wept, I wept; in fact, it was a regular shower.

"My master, turning to the nurse and I, told us that they had better be left alone; so we all three went out; he took me on one side. 'Watch for Alfred de Linar,' said he, 'when he returns from the ball, and tell him I want to speak to him.'

"I placed myself as sentinel on the stairs, thinking to myself, ah, your's is no good account, M. Alfred. In about a quarter of an hour, I heard ring-a-ding-ding. It was M. Alfred; he came singing up stairs. I said to him very politely, 'That won't do—my master wishes to speak two words with you.'

"'Could not your master have waited till to-morrow?' said he sharply.

* A house in Paris in which bodies drowned in the Seine are laid during two or three days in order to give their friends an opportunity of claiming them.

"'I suppose not, since he wants you now.'

"'Well, where is he?'

"'Here I am,' said M. Eugène, who had heard me. 'Will you have the kindness, sir, to walk into this room,' pointing to the one where Mademoiselle Marie was. I could not understand it all.

"I opened the door; the captain was getting into a closet, and made me a sign to wait till he was hid. When he was in, I said, 'Enter gentlemen.' My master pushed M. Alfred in, and pulling me out, shut the door. I heard a trembling voice say, 'Alfred!' Alfred, astonished, exclaimed, 'Marie! Marie! you here?'

"'M. Alfred, then, is the father of her child?' said I to my master.

"'Yes,' said he, 'stay here with me and listen.'

"At first we heard no one but Mademoiselle Marie, who seemed to be entreating M. Alfred. That lasted some time. At length we heard his voice saying, 'No, Marie, it is impossible; you are mad; I am not my own master; there is my family to be considered, and they will not allow of it. But I am rich, and if gold ——'

"At that word, the noise was beyond every thing; for the captain, to save himself the trouble of turning the handle of the closet door, kicked it open. Mademoiselle Marie screamed, and the captain swore loud enough to shake the house. 'Let us enter,' said my master: it was high time. Captain Dumont had his knee on M. Alfred's chest, and was twisting his neck like a fowl's. My master separated them. M. Alfred rose; he was pale, his eyes fixed, and his teeth clenched; he did not cast a single glance on Mademoiselle Marie, who had fainted; he then came up to my master, who waited for him with his arms folded. Eugène,' said he, 'I did not know that your apartment was an assassin's den. I shall take care not to enter it again without a pistol in each hand—do you hear?'

"'T is thus I hope to see you,' said my master; 'for if ever you enter without them, I shall beg of you to walk out again.'

"'Captain,' said M. Alfred, turning towards him, 'you will not forget that I also owe *you* a debt.'

"'And you shall pay me this instant,' said the captain, 'for I will not leave you.'

"'As you please.'

"Daylight begins to appear,' continued M. Dumont, 'go and fetch your arms.'

"'I have both swords and pistols,' said my master.

"'Then have them put in a coach,' said the captain.

"'In an hour's time, at the Bois de Boulogne, porte Maillot,' said M. Alfred.

"'In an hour,' replied both my master and the captain.

"'Go and procure your witnesses.' He left us.

"The captain leant over his daughter's bed; M. Eugène wished to call for assistance. 'No, no,' said the father, 'it is better she should know nothing about it. Marie, dear child, adieu! If I am killed, M. Eugène, you will avenge me, will you not? and you will not abandon the orphan?' 'I swear it, by her,' replied my master, and he threw himself into the poor father's arms.

"'Cantillon, call a hackney coach.'

"'Yes, sir; shall I go with you?'

"'You may.'

"The captain kissed his daughter once more; he called the nurse. 'Assist her now,' said he; 'if she asks where I am, tell her that I am coming back soon. Now, my young friend, let us be gone.'

"They went into M. Eugène's room. When I returned with the hackney-coach, they were already at the foot of the stairs waiting for me; the captain had the pistols in his pocket, and M. Eugène the swords beneath his cloak.

"'Coachman, to the Bois de Boulogne.'

"'If I am killed,' said the captain, 'you will give this ring to my poor Marie, it was her mother's wedding ring; a worthy woman, young man, who is now with God, or else there is no more justice up there than there is in this world. Then have me buried with my cross and my sword. I have no friend but you, no relative but my child, so that only you and my daughter will follow my coffin.'

"'But why these thoughts, captain? they are very gloomy for an old soldier.'

"The captain smiled sorrowfully.—'Every thing has gone wrong with me since 1815, M. Eugène; and since you have promised to watch over my child, a young and rich protector will do more for her than a poor old father.' He was silent. M. Eugène dared not speak to him again, and the old man remained quiet till we arrived at the place of rendezvous.

"A cabriolet followed a few steps behind us, M. Alfred got out with his two witnesses.

"One of the witnesses came towards us:—

"'What are the captain's arms?'

"'Pistols,' replied he.

"'Remain in the coach and take care of the swords,' said my master; and they all five plunged into the wood.

"Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before I heard two shots fired. I started as if I did not expect it. It was all over with one of them, for ten minutes more passed without the sound being repeated. I had thrown myself back in the coach, not daring to look. The coach door suddenly opened — 'Cantillon, the swords,' said my master.

"I handed them to him, he stretched out his hand to take them, and I saw the captain's ring on his finger.

"'And—and—Mademoiselle's Marie's father said I?'

"'Dead!'

"'Then why these swords?'

"'For me.'

"'For heaven's sake let me follow you.'

"'Come, if you like.'

"I sprung out of the coach, my heart sunk within me, and all my limbs trembled. My master went towards the wood, I followed him. We had not proceeded ten paces, when I perceived M. Alfred standing laughing in the midst of his witnesses.

"'Take care,' said my master, pushing me on one side: I started back, for I had nearly trod on the captain's body.

"M. Eugène cast one glance on the corpse, then advancing towards the group, and throwing the swords on the ground, he said, 'Gentlemen, see if they are of the same length.'

"'You will put it off till tomorrow?' said one of the witnesses.

"'Impossible.'

"'Never mind, gentlemen,' said M. Alfred, 'my first essay has not fatigued me; I shall only require a glass of water.'

"'Cantillon,' said my master, 'go and fetch M. Alfred a glass of water.'

"I would almost as soon have hung myself as gone; but M. Eugène made a sign to me with his hand, and I proceeded towards the *restaurant's* at the entrance of the wood, we were not more than a hundred paces from it. I was back before two minutes had passed, I handed him the glass, wishing in my heart that it was a dose of poison. He took it; his hand did not tremble in the least, but when he returned me the glass, I perceived he had clenched his teeth so tight, that he had broken the edge of it.

"I retired for an instant, and threw the glass over my shoulder, and I perceived on my return that my master was ready. He had only his trousers and shirt on, with the sleeves tucked up: I went up to him. 'Have you no commands to leave me?' said I. 'No, answered he; I have neither father nor mother; if I die—he wrote a few words in pencil—you will give this paper to Marie.'

"He once more cast a glance at the captain's body, and advancing towards his adversary, said,

"'Come, gentlemen.'

"'But you have no witnesses,' replied M. Alfred.

"'One of your's will do.'

"'Ernest, go over to M. Eugène's side.'

"One of the witnesses came over to my master, the other took the swords, placed the antagonists at four paces from each other, put the swords in their hands and crossed them; then retiring, said,

"'Now, gentlemen.'

"At the same instant they both stepped forward one pace, and their blades got entangled up to the hilt.

"'Retire,' said my master.

"'I am not accustomed to that,' replied M. Alfred.

"'Very well;' and M. Eugène stepped back and stood on his guard.

"Two frightful moments passed, the swords twined round each other like snakes, M. Alfred alone gave the blows. My master watched his sword, and only parried his blows as quietly as if he were in the fencing school. How angry I felt! if M. Alfred's servant had been there, I do think I should have strangled him.

"The combat still continued, M. Alfred laughed bitterly: my master was calm and cool.

"'Ah!' said M. Alfred.

"His sword had grazed my master's arm, and the blood was flowing.

"''T is nothing,' said he, 'go on.'

"The perspiration ran from me.

"The witnesses advanced; M. Eugène made a sign to them not to approach. His antagonist profited by the movement, and made a thrust at him; my master was one moment too late in parrying it this time, and the blood flowed from his thigh. I seated myself on the grass, for I could no longer stand.

"But M. Eugène was still calm and

collected, though his half-opened lips shewed his clenched teeth. The perspiration flowed from his antagonist's forehead, he was getting weaker.

"My master stepped forward.

"M. Alfred fell back.

"'I thought you never retreated,' said he.

"M. Alfred made a *feint*, and M. Eugène's sword parried with such force, that his adversary's bent almost in two—for one moment his chest was unguarded, and my master's sword was buried in it to the hilt.

"M. Alfred extended his arms, let fall his weapon, and was only prevented from falling, by the sword which had pierced him.

"M. Eugène drew out his sword, and he fell.

"'Have I acted as a man of honour?' said he to the witnesses. They made a gesture in the affirmative, and advanced towards M. Alfred.

"My master came up to me.

"'Return to Paris, and take a notary to my house; mind he is there by the time I return.'

"'If it is to make M. Alfred's will,' said I, 'that can hardly be worth while, as he is writhing like an eel, and vomiting blood too, which is no very good sign.'

"'No,' he replied, 'it is not for that.'

'What was it for then,' said I, interrupting Cantillon, in my turn.

'To marry the young girl, and acknowledge her child,' said he.

'And did he do it?'

'Yes, sir, and nobly!'

"'Then,' said he to me, 'Cantillon, my wife and I are going to travel; I should like to keep you, but your presence would be a restraint on her; you understand. Here are a thousand francs; I give you my horse and cabriolet, to do what you please with; and if you want me do not address yourself to any one else.'

"As I had wherewithal to commence, I turned coachman." There is my story, sir. Now where shall I drive you to?

"Home; I will finish my calls another day."

On arriving at my own house, I sat down and wrote Cantillon's story, just as he had related it to me. M. A.W.

SPIDERS' THREADS.

The threads of the minutest spiders are so fine, that four millions of them would be required to make up a single hair of the human head. The compound, or common thread of the spider, is made up of about forty thousand smaller threads.

A REVERIE ABOUT OYSTERS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

Man has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal, and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals, who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain, nor get drunk; but a cooking animal seems after all to be his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking victuals he shines pre-eminent; here he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention, and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste, and furnished three or four kinds of food to suit that taste, but this sense in man accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials. He has made copious selections from all things that dwell upon the face of the globe—from the birds of the air, from the fish of the sea, from the inhabitants of lake and river, yea, from the bowels of the earth has he extracted substances to minister to his palate, and the whole mineral and vegetable world has been ransacked with indefatigable industry for its gratification. Thousands of his species pass their lives in dreary mines, to send forth the simple but indispensable salt with which he seasons his viands; while others fit out frail vessels, and amid storm and tempest, traverse the wilderness of waters for certain spices that add piquancy to a favourite dish! But after he has collected all the products of the world together, that is only the commencement—the preliminary mustering of his forces. What are all these materials collectively, to the innumerable, the inconceivable quantity of dishes which he manufactures from them by skilful combinations or incongruous mixtures?—Twelve figures can be set down in thousands of different ways and no two alike; then out of those millions of primitive substances, what countless quintillions of dishes can he not compound! whilst every day new secrets are brought to light and added to the limitless list of gastronomic discoveries.

The ancients knew something as regarded these matters; but still they seemed to have studied expense and vanity more than real gratification. There are few that have not heard of the extravagances of an Heliogabalus; his brains of flamingos, his tongues of nightingales, and his heads of ostriches, six hundred of which were served up in a single dish, and for which single dish the deserts of

Arabia must have been scoured and desolated—but there is no ingenuity in this, nothing remarkable, save its monstrous folly. At a later period the art took a more complex form. In 1577 the abstemious cardinal, Ascanius Colonna, gave an entertainment to the prince of Nassau, when the following unique *olla podrida* was produced, which was looked upon as one of the greatest achievements of the times, and was so admired and lauded by all who partook of it, that a certain holy father present at the feast, composed a Latin ode upon it, and handed the receipt down to an ungrateful posterity, who refuse to avail themselves of this *chef d'œuvre* in the annals of cookery. The ingredients were "ten pounds of beef, three pounds of a pig, six wood pigeons, one pound of truffles, six thrushes, one capon, three pounds of turnips, six handsfull of green fennel seed, two pounds of sausages composed of curious materials, one pound of pepper, six onions, twelve larks, three lobsters, seven lampreys, four choice cardoons (a vegetable resembling celery), two heads of Bologna cabbage, three pounds of tallow, spices, salt, sugar, and other seasonings." How stomachs were constructed in those days it is not stated.

The United States possess an advantage over all the nations of the earth in two things highly conducive to human happiness—oysters and peaches. Men may disagree about forms of government, or the fine arts, or the relative merits of poets, painters, and actors; and whether they are right or wrong, may be perfectly sincere and well meaning in their opinions; but whoever denies the complete supremacy of the oysters and peaches of that part of the world, must be given over as incurably infected with prejudice and perverseness. The peaches of England are nothing, and the oysters, generally speaking, no more to be compared to these, than a crab-apple to a pippin; though there ought to be an especial reservation made in favour of what is called the "Colchester native," the flavour of which must dwell in the grateful remembrance of all who have had the good fortune to taste them; they are uncommonly sweet, but small—a very choice oyster for ladies; but when taken into a tolerably capacious mouth, do not touch the palate at every point—there is still something wanting, and you do not experience that unalloyed gratification, that fulness of delight which is the necessary consequence of swallowing a large, fresh, fat, York-bay oyster. So extremely grateful are the latter to all who truly appreciate their estimable qualities, that every additional one only creates a keener desire for its successor,

> "As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on,"

until the stomach signifies its incapacity to receive a farther supply of the luscious and delectable food.

Man is naturally a self-opiniated contrary animal, and feels a natural inclination to disagree with his species on all earthly questions; but still he divides into parties and subdivides into factions, and it is possible to find half a dozen people who have the same views in politics, religion, and literature; but perhaps no two were ever formed since the creation with exactly the same tenets respecting the stomach. They may hold on together for some time, and confess that they both like boiled salmon or roast ducks; but let them speak upon the subject of eating for a quarter of an hour, and a hundred minute but important differences of taste discover themselves. Indeed, two men alike in this respect would be a much greater rarity than the two Dromios. There are few points on which there is a more unanimous opinion entertained than on oysters. All agree as to their virtues in the first instance; but whether they are best raw, or stewed, or fried, or broiled, or pickled, is the subject of endless cavillings, and interminable harangues. The longest dispute I ever listened to was whether it was best to devour these creatures with black pepper or red; and such was the earnestness of the disputants that the man employed in opening them, making a mistake, kept helping the red pepper advocate with black and the black pepper zealot with red; and to the infinite amusement of the lookers on, neither found out the difference until they were told, when both instantly declared they thought the oysters had a very peculiar taste! just as newspapers or politicians will now-a-days commence a fiery dispute concerning democratic and aristocratic parties, or the powers of the general and local governments, until they unconsciously change sides in the course of the argument, without being anything the wiser; and just so trivial and undistinguishable are half the disputes into which we poor brainless bipeds plunge with such uncontrollable fury, to the infinite amusement of all calm and dispassionate spectators. But it will not do to go on grounding general reflections on an oyster. It was made

for better things than to be a theme from which to extract a questionable moral. I would if I could be eloquent in thy praise, thou best and gravest of fish — thou most nutritious and digestible of moluscous substances — thou stanchest friend and steadiest supporter of Afric's trampled sons, for whom thou daily effectest more than Wilberforce can ever hope to compass—much do I regret that the insatiable appetites of the citizens are robbing their bay of its greatest boast; like the boy who killed the goose for the golden eggs, they are not content with the yearly produce of thy fruitful beds, but they leave them oysterless, seize on both interest and principal, and expect a miracle to provide for the future. It is easy to foresee the ruinous consequences of such atrocious conduct—but it is not in common prose that thy merits and sufferings should be commemorated. I will take my harp, and sweep its softest strings.

LINES ON A NEWLY-OPENED YORK-BANKER.

With feelings strange and undefined I gaze upon thy face,
Thou choice and juicy specimen of an ill-fated race;
How calmly, yea, how meekly thou reclinest in thy shell,
Yet what thy woes and sufferings are man may conjecture well!

For thou hast life as well as he who recklessly seeks thine,
And, couldst thou speak, might draw forth tears as briny as thy brine;
For thou wast torn from friends and home and all thy heart could wish,
Thou hapless, helpless, innocent, mute, persecuted fish.

Perhaps thou wast but newly joined to some soft plump young bride,
Who op'd her mouth for food with thee when flowed the flowing tide;*
Perhaps thou hast a family, from whom thou hast been torn,
Who sadly wail for him, alas, who never will return!

Thou wast happy on thy native bed, where blithesome billows play,
Till the cruel fisher wrench'd thee from thy 'home, sweet home,' away;
He stow'd thee in his coble and he rowed thee to the strand—
Thou wast bought and sold and opened, and placed in this right hand!

I know that while I moralize thy flavour fades away,
I know thou shouldst be ate alive,† before thy sweets decay!
I know that it is foolishness, this weak delay of mine,
And epicures may laugh at it as sentimental whine.

Well, let them laugh, I still will drop a tear o'er thy sad fate,
Thou wretched and ill-fated one! thou sad and desolate!
O'er thee and o'er thy kindred hangs one all-consuming doom,
To die a slow and lingering death, or, living, find a tomb!

Like the Indian from the forest—like the roebuck from the glen,
Thy race is dwindling silently before the arts of men;
Ye are passing from the river, from the sea-bank and the shore,
And the haunts that long have known ye, shall know ye soon no more!

The Blue-point and the Shrewsbury‡ are vanishing away,
And clamless soon will be our streams, and oysterless our bay;
Rapacious man, before your prime, ordains that ye shall die,
And drags ye from your cool retreats to boil and stew and fry!

Why were ye made so racy, rich, and luscious to the taste?
'T is that has stripped your thickest banks, and made your beds a waste;
"Your virtues have proved sanctified and holy traitors to ye,"
And that which was your proudest boast has served but to undo ye!

E'en I, the friend of all thy kind, when I think of what thou art,
When I ponder o'er the melting joys thy swallowing will impart,
Can delay thy fate no longer; one look, it is my last!
A gulp—one more—a silent pause—a sigh—and all is past!

* Oysters taken from the river and kept in fresh water, open their mouths at the time of the flowing of the tide, in expectation of their accustomed food.—*Dr. Kitchiner.*

† Those who wish to enjoy this most delicious restorative in the utmost perfection must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own gravy in the under shell; if not eaten while absolutely alive, its flavour and spirit are lost.—*Dr. Kitchiner.*

‡ Two famous species, found adjacent to New-York, now nearly extinct.

HISTORIC GLEANINGS.

COLONEL BLOOD.

Evelyn, in his Journal says, "March 10, 1671,—Dined at Mr. Treasurer's, where dined Monsieur de Gramont, and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent bold fellow, who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending only curiosity of seeing the regalia there, when, stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the sectaries and enthusiasts, and did his majesty services that way, which none alive could do so well as he; but it was certainly as the boldest attempt, so the only treason of this sort, that was ever pardoned. The man had not only a daring, but a villanous unmerciful look and false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating."

Enough has been said of Charles' protection and favour of this man; but what shall we say to the baseness of his majesty's loving subjects, who admitted this monstrous ruffian to their tables? What a strange thing is courtesy! The virtuous Evelyn, that quiet pattern of an English gentleman, sitting at the same board with a common stabber like Blood! Ed. Parterre.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JAMES THE FIRST.

"He was of a middle stature," says Sir Anthony Weldon, "more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough, his clothes ever being made large and easy; the doublets quilted for stiletto proof; his breeches in great plaits and full stuffed; he was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets; his eye large, ever rolling after any stranger that came in his presence, insomuch that many for shame left the room, as being out of countenance: his beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup of each side of his mouth; his skin was as soft as taffeta sarsnet, which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his finger's ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin: his legs were very weak, having had (as some thought) some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age; that weakness made him for ever leaning on other men's shoulders; his walk was ever circular."

NOTES OF A READER.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH ON HOGARTH.

I perform my promise of giving you some account of what I have been reading in Hogarth. I do not think it quite justice to say that he was a great comic genius. It is more true that he was a great master of the tragedy and comedy of low life. His pictures have terrific and pathetic circumstances, and even scenes: he was a Lillo as well as Fielding. His sphere, which was English low life, was contracted, indeed, compared to that of Shakspeare, who ranged through human nature in all times, countries, ranks, and forms; but he resembled Shakspeare in the versatility of talent, which could be either tragic or comic; and in a propensity natural to such a talent, to blend tragic with comic circumstances.

"Much has been said of the morality and utility of his works. Garrick said that

> His pictur'd morals mend the mind,
> And through the eye improve the heart.

Too much of this sort can never be said, unless it be exclusively said. Hogarth deters men from debauchery, prostitution, and mercenary marriage, by a representation of the evils which flow from them.

"But has not Raffaelle also 'through the eye improved the heart?' Have not dying Christs taught fortitude to the virtuous sufferer? Have not Holy Families cherished and ennobled domestic affections? The tender genius of the Christian morality, even in its most degenerate state, has made a mother and her child the highest objects of affectionate superstition. How much has that beautiful superstition, by the pencil of great artists, contributed to humanise mankind? Unless, therefore, the praise of utility be denied to those who encourage virtue, and confined to those who

deter from vice, it will be impossible to bestow it in an exclusive, or even, I think, in a pre-eminent degree, on Hogarth; though it must be allowed that, in his pictures, the utility is more obvious and direct.

"Observations somewhat similar may be applied to Miss Edgeworth's fictions. In my first enthusiasm of admiration, I thought that she had first made fiction useful; but every fiction since Homer, has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of death. These are the highest virtues; and the fictions which taught them, were, therefore, of the highest, though not of unmixed utility. Miss Edgeworth inculcates prudence, and the many virtues of that family. Are these excellent virtues higher or more useful than those of fortitude and benevolence? Certainly not. Where then is Miss E.'s merit? Her merit—her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius—consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had, therefore, been left by former writers to her. * *

"The same circumstances at the same time directed both the pencil and the pen to common life. Hogarth arose with Richardson and Fielding. The 'Rake's Progress' is a novel on canvas. The Dutch painters had before painted familiar and low scenes; but they were without any particular moral tendency; and it was scenery, rather than the history of ordinary life, which they represented. They were masters of the mechanism of their art, in which Hogarth was totally deficient.

"Hogarth had extraordinary vigour of sense, and a quick perception of the ridiculous, with somewhat of that coarseness and prejudice against sensibility or refinement, which men of that character are apt to entertain. Horace Walpole brought him to dine with Gray, and complained that he was seated between Tragedy and Comedy. They did not talk to each other, which he ought to have foreseen. Gray must have shrunk from Hogarth, and Hogarth must have laughed at Gray. Hogarth and Johnson suited each other better. Both had most powerful and independent understandings; neither had poetical sensibility. Both endeavoured to spare themselves the pain of knowing, and the shame of owning, that they were inferior to others in sensibility to the higher perfections of art, by professing a contempt for such of them, as were not too formidably guarded by ancient fame and general reverence.

"Hogarth objected to the Royal Academy. In a letter to Lord Bute, he represents the art to be in a good-enough state, or at least, in as good a state as it was capable of being. He thought it useless for students to go to Rome to study the antique. 'If hereafter,' says he, 'the times alter, the arts, like water, will find their level.' This is the text, on which has been founded all the coarse and shallow declamation against patronage by governments of the fine arts."

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NELSON.

"He (Nelson) says Sir James Macintosh, seems to have been born with a quick good sense, an affectionate heart, and a high spirit; he was susceptible of the enthusiasm either of the tender or the proud feelings; he was easily melted or inflamed; to say that he was fearless, seems ridiculously unnecessary; he was not merely averse to falsehood or artifice, but he was in the highest degree simple and frank. These qualities of his heart are not mentioned for the idle purpose of panegyric; however singular it may sound, I will venture to affirm that they formed no small part of the genius of Nelson: they secured attachment and confidence, and they revealed to him the feelings of other men—that great secret in the art of command, which reason alone can never disclose. His understanding was concentrated on his profession; and as danger must always excite where it does not disturb, it acted on his mind, in the moment of action, with the highest stimulant power, and roused his genius to exertions greater than the languor of tranquillity could have produced. Still, Windham certainly, and perhaps Fox, met Capt. Nelson, at Holkham, without suspecting that he was more than a lively and gallant officer. * *

"Why is it not possible to wipe out from history the scenes in the bay of Naples? I read over the passage which respects them three or four times, in hopes of discovering a vindication; but, alas! it is impossible. It might be thought affectation, but it is true, that I have read them with no small pain. The breach of faith to the garrisons of the two castles is too certain and too atrocious. The execution of Caraccioli is an act which I forbear to characterise. The writers admit, that at this execution was present that ferocious woman who lowered the illustrious name of an English

matron to the level of a Parisian fish woman, and who made our chosen hero an instrument in deeds of cruelty and dishonour. The contrast between these horrible executions and the profligate splendour of Palermo in the autumn of 1799, as it appears by Sir T. Trowbridge's letters, reminds the reader of that union of effeminacy and barbarity which marked the worst of the Roman emperors.

"From this moment the charm of the kind and honest Horatio Nelson is gone. His correspondence with his poor wife becomes cold and rare. She, the companion of his poverty and obscurity, entirely loses him, at the moment when he became the most celebrated man in Europe. His excellent father, notwithstanding the virtues and the glory of his son, seems nobly to have joined his injured wife. What excites the most bitter regret is, that he who was seduced into barbarity, and public as well as private perfidy, had a soul full of honour and humanity; that he was the same who never punished a seaman, and whose nerves were convulsed at seeing him punished; that he was the very same, whom the sailor's called 'Nel, bold as a lion, and mild as a lamb.'

"Nelson had gone from his parsonage to sea; where, in five years he had become the greatest of Englishmen. Art, politeness, flattery, magnificence and beauty, acted upon his unworn sensibility. The daughter of Maria Theresa was on her knees to him as a deliverer. Meretricious beauty poured all its blandishments on the uncultivated sailor. The arts, in the degraded state when they ceased to deserve the name of liberal, and become the wretched slaves of sense, were still the land of prodigies to him. He had a just indignation against the crimes of his enemies, and, more especially, the dastardly treason of the Neapolitan nobility. He had not been taught to value, nor accustomed to consider the forms, without which the substance of justice cannot be preserved. He believed the prisoners, or their ringleaders, to deserve death; and he thought that the existence of the government required a terrible example; *and, perhaps, in themselves both these opinions were right.* From a just detestation of that irresolution which had ruined so many governments, he fell into the prevalent error of supposing that nothing deserves the name of energetic policy but undistinguishing violence; and thus by errors in judgment, by the excess of justifiable feelings, by the drunkenness of guilty passion, and the maddening power of political fanaticism, he was driven into these deplorable acts. I shall not even extenuate them. I hope there is no creature who has a greater abhorrence of perfidy and cruelty than I have. I verily believe that there is no character in history, but that of Nelson, which I should love, after imputing to it such crimes."

ANTIQUE RELIC.

A most elegant relic of the time when Ebor owned the Roman's sway, was recently turned up between York and Dringhouses, a site rich in Roman remains. It is a signet of iron contained in a case of silver, or some mixture of which silver constitutes the principal part. Its form is as near as possible that of the fashionable eyeglass of the present day, neatly engraven, and the rivets are of brass. It has a ring at the top, by which it has in all probability been attached to a chain, and thus worn as an ornament upon the person. On the obverse is a striking profile of Flavius Domitian, with the inscription 'FLAVIUS DOMI.,' and on the reverse is a man on horseback, the animal in a trot, and the man elevating a whip, seemingly in the act of urging it forward, with the motto 'HOMO ET EQUUS.' Flavius Domitian was the second son of Flavius Vespasian, who reigned from A.D. 81 to 96, in which year he was assassinated; so that the signet, it is likely, is between 1700 and 1800 years old, and yet the letters and every part of the engraving are distinct and perfect. This singular state of preservation is doubtless to be attributed to the superior state of the workmanship, and the exactness with which the iron was enclosed and protected by the less corrosive and more precious metal of which the case is composed.

[The foregoing is from a recent York paper, and has gone the round of all the London journals, literary and political, without a single comment. There is no making "head or tail" of the description, which is doubtless as correct as such accounts generally are. The thing is evidently a medal of the Emperor Domitianus, mounted in a circle of metal, and worn as an ornament. The Cabinet of Vienna contains many fine specimens of very large size, and in gold, which were found some years since in Hungary. These notices of antiquities in the provincial papers constantly betray the grossest ignorance, and we are therefore

warranted in being a little sceptical as to the accuracy of the description above quoted. It is only a few days since that we saw in all the papers, a paragraph relating to the discovery of an ancient vessel at Calais, together with a coin *bearing the date* 1219! The sage who wrote the account was of course utterly ignorant of the fact that dates on coins are not found at that early period, and that the custom of marking the year in which the coin was struck is a comparatively modern practice. This is the vulgarest of all the errors upon which our would-be antiquaries are constantly stumbling. Will the possessor of the Roman relic oblige us with an impression? If so, we will venture to tell him something about it. ED. PARTERRE.

SLANDERS AGAINST HUMAN NATURE.

Poetry abounds in errors. It is generally the language of feeling; and who feels as he reasons? Even our received system of morality frequently wanders from the truth. History is often turned into fiction by the discovery of a coin, or a half defaced inscription on a monument. The theory of the philosopher, however ingeniously contrived, is overthrown by some simple experiment, or accidental phenomenon of nature; and I am convinced that biographers ofttimes give faithful narratives of the adventures of their heroes, yet, by applying erroneous motives to their actions, metamorphose the whole into mere romance. One of the most eloquent men I ever heard address a public assembly, exercised the most extraordinary, and, indeed, magical influence over his hearers, while engaged in confuting the ordinary calumnies against human nature, and in delineating its affections, its genius, and its virtues. It was impossible to listen to his exalted and generous descriptions without feeling the bosom beat high with noble and pure emotions. If I was ever capable of a Roman virtue, it was while thrilling and glowing in the state of calm excitement produced by one of these discourses with the tones of that inspired speaker yet dwelling in my ear, and in my heart. Poetry is often made the vehicle for conveying false opinions of human nature.

> "Ah, what is friendship but a name,
> A charm that lulls to sleep;
> A shade that follows wealth or fame,
> But leaves the wretch to weep?"

This is a pretty sentimental slander, which, although not expressing the real sentiments of the poet, is much quoted as authority.

PYRAMIDS OF MEROE.

"THESE pyramids," says Mr. Hoskins, "are of sandstone, the quarries of which are in the range of hills to the east. The stone is rather softer than the Egyptian, which, added to the great antiquity, may account for the very dilapidated state of most of these ruins; and also for the sculpture and hieroglyphics being so defaced. Time, and the burning rays of a tropical sun, have given them a brownish red tint, in some parts nearly black. As the operation of many ages is required to make this change on a light-coloured sandstone, a further proof is afforded of the great antiquity of the monuments. The stones being small, and easily removed, it is fortunate that the chief group of pyramids is so far distant from the Nile; otherwise, like those on the plain, near the river, a great proportion of them might have been carried away as materials for the erection of more modern edifices."

A PURSUIT.

No human being, however exalted his rank and fortune, however enlarged and cultivated his understanding, can long be happy without a pursuit. Life is a ladder, on which we climb from hope to hope, and, by expectation, strive to ascend to enjoyments; but he who fancies he has reached his highest hope, is miserable indeed, or who enjoys the utmost of his wishes: for many who have been most successful in their respective undertakings, have given the gloomiest description of the emptiness of human pleasures. The pursuit alone can yield true happiness; and the most trifling object that has power to fascinate the hopes of man, is worthy his attention.

> The bliss we covet seems, at distant view,
> To all superior, but when once possess'd,
> It cloys,—we spurn it,—and another call.
>
> J. P. JUN.

THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

IT is the property of sorrow to draw bitterness from all things. When it sees fellow sorrow by its side, it is pained by the parallel. When all around is gaiety and gladness, it is still more pained by the contrast.

The river of time has its cataracts and falls—and these are revolutions.

Ladies and sovereigns enchain their admirers with smiles and ribbons.

A true believer, when blessed with a smiling imagination, is the happiest of mankind.

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THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

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One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast-beef and plumb pudding. Now I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. Besides, no man fond of such stuff does, ever did, or ever can sit down to a meal without running into excess. Then come custard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach and heavy head, and stagger away with brutish apathy. *I* am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit—sweet, harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. Old mother earth supplies my slender appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal—the innocent vegetables—ethereal food. Thus I am light as air. I am keenly susceptible to every moral and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from everybody in another thing. I believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance, and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender, but they touch not him. There are black—they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him into contact with a creature—he hears the tones of her voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens, that for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or

three prototypes in real life; or rather, he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties. They play the very devil with him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know, that it is no affair of his. If a schoolboy have the organ of destructiveness, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth—— But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred. had; a great many, no doubt. He was a sad dog—a Don Juan—a sort of Giovanni in London—and he bade fair to be a Giovanni in—— but that was his business.

Oh, the sweet women! It is almost incredulous. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances which fell upon him, and of which you caught a few stray ones, though only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plumbs. He had clusters of them. They all loved him, and he loved them all. His soul was as large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" said I.

"Caroline," he answered.

"She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes—I love her."

"And *she?*"—

He rose and opened an escritoire.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose-coloured envelope. It *did* look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline B——- such light hair?" asked I. "I never knew—I always thought—I was observing only yesterday that—surely, surely you have made some mistake—see, what is that written in the bottom of the paper? 'Julia!'"

Fred. hastily looked again in the little pigeon hole, and drew forth another rose-coloured envelope — another and another.

I smiled—so did he.

"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is," said Fred.

"What?"

"That a man can love only once. I have loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred times. I *always* love *some one.* Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not *love!* Love is sole, absorbing, pure, constant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred. "I seldom *cease* to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here, when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasing ardour—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden yonder? It is the great principle—should the object of my early love *die,* must I be ever thereafter *dead* to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than men. Nature made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet—their hearts tender—their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them all—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Eliza. I never think of them without sensations of delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The d—l!" said he.

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself. Curtain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not come home to tea. I did not get up next morning to breakfast. So I could not know what was the result.

Mrs. B. is one of the very loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three models myself. It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think!" said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek crimsoned with shame, her bosom palpitating with distress, "twelve! He loves twelve, he says."

"A whole jury!" said I.

"It is monstrous!" said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers!" said she.

"Tit for tat," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I, taking her hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or *one*," said I, drawing her toward me, and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister, and I always loved her.

The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called back, by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce! We hired the uniforms at the tailor's.

"I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Henry to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!" Tears gushed from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol, and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next room sat Mrs. B.—at her feet a richly-dressed young soldier, who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her, and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed: "See, there is another. How familiarly he seats himself by her side—takes her hand"—

"I shall strangle to death."

"Patience!"

"Dearest colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

"The other was only the lieutenant," whispered John.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful friends."

I held Fred. still with the grasp of a giant.

"That I love you I cannot deny. *A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters, as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is the great principle.*"

"Loveliest of thy sex," said her companion.

Fred. burst forth, levelling both pistols at the Colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols loaded with sawdust seldom do.

The Colonel uttered a scream, and fled.

"Madam," said Fred. swelling with indignation, "have you any *more* of these affectionate friends?"

"Only eight, my dear husband. Why what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly. "When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you. From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties towards each other. Love must exist on both sides—or on neither. Whatever may be the opinions of a heartless world, a 'man of soul' and of virtue makes his wife"—

"I am not to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now for ever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their *chapeaux* off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

Fred. soon discovered the truth, and I read him his moral.

Husbands, all, remember that wives have equal anguish and shame with yourselves, in receiving a *share* of affection, though they do not possess your despotic power in extorting it. The slightest dereliction, even though only the carelessness of a moment, on the part of a wife, stamps her for ever with ignominy and pain; while the absurd customs of society allow to man a greater latitude, in slighting, neglecting and deceiving her whose happiness is in his keeping. Of these customs "the man of soul" will never take advantage.

VIENNA, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF NAPOLEON D'ABRANTES.

(For the Parterre).

VIENNA! city of pleasure and of ease, of simplicity and luxury, so old fashioned, with its upward darting spire of St. Stephen's, and its smokers in their large hats, and its lower order of females in their glittering caps; so new, so elegant, so lively, with its joyous promenades of women at the Prater, and the Volks-Garten, its ballets half German and half Italian, its merry public balls, and the hunting parties of its great lords, by the side of which those of our kings are merely like a party of poachers beating

the bushes! Hail! sweet remembrance of Vienna. I am sad, let me chat a little about Vienna, perhaps it may make me smile.

In the first place, every one is prepared for what is to be seen on the road which conducts from Strasburg to the capital of Austria! First comes Carlsruhe, with its seven streets, spreading like a fan from the grand duke's palace. As soon as you have crossed the bridge of Kehl, you appear to be a thousand leagues from France. At the first relay you are struck with the foreign appearance of the postilion, who, with his horn slung over his shoulder, comes and takes his seat as if he belonged to your family, and his name seems to authorize him, for in all Germany, Schwager* is the title given to the postilion. They go at a pretty good pace, but God grant that you may not be in a *very* great hurry! for not even for a ducat would a Wirtemburg or Baden postilion go beyond a certain pace, which is their *maximum*. Happily this *maximum* is passable, and as the roads on account of the tolls are beautifully kept, one is not *very* often tempted to swear at the amiable Schwagers in the grand duke of Baden's blue and white livery. And then, who ever thinks of looking at his watch, when, on each side, the land is like one cultivated garden, even the very ditches seem turned to account: it is like a corner of Touraine.

The black forests of Swabian pines come precipitately upon you without any transition after this glorious country; but even there, one can make new and piquant observations. How delightful to spend a Sunday, a jour de fete in summer, as it happened to me, in a village in Swabia; to see those fresh and fair girls of Wirtemburg, with their black bodices embroidered with silver, and their gold brocade caps in the Phrygian form; the men with their hats nearly six feet in circumference, their linen sleeves fastened at the wrist, and their riding boots; to see these people issue hand in hand from a gable-roofed church, you might almost imagine you saw a picture of the old German school animated, or that they are actors playing one of Voss's pastorals in costumes of the seventeenth century.

But if any one has been obliged to stop as I have, for a broken axle-tree at Ulm, and if he has passed his time in doing aught else but admiring a quantity of little ivory toys, shewn him by some very pretty young girls, I shall never forgive him. There can be nothing prettier than the little wheels and spindles so delicately cut out in ivory.

As for me, I remained six hours *tête-à-tête* with these wonders; and some of these little trifles which I brought here with me, have been admired by all who have seen them.

However, this is not equal to the singular aspect of the antique town of Augsburg. While the sentinel at the gate was taking down my name, and that of my travelling companion, I began to look about me, and I saw on all the walls, paintings in fresco, which probably are as old as the Confession of Augsburg. But I was obliged to look twice at those which ornamented the first house on the right hand side, to be quite sure I was not mistaken. This enormous picture represented St. Joseph exercising his profession of carpenter, near him the Virgin Mary, and the infant Jesus. So far all right; but what struck me, was the costume of St. Joseph, which was much more like that of the good Bavarians in the times of their religious wars, than what he in all probability ever wore.

He is standing by a bench, armed with an enormous plane, with which he is planing a board; near him the Virgin Mary is mending some linen, and spreading out her fingers like a pigeon's wing, while the infant Jesus, with a large broom is sweeping away the shavings. All Bavaria is full of chefs-d'œuvre, about on a par with this; I did not cease laughing till I arrived at the frontier of Austria.

You should enter Vienna by daylight. The town rises nobly on your view, with its majestic gate like a triumphal arch. I was astonished on entering, to see such an immense quantity of carriages stationed in a square, but I was much more so, when I heard that they were hackney coaches. One may say, without fear of being taxed with exaggeration, that the hackney coaches of Vienna are infinitely superior in luxury, in speed, and in commodiousness to our glass coaches.

At Vienna, every body uses hackney coaches. In the evening, after dinner, may be seen young men of some of the first families in Germany, smoking in the Prater their Hungarian pipes, in an open carriage from the public stand. Nobody here rides in any thing else. I remember the first day that the ambas-

* Brother in law.

sador took me to Prince Metternich's, being then ignorant of the customs of Vienna, I hired a glass coach—I knew not where to hide myself; the next day, and for some time after, I and my unfortunate glass coach were quite their laughing stock. And in truth they are right, for there are about ten or eleven leagues from Vienna to Baden, and yet a hackney coach never takes more than three hours to go there.

I have just named a place which it is impossible to pass over in silence, when speaking of Vienna: I mean Baden. This imperial residence is situated in the valley of St. Helena, which looks like a shred of Switzerland, and is the favourite residence of the emperor and empress. Perhaps the same vegetation is not to be found here as in Laxemburg; but there is at Baden something so quiet, so peaceful, that *there* it is impossible to be anything but good and happy. And it is saying a great deal, to declare that its august inhabitants are good and happy. In fact at this moment, in which the popular volcano is making every throne in Europe tremble to its base, the hereditary states are enjoying a tranquillity, which cannot be called an *apparent* calm, because this *statu quo*, of which elsewhere the people are weary, makes the happiness of the Austrian people. Certes, of all the countries of Europe, Germany is perhaps the one which the spirit of Liberty agitates the most at the present moment; and when this compressed fire shall one day break out on all sides, we shall see Austria in the midst of this general emancipation, remain immoveable, enveloped in its old institutions, and its general happiness causing it to stand forth from the canvass.

Nothing can equal the patriarchal simplicity of the manners of the imperial family. The emperor dines with his family at noon; when at Vienna, he is exceedingly fond of walking in two little flower gardens, where there grow an immense quantity of roses, which are planted like two baskets at the entrance of the Prater. In winter the empress, and the archduchesses, go to the public balls without their suite, like gay citizens, in white dresses, pearls round their necks, and white roses in their hair; during the Carnival, in dominos, amusing themselves with the first person they meet, laughing with those that are amused, sorry when day appears, and joyous at the evening ball.

Apropos of the public balls, do you know there is nothing to be compared to those of Vienna? First, he who has not seen German, and especially the Viennese waltzing, can form no idea of what people are, that love dancing. The quadrilles of our own beautiful France, have always appeared to me rather insipid; but when I have seen the people of this country, and their gay public balls, I cannot even think of our Parisian ones without falling asleep. It is delicious, a sight enough to drive you mad, to see more than a hundred women, moving with a rapidity which almost makes your brain turn, a hundred couples springing forward with an energy which threatens to overturn every thing, and that, without coming in contact with each other, without deviating one step; and then, in the midst of this well regulated tumult, to find oneself carried away by the whirlwind, turning rapidly round a woman one loves, or has loved, or will love—for in the world all consists in that. Oh! a country where they dance but in this manner, is a country where one dances for joy, for pleasure, for happiness.

Our Parisian balls would have already expired in a consumption, if Germany had not saved them, by inoculating them with the Galopade. Well, the quickest, the most breathless, the most sprightly galoppe of the Chaussée-d'-Antin, would be considered at Vienna as a funereal march or a grave Spanish dance!

And then their orchestres are so admirable, that there is some pleasure in dancing to the sound of such harmony. It is from Germany, that we have borrowed the charming idea of concerts in the open air; there is not a single town but what has in its public garden a *harmony*, as they call these concerts. At Vienna every evening, an orchestre performs in the Volks-Garten (the people's garden) airs, waltzes, and overtures, exactly like our concerts in the Champs-Elysées; the only difference there is between ours and those on the banks of the Danube, is that the good people of Vienna think that harmony is like the air, the sun, the light, for every body—and the orchestre of the Volks-Garten deals out harmony to any one who will listen. And when I was at Vienna, Barbaja was there with his troop, consisting of Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, Madame Meric Lalande; Pasta, too, was there!

And then what can we say against the ballets of Vienna, which have sent to us the graceful Taglioni—and which are

now sending the two charming Eslers, Fanny and Hermine!

These many good things make you like Vienna; but how much more should I like it, if they would not dine at four o'clock in the afternoon; I know very well, that in the winter one ought to go to the theatre, and in the summer to the Prater; that they take supper and tea, both of which are certainly very good things; I know all that, but still that sentence sounds painful to my ears; we dine at *four* o'clock.

In summer after dinner, when I neither went to the Prater, nor to pay visits, I liked towards evening to go and admire that splendid *chef d'œuvre* of Canova's, the tomb of the Princess Christine; or another group by this great master, which they have placed in a small antique temple in the Volks-Garten: Theseus, conqueror of the Minotaur. The proportions are perhaps rather exaggerated; but there is a richness, a warmth of execution which more than redeem the rare faults that one may discover. But what Vienna most abounds in, is its churches, so coquettish and yet so characteristic, with their thin spires pointed like spikes, their marble statues, their pulpits of such beautifully carved wood, and their splendid glass windows radiant in the sun, like so many rubies, sapphires, or topazes. The finest is that of St. Stephen's, seven feet higher than the cathedral at Strasburg; St. Stephen's the highest building in Europe, next to St. Peter's at Rome! Oh no! it is not the result of prejudice, void of sense, the impression that seizes you, when you enter that aisle where knelt Mathias Corvin, Scanderbeg, Sobieski; where the first crusade was preached; under the walls of which is still to be seen the stone pulpit from whence Peter the Hermit shouted to the people, "To the East! to the East! God wills it!" No, there is no superstition in bending with respect before these ancient stones, which have seen so many great men beneath their arches, and have remained standing whilst *they* have returned to dust.

It is on the day of the Fête-Dieu (10th June), that the cathedral is most beautifully adorned! After the processions of Spain and Portugal, that of Vienna at this great Christian solemnity has the reputation of being the finest in Europe; and I can easily believe that the assertion is just. All the most remarkable persons in the empire are there, in grand costume, with that strict Austrian etiquette, which doubles the scale of all it touches, and spoils nothing in such matters. But one of the finest objects in this ceremony, is the detachment of the Hungarian guard, commanded by Prince Esterhazy. Nothing can give an idea of the pomp of this corps; nothing can make you understand the appearance of their chief. All the diamonds of the house of Esterhazy, which are entailed therein the same as an estate, sparkle that day on the prince (like all those of the house of Cadaval upon St. George's hat at Lisbon on this same). His costume, which is the national Hungarian one, consists of a pelisse and a loose cloak, each plait of which is of fine pearls, and every button a diamond; his horse's martingale is one stream of diamonds. The troop which he commands is composed of young men of the first Hungarian families; it is the finest in the world. Certes when at Vienne at the Fête-Dieu, it well deserves your being out in the streets the whole day long, notwithstanding the heat, which is excessive; but as every day is not a fête, you may then take refuge where there is a little shade and coolness, and for that, nothing is so delicious as the environs of Vienna, Hitzen, Meidling, Weinhaus, where the English ambassador had a charming retreat; Grünberg, where the French and Russian ambassadors passed the summer; Schœnbrunn, with its menagerie, its lattice-worked terrace, before which I also bent in silence, thinking of the guest which then inhabited it; that palace from whence *his* father had dictated laws to the world. Oh! what has become of the father? what has become of the glory of our arms? what has become of the son?—The father!—the holy alliance has murdered him on a rock two-thousand leagues from his country! It is a debt that France has contracted with the holy alliance. The day may come when she will pay it! The son!—he died the 22d July, 1832, at twenty-one years of age! full of promise, of youth, of talents, of goodness! In 1825, when I was at Vienna, his pale and thin face, his grave look, and his mouth without a smile, already seemed to foretell 1832. At that time he did not mix in society, as he afterwards did!—then the care of his regiment, his rides on horseback, and his studies, his darling studies, entirely occupied him; and it was only at the theatre, by stealth, through the trees at Schœnbrunn, that I could see him. It is only since the revolution of July, that he has shewn himself at the ministers' and ambassadors'. One may even make

a rather strange observation on this subject. One evening, at the English ambassador's, when he perceived Marshal Marmont, he went up to him, and talked with him some time. We may see in M. de Montbel's beautiful book, how much he felt interested in him, profiting by his lessons, and listening to his explanation of his father's campaigns. But what is a curious fact is, that under the Restoration, the Duke of Ragusa, whilst in favour at the court of Charles X., would not probably have been admitted to the friendship of the prince, and that the Duke of Ragusa in disgrace, almost exiled under Louis-Philippe, is received at Vienna with open arms, and installed as one of the preceptors to the son of Napoleon.

Happy they whose career has conducted them near him during the latter years of his life; those Frenchmen who could salute him with the tri-coloured cockade on their brow! How have I envied them even the miserable advantage of weeping at his sad funeral!

Time has only added a few years more to the age of the trees at Schœnbrunn; and *he* whose army was encamped in the palace yard, has seen that army, which seemed composed of iron, annihilated, has changed power for slavery, the powerful life of an emperor, against death, the death of an exile! And his son, born on a throne, then exiled to the place from whence his father made all Europe tremble, has died too! And what now remains of either? Nothing; nothing but the remembrance! Schœnbrunn, Schœnbrunn, eloquent lesson of history! thou art a sad study!

Such is Vienna! at least it is thus I saw it, and thus it pleased me. I liked whatever there was of sad in it, whatever there was of gay; its walks, its theatres, its processions, and its Schœnbrunn. Vienna is a pleasant town, where there are no coteries, because all good society visit each other, which enlarges the social circle, and removes from it even the shadow of coterie. It is a pleasant town, where both the arts and Frenchmen are loved; where they speak nothing but French and their own peculiar German dialect; where the streets are well-paved with flag-stones; where the people are good and honest, the women pretty and gay, the men frank and sincere. It is a pleasant town, and would be the best of towns, if they would dine at seven o'clock, if the theatres were better lighted, the singers better, and that there was not in the world another city called Paris.

M. A. W.

RESOLUTION.

FROM MY DIARY.

The longer I live, the more I am impressed with the deep importance of cultivating this quality. It is greatly overlooked in the usual estimates of a man's character. We speak of his generosity, his courage, his integrity, his manners and attainments; we call him amiable, affectionate, intelligent, but we seldom inquire if he is *resolute*. It is equally overlooked in the received systems of education. We teach children grammar, arithmetic, geography; but it is not often that a schoolmaster watches to strengthen by precept and example the growing weakness by which the young boy yields easily to surrounding circumstances. It is true, we praise the resolution by which an individual carries on a great design, but that is not what I mean. The less obtrusive, but far more valuable peculiarity to which I allude, is that quiet, never-sleeping spirit which pervades the whole tenor of some men's existence, and is, in fact, the secret cause of their greatness and wealth, and success in whatever they undertake. It is the spell by which ordinary minds pass brilliant and gifted intellects, in the journey of life; by which so insignificant a creature as an ant, piles a hill for his dwelling; by which the coral insect raises an island in the ocean. If I were a father, I would strive to implant this habit in my son's character. It is more valuable than gold, and will accomplish more than genius, with half the disappointment and peril. How much I admire it—yet how totally I am destitute of it! I have arduously endeavoured to acquire it, but have failed to gain it, from the very fact that I had it not. With it I could have grasped any other virtue, and nearly any other advantage. I could have been systematic in my business, and regular in my indulgences. I could have been rich. I could have amassed knowledge, and strengthened all the faculties of my mind. It is the "place to stand on" which Archimedes wanted in order to move the world. No one can be resolute in this way, without having been taught early a certain contempt for ease and enjoyment: this I have never learned. There is my weak point—every temptation overcomes me. There are moods in which I feel I could effect great things. I have a Spartan severity of thought, and a singleness of purpose, which, could I but retain it, would lead me anywhere. Could I but

be *isolated* from the gaieties of life; could I be thrust into a dungeon, or on a solitary island, for a certain period, and with a certain object; could I, in any way, rescue myself entirely from the innumerable influences around me, and become actually the master of my own mind, I would not pass away from the earth an unremembered creature. I would leave a monument; but without resolution, this is but an idle reverie. Yes—and I fear it would be no more, even in the dungeon, or the island. My own thoughts would be my enemies. Pleasure comes like a spring sun, and dissolves all my snowy designs. The satisfaction of a present impulse has always been more important to me than the success of a remote plan. Irresolution is a habit which creeps upon its victim with a fatal facility. It is not vicious, but it leads to vice, and many a fine heart has paid the penalty of it at the scaffold.—Trifling as it appears in the wavering steps of the young, as they grow older its form changes to that of a hideous monster, which leads them to destruction with their eyes open. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain, is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands have painted it to him in glaring colours, that it will deaden all his faculties—take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart—oppress him with foul diseases, and hurry his progress to a dishonoured grave; yet he drains it under a species of dreadful spell, like that by which small creatures are said to approach and leap into the jaws of the loathsome serpent, whose fiendish eyes have fascinated them. How beautiful and manly is that power by which the resolute man passes unmoved through these dangers.

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

BY S. P. WALKER.

The prettiest time of all the year,
Is the gay and smiling *spring*,
When the sun is bright and the sky is clear,
And the fruits are blossoming.

When the flow'ret leaves of every die,
In their rife and blushing bloom,
Blend each breeze that passes by,
With a soft and sweet perfume.

When every hill has a diadem
Of moss and verdant green,
And life is hung on every stem,
And nature's smile is seen.

The liveliest song is sung in spring,
When the birds in their plumage fair,
Carolling on their sunny wing,
Enliven all the air.

The sweetest time of all the year,
Is when the genial rays
Of *summer*, fling their dancing cheer
In fêtes and roundelays.

When ripened berries in their blush
The sportive young invite—
And joyous souls are in the flush
Of frolicksome delight.

Ah! summer days are golden dreams—
When humming houris, on the wing,
And honey bees, and gushing streams
Our steps are all enlivening.

The saddest time of all the year
Is when the *autumn* gale
Is stripping with its fanning shear
The beauties of the vale.

When landscapes take another hue
Of fading looks, and smile no more—
And falling leaves the ground bestrew,
And lawny trips and sports are o'er.

And then it is, when all the dress
Which gilds the meteor day
Of life, flings back its emptiness,
And wears its charm away.

The dreariest time of all the year,
Is when chilly *Winter* spreads
His frosty mantle far and near,
And sets his seal on fountain heads.

When icicles, like *bijouterie*,
Which glisten for awhile—
On every bough of every tree
Are hung in studded file.

The wildest strain, is when the moan
Of hollow winds lament,
In bleaky nights, on deserts lone,
The winter's discontent.

The prettiest time of all the year,
Is the gay and smiling spring—
When the sun is bright, and the sky is clear,
And the fruits are blossoming.

WOMAN'S CONFIDENCE.

There is something so beautifully confiding in the natural feelings of a woman's heart, that she will never doubt till she has been taught to do so.

GENIUS, like fire, is a good servant, but a terrible master.

ALARMS OF A BACHELOR.

BY A QUIET GENTLEMAN.

—

It must be an extraordinary thing to have a *wife*. Not that a married man is an extraordinary thing; but the certainty of being married must be extraordinary. To behold your *Eve* at last in the sweet wilderness of the world, to feel that you are no longer alone. To look down upon a group of lovely children—those little angel resemblances—those "blooming responsibilities"—those flattering miniatures—ourselves uncorrupted, unwrinkled, rejuvenized, sleeping while we watch, smiling while we weep, pure while we sin, living when we die, and preserving our very identity from the maw of death.

"Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as high a volume."

I could never read that passage without pitying a bachelor, and beholding in perspective a dozen "little abstracts" at least, climbing my chair and peeping from behind the curtain, and yet I never married. I am a hardened, hopeless, obtuse Benedict, knocking about the world at random, an uncared for creature, thrust into the worst room, and put off the last on all occasions. The young women draw themselves up cautiously when I approach; and as I am but a younger brother upon five hundred a-year, which I can never make more, but which I have several ways of making less, the more aspiring mothers get their chickens under their wings from me, as a hen gathers her brood when a hawk hovers over the barn-yard. London, that "dear, distracting town," I have long ago abandoned, and make Travelling my bride. All those four quarters of the globe which I could scarce find with my finger at school, I have now trodden with my foot. I have lived to weary of Smyrna and Egypt; I am sated with reminiscences of Greece among her broken temples; I went for *excitement* from Rome to *America*, and after tasting the hospitality of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, I came back yawning to Paris.

"The deuse!" I said to my friend Rider.

"How?" replied he interrogatively.

"Life is a bore," yawned I.

"It is a bliss," said he.

"I am always wretched," said I.

"*I* am perfectly *happy*," rejoined he.

"It is constitutional," said I.

"Pooh!" replied he.

"Heaven help me!" said I.

"You must help yourself," said he.

"I want excitement," said I.

"You want a wife," said he.

I looked him full in the eyes.

"Will you do me a favour?" asked I, earnestly.

"If I can," said he.

"You are married, are you not?" asked I.

"I am," replied he. "Thank heaven, I am."

"Then tell me," cried I, "as you love me. *How* is it?"

"How is *what?*" asked he.

"Marriage," replied I. "Are you, really all things considered, happy?"

"By Jove," said he, "I am."

"Candidly!"

"As I am a *man*."

"Enough," said I, "I'll think of it."

I was now ready to leave Paris, and calling a cab, soon arrived at the *Messageries Royales rue Montmatre*.

We were presently in an immense court-yard, filled with twenty or thirty diligences coming and going every minute, amid the bustle of the crowd, the confusion of loading and unloading baggage, the clattering of horses' feet, the blasts of the horns, and the everlasting *sacré* of every Frenchman who had anything whatever to do. In a few more minutes I was seated in the *interieur* of a diligence just ready to set off for Boulogne and Calais; my portmanteau was deposited on the top, my cloak and "Gibbon" with me, and I sat waiting with some impatience the arrival of whatever persons fate had selected for my fellow passengers.

It is a busy and grotesque scene a "*messagerie*" at Paris—new numbers were swarming in, and new incidents were every moment soliciting my attention in different parts of the yard. I closed the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." As I turned down the leaf at the "character and studies of the Senator Boethius," a carriage drove up, containing a very lovely young girl of eighteen or perhaps twenty, who, after alighting, passed the window hanging on the arm of a gentleman. They inquired for the voiture for Boulogne, and were shewn to the carriage in which I sat.

"By Jove," said I to myself, "she is very pretty."

After a friendly leave, taken in French, the old gentleman handed her in, shook her heartily by the hand, and pleading some particular engagement, departed.

"*Mais Monsieur B.*," cried his fair

companion, in French, "tell me how much must I give the man for carrying the portmanteau?"

"One franc," replied the old gentleman, and again he bowed off.

The *conducteur* came by suddenly and closed the door. There we sat, alone.

I offered her the choice of seats. No, she was very well. I was about to add something to relieve the awkwardness, but glancing at the face of my companion, I perceived she was in tears.

There was a moment's silence; then, as if unable any longer to restrain her sorrows, she somewhat hastily disentangled from her reticule a cambric kerchief, covered her face in it, and, with a slight rocking motion of the head, wept bitterly.

"Bless my soul!" thought I, "I *wish* I could do something for her. What could be the matter? Was she French or English?" Her language was that of the former. Her manner and face proclaimed her the latter. Her dress was exceedingly neat and elegant, and *very* French. In a moment her grief appeared excessive, and knowing my inability to console her, and that the greatest kindness a stranger could extend, would be to withdraw all observation and leave the swollen tide to subside by itself, I had re-opened Gibbon, and was forcing my sympathies from the visible grief of my present companion, to the remoter and much more feeble claims of poor Boethius, when the carriage-door opened, and a porter popped his uncombed head in to demand pay for the lady's portmanteau. She fumbled a minute in her purse and gave him a franc. The fellow began, as those scoundrels always do, particularly when they think they can extort, by rude importunity, double pay from a stranger or an unprotected female. "A franc was not *half* enough. He must have three francs. He *never* received less than three francs at least;" and he held the piece in his hand, as if about to return it. The poor girl muttered "dear me!" in sweet English, and put her hand into her purse again. "I was told," she said again in French to the man, "that one franc was quite enough for carrying so *very* small a trunk, merely from the carriage to the diligence."

"Oh no, madame, three francs is my least pay. I *must* have three."

"You must have *no such thing*," said I, "and you shall not. Pray, madame, allow me the pleasure of dismissing this scoundrel, who is well paid with *twenty sous*."

"If you would be so very kind," murmured the lady.

"If you would meddle with your *own* affairs," growled the rascal.

"If you would close the door, *conducteur*," said I, with affected sternness.

The fellow scowled at me and withdrew. The *conducteur* closed the door. The lady leaned back in her seat and resumed her weeping. I opened Gibbon again and went on with Boethius.

"*Allons! en voiture!*" shouted the *conducteur*, and the door was again opened for more passengers. They were an elderly lady in deep black, and a young man of perhaps eighteen. As they seated themselves, the driver and the *conducteur* clambered up to their places; the five giant horses began to move, the horn sounded, the whip cracked, the postilion swore his usual *sacré*, and off we started for London.

As we moved heavily along through the gloomy, crowded and filthy, but most picturesque streets, the lovely young girl, after one or two glances along the far and narrow perspectives, again resorted to her kerchief; and I turned to survey the other two, whom some single, and to me unknown, influence among the many thousands that flow towards London, was drawing to that immense metropolis. I was rather surprised to perceive that the elderly lady in black was also strongly agitated with anguish; tears stealing each moment from her aged eyes, which, whenever she deemed herself unobserved, were lifted with a deep earnestness to heaven, as if entreating strength to bear some too grievous burden. Both the ladies thus in tears, I cast my eyes on the youth whose mother had made the second in our sorrowing circle. The young man was also labouring under an evident excitement, but of an opposite nature. He was continually betraying the stirrings in his heart of a delight and joy which he could neither repress nor conceal. Sometimes he assumed a solemn demeanour and spoke to his mother in a tone of seriousness, but the next minute he was rubbing his hands gleefully together, smiling to himself out of the carriage-window, laughing aloud at ordinary trifles, and pressing his arms and elbows suddenly against his sides with a gesture of hearty gratification.

They were three interesting characters to a lover of human nature and of adventure; and I waited, with a mixture of sympathy and curiosity, the unfolding of the plot.

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the young

girl, at length; "we are at the gate already." She took another tearful glance, and flung herself back again with her handkerchief to her face.

"Yes, we're here true eneugh;" said the youth, with a broad Scotch accent, and rubbing the palms of his hands together.

The elderly lady in black rolled up her eyes, clasped her hands, and sighed.

I turned over another leaf of Boethius.

A half hour thus passed away, when the young girl, who had been raining and clearing up again like an April heaven, every five minutes, suddenly bethought herself of something which she seemed to fear was lost, and the search for which diverted her mind from her sorrow. She looked here and there, under her, in her bosom, in her reticule, and in a pretty basket in which female *voyageuses* often carry the minor necessaries of the journey, cakes, peppermints, etc. etc. At length, after several "*oh my's*," and "*dear, dear me's*," she drew it forth in the form of a letter, closely written, and crossed at right angles. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, her face brightened with a smile, and she received our congratulations upon her recovery, with much grace and good humour. The young Scotchman said, he "tho't how it wad be, but he would na say onything." The elderly lady in black smiled faintly at the elastic spirits of her companion; I kept on close with Boethius. After the brief interruption to the general silence, they all relapsed into their own thoughts. The lad pressed his elbows against his sides, rubbed his hands and chuckled; the elderly lady clasped her hands under some agonizing recollection; and the girl, after carefully perusing almost half the letter, threw herself back once more in a new fit of anguish, which appeared greatly heightened by the late found treasure.

"So ho," thought I, "a letter—a *love*-letter. Poor girl! Some desperate attachment! Some fine, fond, fascinating young Frenchman—with mustaches—a cruel father—the whole thing forbidden—recalled from Paris—heart-broken—poor creature, poor creature!"

I read on through my reverie, and was just thinking whether the "consolation of philosophy" composed by Boethius in the tower of Pavia, could have contained any antidote against love in the bosom of a young girl of twenty, when the object of my speculations suddenly tore the letter with some vehemence, once, twice, three, four times, and then taking carefully the fragments, tore each one separately into bits small enough for a theatrical snow-storm, and scattered them out of the window along the road.

I flatter myself I behaved as a grave gentleman should; I neither smiled nor raised my eyes, but kept on till poor Boethius yielded to his horrid fate; though, I confess, I witnessed his end with as little pity as Theodoric himself. I had insensibly become interested in the scene.

"This was then no true-lover whom she mourned," thought I. "Some heartless flirt has won and slighted her affections; but then, 'heartless flirts' don't write letters of four pages, crossed at right angles."

"Pray, sir," said she, suddenly addressing me, "can you tell me whether it is *really* necessary to have a letter about one, directed to oneself, to hand into the custom-house with the passports?"

"By no means," I replied; "at least I have never heard of such a necessity."

"An' if there be," said the Scotchman, "I've got one about me from my uncle, that I think will get me through."

The elderly lady in black gave a shudder.

The lad chuckled and winked to me.

Our fair companion, whose grief appeared to come and pass away by momentary impulses, now busied herself in taking off her bonnet; tying it up to the netting on the top; arranging her cap and curls. Her complexion was of the fairest. Her eyes large, blue, and full of expression; her teeth white and regular, and her cheeks and lips, without any poetry or nonsense, really *rosy*. In short, she was a fresh, glowing English girl, full of health, *esprit* and *naiveté*, whose evident anguish made sympathy with her only an amusement, since it had left her youthful graces all as fresh and fair as a half-blown rose. She was certainly pretty—dangerous eyes for a bachelor. I began to think with my friend Rider, "certainly I want a wife. Peradventure my time is come."

She had now arranged herself to her satisfaction; and having nothing more to do, fell back into melancholy. Something was said respecting the comfort of the seats.

"Ah," said she, apparently half talking to herself, "how time and circumstances change one's ideas. When I came to Paris, I was as particular where I sat as can be, but *now*——." She sighed with an air of careless despair;

"I do not care in *the least* where I am now; here, or there, or on the top, or behind, it's all the same to me."

Once more her eyes filled with tears. Once more I dropped my attention to the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

"Weel, I'm glad *I* have such a comfortable place at last," said the Scotchman. "I shall sleep to night like a stone."

"Poor boy!" said the mother, with a sigh, "this is his fifth night in the diligence."

"Dear! dear! dear!" exclaimed the girl, "what can make you in such a hurry?"

She said this rather as a comment than an interrogation.

The elderly lady in black only wiped the corner of her eyes.

The lad laughed outright, and pressed his sides contentedly with his elbows.

"Dear me," said the pretty *incognita*, "what a lovely scene! Did you ever see anything so beautiful, sir?"

"A great many things," answered I, smiling.

"But, I think I never saw anything so lovely as this."

"Why—you do not seriously compare these broad, endless hills and heaths to the picturesque scenery of England?"

"Oh, *England!*" said she quickly, and with an expression of dislike; "do not mention England; I am *tired* of its stupidity. France! delightful Paris! Oh, I could live there for ever! Don't you like Paris, sir?"

"Not much," replied I. "It is a filthy place—a heartless, wicked place. For those who are particularly fond of amusement or fashion, it is well enough; but, I like my own country better."

"Dear! dear! that's *so* extraordinary!"

"Were I a Frenchman," I added, "I should probably think Paris a paradise!"

"Ah, but sir, there are *attachments* which one forms in such a place." Her features clouded over suddenly as she spoke.

"True," I rejoined, "where the affections are engaged, even Paris must seem a heaven!"

"Oh, sir, I know such *delightful* people there. I have spent so many, *many* pleasant hours—I have been *so* happy—so perfectly, so *completely* happy; that, when I now quit it, perhaps for *years*—perhaps *for ever*—"

"What an enthusiastic creature," thought I; "with what *soul* she emphasizes."

"Parting from those we love," said I aloud, "must certainly——"

I looked up. Her eyes were swimming in tears, and out came the handkerchief again.

The elderly lady in black had both her hands before her face.

The Scotchman rubbed his palms together, and looked out of the window.

I laid my hand once more on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

But, my companion seemed to find relief in unbosoming her grief. Perhaps she felt intuitively that I sympathized with her. Perhaps she thought the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" a very voluminous volume, for the only *talking* one among her fellow-passengers.

"Yes, sir," she resumed, taking down the handkerchief, "parting from those we *love*, is indeed, a trial. But *I* am *used* to trials. My life has not been long, but you would scarcely *believe*, sir, what I have suffered, young as I am."

"I trust your adversity is now over," said I.

"Ah no, sir, I fear not; we can never say our adversity is over in *this* world. I shall *never* be happy again till I see Paris, I am *sure*—never, never."

Her face darkened a little. I thought she was going to weep again, but she did not.

"Well, then," asked I, "if you dislike England, and are so pleased with Paris, why do you not reside there?"

"Oh, sir, my husband can't *endure* Paris."

"Your what? I beg your pardon," said I. "Can't *endure Paris?*"

"Why yes," she said, with a smile, "*you* said *you* could not just now."

"But why does he stay in it, then," said I. The word husband lending a new key to the mystery.

"Dear me, sir," said she, "he does not stay in it."

"Why you said—that is—I thought your husband was in Paris."

"Oh dear, no. He is in London."

She leaned back again in tears, and covered her face with the handkerchief.

"Weel. Here we are at St. Denis," said the Scotchman, "and now we 'll change horses. I wish the deevils would go along faster, for I 'm in a braw humour for my dinner. I hae nae tasted a morsel these fifteen hours, and then naething to speak of. Dinna ye feel hungry, mother?"

"No, my child," replied the matron,

"I shall never feel hunger again, I fear."

"I hope my uncle will be ready."

The elderly lady sighed and said nothing. The lad laughed and chuckled, and I looked out along the strange streets of this celebrated old town, renowned for its ancient abbey of Benedictine monks, and as the burial place of the kings of France.

As we moved on again the conversation grew more general. The Scotchman talked of his dinner, his dog, and his uncle. The mother's grief, though less violent than that of her lovely companion, was more lasting; and the young girl herself, with many apologies and pressing solicitations for us all to share, produced some light edibles from her little basket, a bottle of wine and a silver cup, and we were all much amused to find that during the motion of the carriage, no one could drink. The fair hostess of the feast laughed as heartily as if care had never moistened her eyes. I was thrown quite off from my romantic speculations. There is a sober reality, too, about the name of "husband," at which most novelists close the third volume; but, a "husband" in London, and a heart in Paris—that's awkward.

At length we stopped late in the evening for dinner at *Beauvais*, another celebrated town, with a theatre, and a high, unfinished cathedral. Neither of the ladies dined, but having become quite familiarly acquainted, enjoyed their own reflection in the carriage, and afterward walked in the moonlight.

My friend, the Scotchman, sat next to me at table. I observed after the "potage," that notwithstanding his hunger, he had eaten nothing.

"Why, your appetite has left you, sir!"

"Oh, no, no—I'm as hungry as a shark; but I'm an old traveller about these parts, and I never touch a mouthful of French soups. I know too well how they mak' them. I saw you swallowed yours vera unsuspectingly, so I wad na say onything about it," and he laughed and chuckled again, as if his gratification were growing habitual.

"How do they make them?" inquired I.

"Ou, ye see, they gather all the little bits o' bread and meat aff the plates of the last dinner, and perhaps aff the table or the floor, just as it happens—all the slops and leavin's, de ye see, and they ding them all in thegither. I wad not touch a drop for a kingdom. But here comes the goose. I ken there's na patch-work about him;" and very leisurely drawing the dish toward him, he helped himself to an abundance, and fell to with vigour.

"Your mother does not dine, sir?"

"Oh no, puir soul, she's nae appetite the day."

"She seems unwell."

"Why, yes, she is *vary* much *distrassed* at present about the death of my father, puir man, who was drowned the ither day aff Portsmouth, and we have only just got the news. I'll thank ye to pass that dish of tomato. This goose is as tough as an auld deevil. Thank ye. I'm going on to London now, to see the opening o' the will, and tak' charge o' the estate. I have n't been in London for sax years, and I thank this goose was born afore I cam' away."

This affectionate speech was made with a full mouth, and concluded by a loud laugh.

"Won't you take fruit out for your mother," asked I, as I was rising. "Perhaps some grapes will refresh her."

"Oh no! naver mind her. The gude woman is no chicken, and she's used to travellin'. Besides, she'll not eat onything at present, for my father's death. She taks on about it dreadfully. Is n't yon a strappin' pretty lassie—yon waiting maid? When I was here last, I cam' wi' a young, mad deevil of a French officer. He chucked all the chambermaids under the chin, between Marseilles and this Beauvais, and kissed them, and a bonny buss he gave yon wench, I remember. By the way, I'll tak' some o' those nuts for mysel', and an apple or twa—for we have a long night's ride before us."

We got through the night very comfortably. A soft moon lighted nearly all the hours. We chatted a little, and dozed a little, and the poor widow sobbed once or twice—and I could hear the heartless young heir indulging, ever and anon, in his congratulatory chuckle—and the horses neighed, kicked and snorted, and the postilion swore—and the pretty, young wife talked very eloquently upon metaphysics, and character, and nations; and said, she hated the English with all her heart, and thought the French made the best husbands. "Oh, sir," said she, "they are so *animated*—so *ardent*—so *fond*—so *intellectual*. Your Englishman is dull and gloomy, if not cross—he is wrapped up in his own business. It is always, 'how can I make *money*?' While a Frenchman thinks, 'how can I be *happy*,

and how can I render those around me so?' "

"I am sorry," said I, "to be so rude; but I cannot agree with you. The Frenchman, probably makes the best *lover*, but a *husband* is altogether a different affair."

"Oh, yes," she sighed; "I know that too well; that is, I have often seen it exemplified. But the Frenchman certainly is a most graceful *lover*."

"A Frenchman," said I, "makes love with too much ardour—he is too theatrical—too forward. He oversteps the limits of civility."

"Oh dear! *dear!* no. Pardon me, sir; I must put you right in *that*. I *must* say, whatever may be the faults of a Frenchman, he *makes love* with *the most perfect*, the most *unexceptionable civility*. There is not a word or an action but is inspired by the *soul* of tenderness and refinement."

Daylight brought us to Abbeville, and we were allowed time for coffee and hot milk—a refreshment which almost compensates for a sleepless night. Our subsequent ride lay by the memorable *forest of Cressy* to *Montreuil*, an old town mentioned by *Sterne*. This is seven or eight hours from *Boulogne*, where we were to embark in the steamer for *London*.

As we advanced toward the limits of France, I perceived the heart of our young companion growing sadder and sadder, and the handkerchief was once or twice resorted to, and was always kept ready in case of sudden necessity. Without wishing in the least to intrude within the circle of her private thoughts, I could not avoid, in the course of our day's ride, learning much more of her history, disposition, and present feelings. I am fond of unfolding any character, especially that of an ardent and intelligent woman. It disclosed itself as easily and artlessly as a bud opening in the summer morning, yet I detected the worm at work amid its bright leaves. She was one of the thousand females whose sentiments have been more cultivated than their reason, who act more from impulse than reflection, and who, in the dangerous experiment of marriage, rashly stake their all in an adventure, where the chances are fearfully against them. She had, it appeared, a year before, been joined to a plain young man, in a good business—one who had loved her long and well—of an irreproachable character, of kind heart and sound understanding—whose prudence, fortune and fair prospects in life rendered the match altogether too advantageous not to be earnestly enforced by her friends. She had never been from home, had seen nothing of the world, was ignorant of any nearer approach to love than a thorough respect and friendship; and, yielding to the influence of all around her—an influence to which she could oppose no definite objection, in the full bloom and freshness of her charms and of her soul, she had married. This sketch of her past life I gathered from her, partly through her frank words, and partly by implication. Her pride and her sense of propriety, and her still unimpaired respect for her husband, combined to render her his eloquent eulogist through all her careless, rambling explanations; but I could easily see, while she spoke of her own happiness as a *wife*, that she returned toward its re-enjoyment with a reluctant heart; and that, though her guileless words plainly proved his deep and unsuspecting affection for her, they equally betrayed that it was too feebly requited.

"My husband," continued she, with her girlish, confiding frankness, after a long debate, in which she had fairly talked me out, "thinks there is no other woman in the world like me. He gives me my own way in everything—I have whatever I choose to ask for. He places the utmost confidence in me, as you may see; for I have been three months now in Paris *all alone*. I am sure, with such a husband I *ought* to be happy. As for my visit, I ought to be very much obliged to him. For I never—*never* enjoyed anything so much in all my life. *Such* friends! *such* company! such delightful amusements! *What* is there in *England* to compensate me for all these? Oh, dear Paris! Are you fond of music, sir?"

"Passionately."

"So am I. Now there's Herbert. It is *so* strange. He cannot tell one tune from another. I have studied music very carefully, and play the piano, they *do* say, pretty well. I'll not be backward, (for *where's* the use;) I play very well indeed. All our family are musical—ma, and pa, and aunt Sally, and uncle John—and, even all uncle John's children. They all come round to see me, on purpose to hear me sing and play." She flung herself back again, with a sigh, and a changed tone. "Now, Herbert does not care a *pin* for music. I believe he *tried* to like it, for *my* sake; (he would do *any*thing for my sake;) but once, when he was listening attentively to one of my songs, I looked round, and what

do you think? he was asleep—fast asleep—his head bobbing up and down, just so;" and she shewed her white teeth, in one of her humorous smiles.

I let the little unhappy chatterbox run on; for they are well off, who have the hours of a French diligence so well beguiled; and my companion was so pretty and lively, and emphasized her words so enthusiastically, that her chat was doubly amusing.

"In Paris, we danced, and sung, and rode, and drank champagne, and went to the opera, and to parties. Now, not one of these does Herbert care a single *sous* about. Then he is the *gravest* creature—never smiles—never jokes, and, what is more, never can *take* a joke. I don't know anything in the world so delightful as to meet with persons who laugh at once, and heartily, at droll things. Now, Herbert is all for *business*. Morning, noon and night—business—business—business—and, when it is not *business*, why it is politics—reform—the catholics—Mr. O'Connell—this ministry and that ministry. What do *I* care about their *ministries*? Now, in Paris, I have heard nothing of these things. There all is gaiety—joy—refinement—amusement. There, people think only about being *happy*. There, men, when they meet women, are their *companions*—their friends—their—heigho!"

Poor Herbert!

In a few minutes, the conversation was quite changed; for it rarely kept long in one course; and I suffered it to meander as it would. We were speaking of character, of the different grades of crime, and of the different degrees of guilt, even in the same crime.

"Now," said I, "there is murder—a deliberate murder—for malice or avarice—what can be more awful? But a noble fellow, although the immorality there too, would be great, *might* be entangled in a duel, and a *duel*, you know ——." I looked up to continue, but she was once more in tears. Out came the reticule, and then the handkerchief. I had touched some new chord. There was several moments silence.

"So, so," I thought; "a duel! the deuse! what can all this be? Herbert! Herbert! I fear this bodes thee a sad fire-side!"

"Excuse me, sir," at length said my companion; "you must think me very silly. I am most wretched—*such* a calamity! I have a friend, who, a few days before I left Paris—the most dreadful circumstance—I cannot relate it!"

"Good heaven! I trust, nothing serious."

"I fear—I hope—it is impossible to tell."

"Where was it?" asked I; for I had heard of no duel in Paris.

"Directly through the arm," said she; from behind the handkerchief.

"Not mortal?"

"Oh, no! I trust not. The surgeon thinks he will recover."

"And the cause?"

"Oh, sir! I cannot explain it. I do not understand it myself. It is that which has irritated my feelings so, (as you have observed;) but I cannot bear to think of it. Let us change the subject. See those apples—those beautiful apples," continued she, brightening up like a lively child. "How rich their great red cheeks look. They had not *thought* of being ripe, when I passed this way to Paris."

We had an elegant dinner at Boulogne, at the neat Hotel d'Orleans, where a friend of her husband was already in waiting to see the pretty wife off in the steamer, which started at one in the night for London. I strolled around the old town, in the steps of Caligula and Napoleon, and killed the lonely evening at the circus, where the usual feats were performed by man and beast; handkerchiefs were picked up, hoops jumped through, and the wretched jokes of the clown flung a forlorn-looking audience into a roar.

At one I was on board the steamer, whither I had previously been, and taken the only unengaged berth. On descending into the little cabin, which was crowded, I found my young Scotch friend, with his usual hard-mouthed impudence, just drawing the coverlet of my bed up to his chin; his hat, coat, vest, and boots lay by his side, although my name had been pinned ostentatiously against the curtain.

"Oh, how d'ye do, to-night?" said he, in his broadest accent, as we recognized each other. "How d'ye get on, noo? You come late down for these steamers. I ken them weel enough. I 've been here an hour at least. I shall be vera comfortable here, but I think you 'll be no gettin' a bed if you dinna mind."

I debated a moment the advantages of a dispute; the captain was on deck, half the other passengers were asleep, so I ordered a spare mattress on the floor, and wrapping my "gude cloak" about me, passed a comfortable night, with no other

interruption than one or two lurches and crashes as the boat yielded to a rather heavy swell, and an occasional call for the steward, or the basin.

The next day at three, we were getting along bravely up the Thames, with a world of vessels of every description flying by us with their wide wings spread broadly and heavily to the wind. The English wife had been sick in the cabin, but came at length upon deck. There was the poor old lady in black, yet lost in ill-concealed anguish, and her hopeful son agitated with delight as ill-concealed. I had got on well with the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, but we were now drawing too near the land to admit of further reading. Finding my agreeable stage companion yet alone, I begged her to call upon me without hesitation, should she have need, on landing.

"You will want a carriage," said I; "you will have to wait at the custom-house."

"No, oh no, sir;" she replied with a sigh: "no, Herbert will be there. I am *sure* Herbert will be there."

"Well, in case he should not, you know I should be most happy."

"Thank you, thank you. I am certain Herbert will be there. Herbert never fails. He is punctuality itself. He said he would be there, and he will be."

Poor Herbert! I had really a curiosity to see him. Punctuality and business, but no music, no dancing, no champagne; a grave, English heart, bent on industry, and interested in his country's welfare; but without the art to chain the affections of a beautiful, giddy young wife, whose very loveliness, guilelessness and purity rendered her more dangerous to others and to herself.

Oh man, dream not that matrimony makes woman yours. On the contrary, it is only then that real love begins, or real dislike. Good husband! neglect not the assiduities of the lover. Be more careful to please the wife than ever you were the mistress.

At length we floated into the midst of the great Babel—mist, smoke, ships—dark, heavy masses of black houses, domes, spires, bridges, towers and monuments. A multitude of small boats crowded around the steamer. My companion was about to descend into the barge, which was to land the rest of us.

"Had you not better," said I, "look around among these small boats; your husband may come out into the stream for you."

"Dear, dear," said she, "so he may!"

She looked around, and suddenly turning a little pale, placed her hand on her bosom, as if short of breath.

"He is there," said she. "I see him," she added, in a lower voice, and then waved him welcome with a 'kerchief, perhaps wet with tears of regret at his coming.

We were now to part. She left me her card and address, desired the pleasure of seeing me at her house in London, and bade me a hasty, but kind adieu.

I saw Herbert in the small boat; his face lighted with hope, pleasure and love, eagerly pressing his way toward the idol of his heart. I saw the warm flash of his eye as he seized her hand, and led her, with his impatient arm around her waist, to a seat in the stern. I noted her own countenance, pale, languid and spiritless, betraying all the sickness of her heart, as the oarsmen pushed off with them. He still held his hand tenderly around her waist, with the affection of a noble and fond husband—ignorant that he pressed only a soulless form—that his voice and his presence only awakened repressed regrets and vain recollections. That she whose absence he had evidently counted as a burden, to whose arrival he had looked forward with ardent love, had learnt in the gaiety and fashion of Paris to despise his quiet fireside, and to indulge feelings and wishes of happiness and love, in which his image could only mingle as a dark intruder. I followed in imagination this bright and thoughtless girl to the home of her husband. I heard his warm welcome, beheld his delighted embrace returned with cold effort, and perhaps with peevish carelessness. I felt his unsuspecting heart sink with alarm, his manly nature darken with disappointment. I heard his fond inquiries and her evasive replies, that fatigue and want of sleep had overcome her. I followed her dreams while her early friend and faithful husband, with cautious tread, stole to her pillow, and watched the face he loved. She treads in fancy through the gay saloon—lights are sparkling; mirrors blazing; music breathing; graceful figures float round her in the dance. One is there whom her eyes follow with soft delight. She leans on his arm. He whispers in her ear. He is by her side. He is at her feet. Poor Herbert! His is not the only heart that must rue Paris.

V. E. P. E. J.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A COLD WINTER.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I am not philosopher enough to comprehend fully the curious and sudden changes of temperature incidental to almost every climate; and there is something particularly unaccountable in the extraordinary severity by which the seasons are occasionally characterized. The winter of 18— was one of these, and will remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. One week especially was intensely cold; the sky was clear and blue, the air had a delusive calmness that beguiled some victims forth to death. A walk across the street affected us with acute pain in the temples; a moist hand would freeze instantly to the iron baluster of the steps—stage-drivers and hackney-coachmen were found stiff and dead upon their boxes. The student's ink congealed by the fire; the affluent, with all the appliances of wealth, could not keep themselves comfortable; and the heart aches to recall the condition of the poor, shivering and trembling around the cheerless fire-places of their dilapidated dwellings, half naked, hungry and destitute — it was, indeed, a dreadful winter for them. Many perished; some directly from the cold, while, although others lingered till the weather moderated, yet sickness and exposure had broken down their constitutions, and the soft breath of spring blew over their graves.

The snow in the street had a granite consistency, sparkling like diamonds in the brilliant sunshine, which shone all day with the ineffectual fervour of the moon upon its unmelted wreaths and rocky banks. Those who could, kept in doors. Those whom business called abroad, could scarcely be recognized through the multiplicity of garments. Over-shoes and mocassons, buffalo-skins and blankets, shawls, fur gloves and caps, and voluminous cloaks over great cloaks, every where met such eyes as could penetrate through the rich and curious frost-work which accumulated with every breath upon the window-panes.

Of course the city was locked up in

ice. Canals and rivers all over the country were closed. A silent bleakness and desolation reigned on land and water, worthy of the Polar regions. The Hudson spread out a solid field; and even the bay—a very unusual event—presented to the eye one vast mass of motionless ridges, interspersed with plains of glassy smoothness; broken masses of ice, which the tide, in the act of congelation, had forced up in heaps; and hills of snow, the remnants of a heavy storm by which this extraordinary period of cold weather had been preceded. The southern mails were conveyed from the Jersey side in sleighs instead of boats, and the papers mentioned, as a curious fact, that a pedestrian had crossed to the city from Staten Island with only the loss of one of his ears.

This excessive cold terminated as suddenly as it had commenced. A southern wind one morning blew over the city with a more moderate breath, the sun regained its warmth, and, in a few days, the eaves of the houses began to drip, and ponderous masses of snow to slide from the slanting roofs, to the imminent danger of the foot passengers below; the wooden sheds and house-tops reeked with the steaming evaporation — the streets grew wet and sloppy, and all things relaxed under the influence of a general thaw; still, however, although the bay began to discover indications of a breaking up, under the combined power of the sun and those rapid tides which rush, in opposing currents, from the East-river and the Hudson, yet the latter remained bound in its bright prison, affording a strong temptation to persons fond of skating—an amusement which the mud-gutters and mill-ponds render almost peculiar to boys, yet which, in the present instance, was found irresistible to large numbers of our population of all ages.

I was at that period a stripling of twenty, of rather a solitary turn of mind, though not averse to sport, of which skating must ever be considered one of the most agreeable varieties. It is an exercise full of fiery excitement and exhilaration. Distance is traversed with a velocity incredible—every muscle of the form seems laid out with unaccustomed force upon the power of motion—you glide, you float, you fly—you pass through space with a thought—wheeling, circling, darting—and rivaling the swallow in its airy gambols. The bosom rejoices as if in the possession of newly discovered power.

The sun was about an hour above the horizon, when, after a light dinner, I took a pair of skates under my arm, and bent my way down to one of the wharfs on the western side of the town. The cold had now, in a great measure, abated, and I found thousands of men and boys enjoying themselves upon the ice, darting by each other in every direction, wheeling and flying with ceaseless velocity and various motions, which resembled the play of a swarm of insects in the summer air. Here a troop of little fellows limped along on one skate, there another glided with both feet equipped for the sport; at one moment approaching within a few yards of the land, and again hurrying away off till they lost themselves amid the busy multitude.

Every boy bred in New York knew how to skate; but the facilities for practising this inspiring sport are passing away so effectually and rapidly under the jurisdiction of our street-cutting, house-shifting, hill-levelling, pond-filling corporation, that I fear the time is nigh at hand, when the art will be almost extinct. The very climate itself is growing more even and insipid, as if a member of the conspiracy, to exterminate our ancient favourite amusement. Be that as it may, on this memorable occasion I entered into the enjoyment with all my soul. The ice presented a great variety of surface on the part selected by the skaters as the most convenient for their purpose. Between the rough cakes and hills which sometimes obstructed our career, there wound little narrow passages of silver smoothness, which again expanded into fields frozen in furrows and ridges, as if the congelation had arrested the water in the act of lifting its waves. I skated leisurely along, musing upon the peculiarities of the scene, till, at length I wandered far from the shore, anxious at once to escape the riot, jostle, boisterous laughter and shouts of the crowd, and to reach newer ice; that upon which I had been skating being much cut up by the innumerable tracks, and also a little wet and sloppy. On, therefore, I went, finding ample companionship in my own thoughts and observations, till, at length, I awoke to the sudden consciousness that the sun had set, the night-shades were gathering around, and nearly every individual of the vast numbers, who, when last I looked toward the shore, were swarming around me, had disappeared. I myself had been lured on by a sheet of ice unmarked by a single track, and shining

with the perfect, unbroken beauty of a mirror, much farther than I intended.

"By my faith," I thought, as I aroused myself for a hasty return, "this would be a rare place to spend the night in, truly, and I away down the bay, full three miles from the shore. I have been over-venturous here."

The last glimmer of day faded from the sky, which had stretched in broad yellow radiance above the dimly-seen hills of New-Jersey, but the night being without a moon, the stars crowded out in soft rich clusters, beaming and sparkling above my head with beautiful and unwonted splendour. As I gazed up, a sensation of weariness came over me. I had exerted myself much beyond my strength, and now that the evening breeze blew upon me, I felt chilled, tired and exhausted. Anxious to reach home, however, I called up all my strength, and made the best of my way toward the city, which lay far before me, the countless lights flashing out from its dark heavy mass. But the maxim of the inspired Roman poet, however oft quoted, I found again sadly applicable to my present condition. *Facilis descensus Averni*, &c. I recalled my steps with great difficulty, and, among many obstructions, I found it a laborious task to gain a way with my feet through the icy masses which now appeared to lie around me in greater numbers. I sometimes had to pick my steps with toil and awkwardness, where my skates were rather an incumbrance than an assistance, and at length, in climbing over a line of confused broken pieces of ice, a strap which bound the skate to my right foot snapped asunder, and I found every endeavour to repair it fruitless. I was compelled then to disembarrass both my feet, with the agreeable prospect of finishing my expedition by walking—an exercise which, even on *terra firma*, I did not care to have thus unceremoniously thrust upon me, but which now, hungry, faint, fatigued, far from home, and on ice, was a peculiarly unpleasant mode of conveyance. My chagrin was considerably enhanced too, and some serious fears flashed across my mind with a force which rendered all my previous troubles comparatively insignificant, on finding that the ice was evidently undergoing a thaw—its surface being half an inch under water, which, in some places, appeared of a much greater depth. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed aloud, now truly and justly alarmed, "the ice is breaking up!"

I looked anxiously around. Not a being was to be seen. No boat, of course, of any description could penetrate here—no vessel was in my neighbourhood—and if there had been, of what use would she be to me, if, as I now feared, the ice was melting. I examined the surface around me. It was evidently yielding to the influence of the warmth of a remarkably mild evening, and perhaps the restless and powerful tides. In many places more elevated, it was still wet and soft, and at length, to my unutterable horror and despair, I perceived that I stood upon a mass which was almost detached from that above me, and swayed around with a heavy, slow motion—a mere island—about to float off to sea. I shuddered with cold horror. My heart beat quick. My eyes glanced wildly around in fruitless search of some means of escape. I could not swim, and not even a plank appeared in sight. "Is it possible?" at length I thought. "Has my time at length arrived? Shall I cease to exist before the morning? Shall I never see the sun again? Those dear friends who are waiting for me now at home, can it be that I have parted from them for ever—for ever and ever?" These thoughts rolled tumultuously through my mind, while I was striving continually to dash through the little sea which began already to encompass me. I tried in twenty places to regain the main fields, which I hoped might be yet attached to the shore; but wherever I advanced, the water spread around me, baffling my endeavours, and, in several places, the unstable material on which I stood, bent fearfully beneath my tread. Once my foot broke through, and the cold element chilled me with a feeling of approaching death. Wet, exhausted, hopeless and desperate, I felt that it became me to collect my energies and perish—if I must perish—with the composure and dignity of an honest man and a Christian. I addressed a prayer, therefore, to the merciful power which had called me into being, and then climbed up on a hill of wet ice, several pieces of which crumbled at my touch. With the blood curdling in my veins, I here saw the piece upon which I had been encompassed, gradually and with a heavy crash disjoined from the rest, so that the flood of the river, swollen by a long restrained current, gushed up upon the fragment, and almost flowed to my feet.

"The God of heaven receive me," I murmured, closing my eyes and clasping my hands convulsively together, as I felt

myself in motion, and saw the clear cold water, now on every side of me, washing against my frail bark, and sparkling in the dim star-light. I was aroused by a voice. A rush of tumultuous hope poured in upon my soul. I sprang up and shouted; the voice replied,

"For God's sake, who is there? I am in danger of my life. Can you aid me?"

"Gracious heaven!" I exclaimed, tears of anguish bursting from my eyes at this cruel disappointment. "We are both lost, then: I am drowning. We must perish together!"

I heard a groan of horror, and then dimly through the dark shadows I could discover a horseman dismounted.

"You have a horse," I said, a hope of life again shooting through my heart.

"I thought," replied the stranger, "that I could cross the river on horseback, but I am adrift."

"Leap into the water with your horse," I said; "he can carry us both to the shore."

"He is already spent," replied the man, "and I dare not leap into the cold water; I should freeze to death or drown. May heaven have mercy on our souls! for this is our last night."

"Do not die," shouted I, "without an effort; your horse will carry us safely across. Try him, if you would ever see daylight again!"

My words aroused him. I saw him mount the animal, who started, as if himself fully sensible of his danger.

"I will take the leap, friend," he cried; "but, should I perish, promise me, in case of your escape, to go to ——, and inform my wife and children that I blessed them in my last moments. I have seen many nights of peril, but never before one like this."

After giving to me a promise of a nature similar to that which he had exacted, he dashed the rowels into the flanks of his affrighted steed, who reared again, and started back from the brink. At length, however, a deep heavy plunge announced that they were committed to the flood. A groan and shriek arose above the rush of the water, then for a moment all was still. I listened, in an agony of suspense. There was again a splashing, and smothered screams, bubbling, as the waters died around their victim. I heard no more, except the measured strokes of the steed, and a snorting and peculiar neighing, singularly expressive of terror. In a little while this, too, ceased, and every thing was silent. I flung myself down, and buried my face in my hands, stunned. It was a blessing that my senses left me.

* * * *

I awoke with my dear mother's hand upon my forehead. I had been discovered at daybreak upon the fragment of ice, which had lodged near Governor's Island, and a small boat had taken me off. For a week I had been raving, and my life nearly given over. I heard, with curious feelings, my mother subsequently remark upon my good fortune in having escaped, as she had learned from the papers, that a man, on the same night, had perished in an attempt to cross the river with a horse.

NOTICE OF NEW WORKS.

THE BROTHERS—A TALE OF THE FRONDE.

As the incidents of the life of man are the materials of which history is composed, its events partake necessarily of the colouring which is impressed upon them, and is like them a mixture of tragedy, comedy and farce. The portion of modern history which may be best designated by the term farce, is that period of the French annals before Louis the Fourteenth attained his majority, and which was disturbed by the machinations of De Retz, and the female jealousy and trifling and contemptible intrigues of Madame de Longueville, and the Prince de Beaufort, when every absurdity was committed by the contending parties, when the war of epigrams was intermingled with battles and skirmishes, when heroism was laughed at, and gallantry ridiculed. This is the period selected by the author of "The Brothers," as the groundwork of his novel, and a richer and more fertile one could not well be chosen. The memoirs of De Retz furnish a rich mine of character and incident, and nothing is too improbable, nothing too wild for this strange anomaly in history, this singular aberration of the human mind, when an entire nation ran mad, and France became the laughing-stock of Europe, at the very period when the bloody tragedy just enacted in England had made that country its wonder and dread. We therefore lay before our readers an extract from its pages, giving an account of one of those indecisive actions, which were fought from mere recklessness, and the exuberance of animal spirits,

where nothing was at stake, and which, in their results, led to nothing.

THE BATTLE OF CHARENTON.

Hastily springing to my feet, I had already donned my clothes, and was buckling on my Milan corslet, when old Martin entered my chamber, fully equipped as a supernumerary subaltern of my regiment. It was one of those customs of the day, which has, since the time of which I write, fallen completely into disuse, that every corps, independent of its regular stand of national and regimental colours, was distinguished by a smaller standard, bearing the coat-armorial of its commanding officer. This usage—which had probably originated during the civil wars, wherein each regiment was, for the most part, raised by its colonel from among his own territorial and feudatory dependants—I was particular to maintain in my own instance the more scrupulously, as being a stranger in a foreign land, and of course conscious that, unless asserted by myself, my personal dignity would not be much regarded by others. It was partly with a view to this, as well as to secure to myself a bold and trusty follower in the field, that I had solicited for the foster-brother of my father an appointment which certainly would appear more suitable for a younger man. But no one, who had seen Martin Lydford on that morning, would have deemed it possible that nearly two-thirds of a century had passed over the head of the erect and powerful veteran, who unfolded, with a smile of daring exultation, the tattered time-honoured banner of my ancient house. He wore a heavy antique helmet, with breast and back-piece of bright steel; immense jack-boots, and high buff gauntlets reaching nearly to his elbows. A long broad-sword of English manufacture—which, by-the-way, had done good service in its time on many a stricken field—with a poniard of formidable dimensions, completed his personal equipment. But in addition to those, he carried, slung transversely across his shoulders, my petronel, a choice piece of Spanish workmanship, with an exceedingly small bore, and an indented, or, as it is now termed, a rifled barrel.

Our light repast was finished almost as soon as begun; and I was opening the door to go forth, when the veteran, looking steadfastly in my face, suddenly exclaimed—

"Surely you cannot go forth in such gay habits! You cannot but be marked. That scarlet cassock and rich armour, with the white scarf and plumes, are fearfully conspicuous. Best don the old buff coat you wore at Marston; it stood you then in stead, I well remember."

"A truce to your fears, good fellow," I replied; "conspicuous or not, thus I go forth to-day. What! want you that the French cavaliers should say we men of England are more chary of our lives than of our honour? Fy on you, man! I thought I had in you a better counsellor."

I had scarcely completed the arrangements necessary for the maintenance of my position, if attacked, and for displaying my little band so as to give it the appearance of the greatest possible numerical force, when the day began to break; and, almost simultaneously, I heard the sullen tramp of the infantry under De Châtillon, as they advanced upon the post of Charenton. In a few minutes a single musket-shot rang from the enclosures below; and immediately after, the rattling fire of the skirmishers, as those of our army attacked and drove in the pickets of the *Frondeurs*. Gallantly was the struggle maintained by both parties; nor did the enemy's outposts retire upon the main body till they were literally crushed back by the solid columns of our advances. Then came the deep hoarse roar and the wide glare of cannon after cannon—the long rolling volleys of the musketeers—the deafening clang of the tocsins, pealing the alarm from many a village steeple—and the shouts of a furious contest. Nearly at the same moment, the great glorious sun peered up above the distant hills, and bathed the whole country in broad light.

The battle had raged incessantly for the space of nearly two hours, ere the commander-in-chief rode up with a gallant staff. He was in high spirits, having just learned from an aid-de-camp that the first barricade had been gallantly carried, though not without severe loss—the enemy fighting to the last, and succeeding in the removal of their artillery to the next line of defence. The prince highly commended my dispositions; but having brought up with him a brigade of veteran infantry, directed me to lead two regiments of cavalry—one being that under my own peculiar command—somewhat lower down the hill, and to mask their position entirely from the

high road—which, as I have before said, ran below us, across the open meadows, lying between our position and the Seine—by a small plantation of young timber, that grew about midway of the slope. I saw the object at once; and a masterly disposition it was. From the extreme left of the wood, a hollow sandy lane ran transversely down to the main road, between two high straggling fences, which, though leafless, were thick enough to cover our movements. By this lane a column of troops, to almost any extent, might be made to debouch upon the flank of whatever force should move along the road, with scarcely a possibility of their being discovered till within five hundred paces of the enemy; and I, of course, perceived that a well-executed charge would cut off any succour that might otherwise be thrown into the beleaguered village. I had scarcely executed this manœuvre to my own satisfaction, and resumed my place beside the prince, ere a vidette galloped in from the direction of Picpus, with intelligence that the Parisians had marched out of the city, thirty thousand strong.

In the meantime, the action to our right became even hotter than before. Another horseman dashed up to the general from Charenton—a second barricade had been carried, but Châtillon had lost above one-third of his men, and required instant reinforcement, and a fresh supply of ammunition. While he was yet speaking, a third rider came in, spurring his jaded horse furiously onward from the opposite direction—De Chateaufort was advancing with sixteen or eighteen hundred men—arquebusiers and pikemen—having crossed the river nearer to Paris, and hoping to fall upon the flank and rear of Châtillon, and to cut him off from the main army.

When we had arrived within a hundred paces of the debouchure of the lane, I halted my men; and, dismounting, stole forward on foot myself to reconnoitre. On came the enemy—a powerful brigade of pikemen in the van, led by a mounted officer; then a brief interval—two field pieces—a regiment of musketeers—and then another corps of pikemen bringing up the rear. They were marching gallantly forward, with their drums beating, and their colours displayed, evidently quite unprepared for the reception they were about to meet. They had no flanking parties—no advanced guard; and were hurrying on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, towards Charenton, whence the din of conflict—which had slackened for a while, from the want of ammunition, as I concluded—came louder than ever, satisfying me that our reserve was already in action, and that our affairs were going on well.

I had barely time to get back to my men, and to explain my plan to the officers, ere I saw the van of the pikemen defiling past the mouth of the lane; but so completely were we favoured by the ground, and by the carelessness of the enemy, that we were still undiscovered.

As I finished my command, the field-pieces passed the lane, and the front files of the musketeers began to shew themselves. We charged, silently and steadily, till we were on the open meadow; then kettledrum and trumpet, and the united voices of a thousand men, whose souls were on their tongues, burst forth at once. The enemy was surprised, it is true, but he strove nobly to retrieve his error. The musketeers wheeled promptly into line, and gave us one close volley; but their column of march had been too open, so that their line was necessarily shallow, and their front was unguarded by pikemen. A score of our saddles were emptied, and twice as many horses went over; but ere they could reload we rode them down. So far we had done well; but the hardest part was yet to come. We wheeled both regiments into line in opposite directions; De Charmi's front facing the flank of the vanguard of pikemen, and mine the flank of the reserve. We charged at once, and I was again victorious; we dispersed—then cut them down—we drove them to the deuce in an instant—but again with heavy loss. Then, as ill-luck would have it, my men, who had behaved steadily enough up to this moment, maddened at the sight of blood, became for the time unmanageable, and pursued the fugitives clear off the ground, making a fearful and almost unresisted slaughter. In the meanwhile, De Charmi had been checked by a brilliant manœuvre of Chateaufort himself, whom I had not yet seen, as he had been from the commencement of the action, on the extreme right of the vanguard. Finding at once that his musketry and rear-guard were annihilated, he had contrived, with admirable skill, to form a new front to his vanguard, which consisted of nearly a thousand fresh men, where his flank had been, by simply facing every man half to the left-about on his own ground; so that when De Charmi charged, instead of coming

upon a naked flank, he was received by a steady phalanx of bristling pikes, and by a discharge of two field-pieces, which made fearful havock with his men.

Such was the state of affairs, when I was enabled to look around; my own troops in partial disorder, and De Charmi halted, and cutting up the pikemen, to the best of his power, with the petronels of his troopers. His fire was imperfectly returned by an occasional volley from the few arquebusiers who had escaped our first charge, and taken refuge among the pikes. Urging my subalterns to hurry to their duty, and to recall the men with all possible speed, I joined De Charmi with two troops. While galloping forward, at the head of my men, I distinctly heard a cry among the enemy's ranks.

"Mark him!—mark the red cassock and white horse!"

And at once half a dozen pieces were discharged, and with a pretty good aim, two of the bullets rattling against my breastplate; but—thanks to the good Italian armourer—glancing off like hail-stones from a castle-wall. At the next moment, I observed my friend, the querist of the preceding night, mounted on a tall bay horse within the pikemen, who were now formed in a hollow square—and instantly recognised him, in his martial attire, for the servant who had waylaid me on my march to Bar le Duc.

He was reloading a long Spanish-barreled musket, as I doubted not, for my own private benefit; and not being particularly anxious that he should have another chance of trying his skill on me, or that my men should receive another point-blank discharge of the field-guns, which were nearly reloaded, I gave the word for a simultaneous charge on their front and flank; myself executing a lateral movement, which enabled me to take them at a disadvantage. This was in our favour; and, more than this, that the enemy were already disheartened by the defeat of their comrades, and by the certainty that they should receive no further aid, while they could see a regiment of infantry already moving down to our support. We dashed upon them gallantly. Just as the pikemen turned, I caught sight of De Chateaufort; and, though splendidly equipped in a frock of orange-tawny velvet, with brass inlaid armour and the blue scarf of the *Fronde*—I knew him at half a glance, for the THIRD BROTHER. He saw me, too; and, as if by common consent, we spurred our horses forward to end our controversy by the sole arbiter—the mortal sword. But, as I struck the spurs into his flank, my charger bounded nearly erect from the ground, plunged forward, and fell over and over in the death agony. Instinctively, I cleared my feet of the stirrups; but was still thrown so heavily upon my head, that for a second or two I was stunned. As I went down, however, I saw to whom I owed my fall. It was the self-same murderous slave who again drew the trigger; but again my good-luck baffled him.

"Not him!" I shouted—"not him, Martin. Down with the other!" But it was too late; the piece flashed; and ere the sound of the report reached my ear, I saw the scoundrel reel in his stirrups, and in a few more bounds of his horse, fall heavily to the earth! De Chateaufort himself, though hard chased by some of my troopers, reached the Seine, took water gallantly, and, swimming well across, gained the other side, and made good his escape.

Mounting a fresh horse, I rode about the field, collecting my men, and putting an end to the slaughter; the rout of the enemy being too complete to allow even a possibility of their rallying. I drew my rein over the body of the servant, who had twice so nearly cut short my career. Though desperately hurt, he was yet alive and sensible; but having no time to devote even to that which was next my heart, I directed two or three of my troopers to carry him carefully to my quarters; and then led back my regiments, sorely diminished in numbers, but exulting in their victory, to the commander-in-chief.

Condé himself rode out to meet me. "'Fore heaven," he cried, "you have done masterly and well! Louis de Bourbon thanks you, sir! Ay—and, by heaven, the cardinal shall hear of this! The king of the French shall thank you. Charenton is ours; De Châtillon has won it bravely; and Chanleu as bravely lost it—dying like a noble gentleman on the last barricade, which he held to the last, and refusing to survive his glory—though, heaven knows, that is deathless. Yes, sir," he continued, "Charenton is ours; for which—before these gentlemen I say it—for which I hold myself mainly indebted to your intelligence and valour. But for you, Chanleu must have been relieved; and had it been so, we could not have won an inch of Charenton; and now all Paris cannot rob us of it."

HOFFMAN'S WINTER IN THE WEST.

We coincide heartily in the praises generally bestowed upon these volumes. It is impossible to read them without emotions of delight, frequently rising to enthusiasm, awakened not less by the felicitous manner in which scenes, objects and incidents are described, than by their number, variety and novelty. From some of the many passages we have marked as we read on, we select the following sketch.—

"After visiting nearly a dozen of the transparent ponds of every size which stud the surface of the country, and finding but two or three whose firm banks of some fifteen or twenty feet elevation, assumed a picturesque appearance, from the irregular manner in which they pushed their beautifully wooded promontories far into the lakes they bounded, I started the other day to visit a sheet of water somewhat elevated, about twelve miles off. My way, after going a mile or two from the village, led through oak openings of rolling land, called "the Short Hills," which I can best assimilate to a collection of enormous graves—the tombs of households, if you choose—thrown confusedly together upon a perfectly level surface; where a patch of wild meadow land, a cranberry marsh, or a bog that looked like the desolated bed of a lake, and frequently, indeed, the shallow lake itself, filled up the intervals. The huge oaks that crowned the summits of these formal mounds, were the only objects that relieved the dreariness of the landscape; even they, I thought, while riding alone beneath their branches, that sighed to the December wind, were not the most enlivening objects in the world. I rode thus for miles, without seeing a living thing except a raven, which as that description of bird is only found in those parts of the Union where wolves still infest the country, I at once took it for granted was hovering near one of the savage beasts to which he so faithfully plays the jackal. Wheeling my horse suddenly from the trail toward a thicket of dwarf oaks, where I expected to find the carrion deer that attracts these worthies, he shyed from the bush, and I was thrown upon the spot. After extricating the foot, by which I was dragged a yard or two, from the stirrup, I sprang up but little hurt, and moved as quickly as possible to catch my horse, who, having paused for an instant in a clump of trees near by, turned his head round, like a pointer taken aback with the scent after he has passed a bush, and stood calmly gazing at me. At the first step toward the rascal, however, he moved nearly a rod sideway, and then, ducking his head toward the ground, and throwing his heels high in the air, my ungrateful courser, accompanying these motions with every additional mark of disrespect he could summon to his aid, left his master alone in the wilderness. He disappeared behind a hill in a moment. I could not help ejaculating, with the Kentuckian whose house and family had been burned up by the savages, while he was cleaning his rifle hard by, "this is very *ridiculous*." No time was to be lost, however. It was late in the day, and I was far from any house; while the occasional flakes of snow that began to fall from the black lowering sky, threatened a storm which might cover in a moment the only path that could guide me homeward. I sat down at once among the long dry grass, and stripping off my leggings, and disembarrassing my heels of the now useless spurs, stowed all away in my coat pockets. The coat itself I rolled up in a bundle around my left arm, and taking my gun, to which I applied a fresh cap, in my right, I strode off in as good a humour as one could summon under such provoking circumstances. I could not help thinking, indeed, how much worse matters might have been had I beeen thus deserted in one of the broad prairies, thirty miles perhaps from any house. As for the loss of my horse, I felt so indignant against the inconsiderate brute, that I confess it did not much trouble me. Thus did I trudge on, growing momentarily in better humour with myself. The scene around was dreary at present; but having had all the wild flowers that grow in Michigan described to me, I exercised my imagination by conceiving the more attractive appearance it must wear in summer. I thought how the brown woods must look, when the lofty oaks around were clothed in their deep green foliage. I thought of the various vines and flowers which then fill the broad openings between their stems—of the clumps of cluster-roses that here grow wild, and cover whole acres—of the crimson daisy, and fragrant balm pink, the deep-hued lychnidea, and gorgeous golden rod, which, with jonquils and amaranths, the purple fox-glove, and saffron-coloured silk-weed, paint the surface of the soil. I could fancy the glossy leaves of the

night-shade, with its white blossoms and its poisonous berries, the creeping ivy, and red columbine, clustering at the base of the hills. The snow-white lily of the valley, the lilac-tinted adder's-tongue, and straw-coloured arrow-head, shooting through the long grass between, while the purple fleur-de-lis bloomed along the wet marshes, where the splendid cardinal-flower tossed its scarlet blossoms in the breeze.

"I must have practised floriculture in this way for some time when, on rising a slight eminence in my path, I saw my amiable roan standing quietly, looking in the direction whence I was coming, apparently waiting for me. I was completely mollified. I forgave him the little freak, and advanced with a light heart to lay my hand upon the bridle. He moved a little, and so did I. He moved a little more, and I stood still. I spoke to him, but he continued moving. I coaxed him in a tone that would have melted the heart of one of the marble horses of St. Mark's; he was moved by it—only farther from me. I whistled to him—(I had taught him a day or two before to come to my whistle, when he had obeyed me like a dog)—he stopped, and I advanced once more to lay my hand on the saddle, and the scoundrel broke into a trot just as I was about touching him. I brought my piece to my shoulder, and could hardly forbear firing upon him as I stood.

"The ground now rolled like the waves of a frozen sea, and my nefarious brute, who soon began to stalk leisurely along about a hundred yards ahead of me, would, to carry out the figure, be just topping the combing while I was in the trough, and *vice versa*—like two children balancing on a plank. It was perfectly insufferable, mile after mile, to see that eternal saddle bobbing up and down a hundred yards ahead of me. Sometimes, indeed, the vexatious wearer would step aside among a cluster of oaks, to nip the tender grass which still lingered around their roots; and then, as he would arch his neck, and, seeming to admire the Indian blanket, and flame-coloured surcingle, which, after the gay taste of the west, I had buckled, combining use with ornament, to the back of the ungrateful brute, dash off with a snort into a patch of prairie-land, I could not but admire the eye of fire, and gracefully-gathering limbs of the spirited creature. I wished, however, that he was anybody's horse but mine, disporting himself at that rate. At last, at a turning of the path, he disappeared behind a hill, and ceasing longer to tantalize, left me comparatively comfortable. I reached the first "clearing" about twenty minutes afterward, and looking along the highway, commencing here, my horse was nowhere to be seen:—Tired alike with walking and vexation, and parched with thirst, (I had neither eaten nor drunk since breakfast, and it was now night-fall), I advanced to the only shantee near, and knocked at the door. There was no answer, and I shook it violently. A rush-bottomed chair rattled, and a cat, the solitary occupant, sprang out through a broken window. I soon found my way, however, to the dilapidated trunk of a large sycamore tree near, which formed the top of a well, and drawing up a moss-covered bucket, I placed my lips to the rusty, iron-bound brim, and took a draught, to which the most delicious of Lynch's chateau were but vile *vin-du-pays* in comparison. I can remember but one drink in my life before to compare with it, and that was from a similar goblet, after other lips than mine had hallowed the brim. A few moments after, a lad rode into the yard with the object of my pursuit, whose bridle had been broken to pieces in the efforts of several men to catch him a mile or two off. I was mounted in a moment, and regained my lodgings in an hour: when I found that the adventure of the day had not impaired my relish for a supper of fresh pike and white-fish, just smoking on the table."

SKETCHES OF TURKEY.

No. IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND SMYRNA.

Farewell to Constantinople—Europe and the East compared—the departure—Smyrna, the great mart for figs—an excursion into Asia Minor—travelling equipments—character of the hajjis—encampment of gipsies—a youthful Hebe—*Note*—horror of the Turks for the "unclean animal"—an anecdote.

I have spent the last day or two in farewell visits to my favourite haunts in Constantinople. I galloped up the Bosphorus, almost envying *les ames damnées* that skim so swiftly and perpetually from the Symplegades to Marmora, and from Marmora back to the Symplegades. I took a caique to the Valley of Sweet Waters, and rambled away an hour on its silken sward. I lounged a morning in the bazaars, smoked a parting-pipe with my old Turk in

the Bezestein, and exchanged a last salaam with the venerable Armenian bookseller, still poring over his illuminated Hafiz. And last night, with the sun-down-boat waiting at the pier, I loitered till twilight in the small and elevated cemetery between Galata and Pera, and with feelings of even painful regret, gazed my last upon the matchless scene around me. In the words of the eloquent author of Anastatius, when taking the same farewell, "For the last time, my eye wandered over the dimpled hills, glided along the winding waters, and dived into the deep and delicious dells, in which branch out its jagged shores. Reverting from these smiling outlets of its seabeat suburbs to its busy centre, I surveyed, in slow succession, every chaplet of swelling cupolas, every grove of slender minarets, and every avenue of glittering porticoes, whose pinacles dart their golden shafts from between the dark cypress-trees into the azure sky. I dwelt on them as on things I never was to behold more; and not until the evening had deepened the veil it cast over the varied scene from orange to purple, and from purple to the sable hue of night, did I tear myself away from the impressive spot. I then bade the city of Constantine farewell for ever, descended the high-crested hill, stepped into the heaving boat, turned my back upon the shore, and sank my regrets in the sparkling wave, across which the moon had already flung a trembling bar of silvery light, pointing my way, as it were, to other unknown regions."

There are few intellectual pleasures like that of finding our own thoughts and feelings well described by another!

I certainly would not live in the East; and when I sum up its inconveniences and the deprivations to which the traveller from Europe, with his refined wants, is subjected, I marvel at the heart-ache with which I turn my back upon it, and the deep dye it has infused into my imagination. Its few peculiar luxuries do not compensate for the total absence of *comfort;* its lovely scenery cannot reconcile you to wretched lodgings; its picturesque costumes and poetical people, and golden sky, fine food for a summer's fancy as they are, cannot make you forget the civilized pleasures you abandon for them—the fresh literature, the arts and music, the refined society, the elegant pursuits, and the stirring intellectual collision of the cities of Europe.

Yet the world contains nothing like Constantinople! If we could compel all our senses into one, and live by the pleasure of the eye, it were a paradise untranscended. The Bosphorus—the superb, peculiar, incomparable Bosphorus! the dream-like, fairy-built seraglio! the sights within the city so richly strange, and the valleys and streams around it so exquisitely fair! the voluptuous softness of the dark eyes haunting your every step on shore, and the spirit-like swiftness and elegance of your darting caique upon the waters! In what land is the priceless sight such a treasure? Where is the fancy so delicately and divinely pampered?

Every heave at the capstan-bars drew upon my heart; and when the unwilling anchor, at last, let go its hold, and the frigate swung free with the outward current, I felt as if, in that moment, I had parted my hold upon a land of faëry. The dark cypresses and golden pinnacles of Seraglio Point, and the higher shafts of Sophia's sky-touching minarets were the last objects in my swiftly-receding eye, and, in a short hour or two, the whole bright vision had sunk below the horizon.

We crossed Marmora, and shot down the rapid Dardanelles in as many hours as the passage up had occupied days, and rounding the coast of Anatolia, entered between Mitylene and the Asian shore, and on the third day, anchored in the bay of Smyrna.

"Every body knows Smyrna," says MacFarlane, "*it is such a place for figs!*" It is a low-built town, at the head of the long gulf which bears its name; and with the exception of the high rock immediately over it, topped by the ruins of an old castle, said to embody in its walls the ancient Christian church, it has no very striking features. Extensive gardens spread away on every side, and without exciting much of your admiration for its beauty, there is a look of peace and rural comfort about the neighbourhood that affects the mind pleasantly.

Almost immediately on my arrival, I joined a party for a few days' tour in Asia Minor. We were five, and with a baggage-horse, and a mounted *suridjee*, our caravan was rather respectable. Our appointments were orientally simple. We had each a Turkish bed (alias, a small carpet), a nightcap, and a "copyhold" upon a pair of saddle bags, containing certain things forbidden by the Koran, and therefore not likely to be found by the way. Our attendant was a most ill-favoured Turk,

whose pilgrimage to Mecca (he was a hajji, and wore a green turban), had, at least, imparted no sanctity to his visage. If he was not a rogue, nature had mislabelled him, and I shelter my want of charity under the Arabic proverb: "Distrust thy neighbour if he has made a hajji; if he has made two, make haste to leave thy house."

We wound our way slowly out of the narrow and ill paved streets of Smyrna, and passing through the suburban gardens, yellow with lemons and oranges, crossed a small bridge over the Hermus. This is the favourite walk of the Smyrniotes; and if its classic river, whose "golden sands" (here, at least) are not golden, and its "Bath of Diana" near by, whose waters would scarce purify her "silver bow," are something less than their sounding names; there is a cool, dark cemetery beyond, less famous, but more practicable for sentiment, and many a shadowy vine and drooping tree in the gardens around, that might recompense lovers, perhaps, for the dirty labyrinth of the intervening suburb.

We spurred away over the long plain of Hadjilar, leaving to the right and left the pretty villages, ornamented by the summer residences of the wealthy merchants of Smyrna, and in two or three hours reached a small lone *café*, at the foot of its bounding range of mountains. We dismounted here to breathe our horses; and while coffee was preparing, I discovered, in a green hollow hard by, a small encampment of *gipsies*. With stones in our hands, as the *caféjee* told us the dogs were troublesome, we walked down into the little round-bottomed dell, a spot selected with "a lover's eye for nature," and were brought to bay by a dozen noble shepherd-dogs, within a few yards of their outer tent.

The noise brought out an old sunburnt woman, and two or three younger ones, with a troop of boys, who called in the dogs, and invited us kindly within their limits. The tents were placed in a half circle, with their doors inward, and were made with extreme neatness. There were eight or nine of them, very small and low, with round tops, the cloth stretched tightly over an inner frame, and bound curiously down on the outside with beautiful wicker-work. The curtains at the entrance were looped up to admit the grateful sun, and the compactly arranged interiors lay open to our prying curiosity. In the rounded corner farthest from the door, lay uniformly the same goat-skin beds, flat on the ground, and in the centre of most of them, stood a small loom, at which the occupant plied her task like an automaton, not betraying by any sign a consciousness of our presence. They sat cross-legged like the Turks, and had all a look of habitual sternness, which, with their thin, strongly-marked gipsy features, and wild eyes, gave them more the appearance of men. It was the first time I had ever remarked such a character upon a class of female faces, and I should have thought I had mistaken their sex, if their half-naked figures had not put it beyond a doubt. The men were probably gone to Smyrna, as none were visible in the encampment. As we were about returning, the curtain of the largest tent, which had been dropped on our entrance, was lifted cautiously, by a beautiful girl, of perhaps thirteen, who, not remarking that I was somewhat in the rear of my companions, looked after them a moment, and then fastening back the dingy folds by a string, returned to her employment of swinging an infant in a small wicker hammock, suspended in the centre of the tent. Her dark, but prettily-rounded arm, was decked with a bracelet of silver pieces, and just between two of the finest eyes I ever saw, was suspended by a yellow thread, one of the small gold coins of Constantinople. Her softly-moulded bust was entirely bare, and might have served for the model of a youthful Hebe. A girdle around her waist sustained loosely a long pair of full Turkish trousers, of the colour and fashion usually worn by women in the East, and, caught over her hip, hung, suspended by its fringe the truant shawl that had been suffered to fall from her shoulders and expose her guarded beauty. I stood admiring her a full minute, before I observed a middle-aged woman in the opposite corner, who, bending over her work, was fortunately as late in observing my intrusive presence. As I advanced half a step, however, my shadow fell into the tent, and starting with surprise, she rose and dropped the curtain.

We re-mounted, and rode on, thinking of the vision of loveliness I was leaving in that wild dell. We travel a great way to see hills and rivers, thought I, but after all, a human being is a more interesting object than a mountain. I shall remember the little gipsy of Hadjilar, long after I have forgotten Hermus and Sypilus.

Our road dwindled to a mere bridle-path as we advanced, and the scenery grew wild and barren. The horses were

all sad stumblers, and the uneven rocks gave them every apology for coming down whenever they could forget the spur, and so we entered the broad and green valley of *Yackerhem*, (I write it as I heard it pronounced), and drew up at the door of a small hovel, serving the double purpose of a *café* and a guard-house.

A Turkish officer of the old *regime*, turbaned and cross-legged, and armed with pistols and ataghan, sat smoking on one side the brazier of coals, and the *caféjee* exercised his small vocation on the other. Before the door, a raised platform of greensward, and a marble slab, facing toward Mecca, indicated the place for prayer; and a dashing rider of a Turk, who had kept us company from Smyrna, flying past us and dropping to the rear alternately, had taken off his slippers at the moment we arrived, and was commencing his noon devotions.

We gathered round our commissary's saddle-bags, and shocked our Mussulman friends, by producing the unclean beast* and the forbidden liquor, which, with the delicious Turkish coffee, never better than in these wayside hovels, furnished forth a traveller's meal. N. P. WILLIS.

VISIT TO THE CASTLE OF AREMBERG.

(From the French of Alexandre Dumas).

Napoleon was crushed, and the family of eagles, whose eyry was at the Tuileries, was scattered,—fugitive, proscribed, and waving its clipped pinions over the wrested world. The imperial mother, the widowed Niobe, who had given birth to an emperor, three kings, and two archduchesses, had retired to Rome; Lucien had withdrawn to his principality of Canino; Louis, to Florence; Joseph, to the United States; Jerome was in Wirtemburg; the Princess Eliza at Baden, the Princess Borghese at Piombino, and the Queen of Holland sojourned in the castle of Aremberg.

Now, as the castle of Aremberg is only half a league from Constance, I felt a great inclination to lay my homage at the feet of this fallen majesty, and to observe how much of the queen remained in the woman, since destiny had torn the diadem from her brow, the sceptre from her fingers, and the ermined mantle from her shoulders; to witness how that woman could support retirement, who had been a queen, the graceful and gracious daughter of Josephine Beauharnois, the sister of Eugene, and the brightest diamond of the crown of Napoleon.

I had heard, in my early youth, so much said of her as a good and lovely fairy, beneficent and amiable, and her praise had been so often enhanced by girls on whom she had bestowed their marriage portions; by mothers, whose children she had redeemed from the military conscription; and by prisoners, whose pardon she had obtained—that already, in my heart, I almost worshipped her: in addition to these, I was warmed with the recollection of the romances which my sister loved to sing, whose authorship was attributed to the queen, and which were so engraven on my memory, ingrafted in my heart, and identified with my purest feelings, that although twenty years have now glided by since I have heard their poetry, or revelled in their melody, I could repeat the one, and sing the other, without missing a note. And these romances were hers—the poetry and music of a queen! Such things only exist in the thousand-and-one nights of Arabian fiction, and rest upon the imagination like a gilded sunbeam in a dreary mansion.

It was too early in the morning to present myself; I, therefore, left my card at the castle, and leaped into a boat, which bore me swiftly to the isle of Reichnau.

In a little church, situated in the midst of the island, are deposited the remains of Charles the Fat, the fifth successor of Charles the Great; his history is recorded in his epitaph, which may be read in the choir, beneath a portrait, which they say is his. Here is a translation.

"Charles the Fat, grandson of Charles the Great, entered Italy with a great force, and soon conquered it; he obtained the empire, and was crowned Cæsar at Rome; and by the death of his brother, Ludowick of Germany, he became, by right of succession, lord of both Germany and Gaul. Unequal to so high a station, by imbecility of mind, want of courage, and weakness of body, the instability of fortune hurled him

* Talking of hams, two of the sultan's chief eunuchs applied to an English physician, a friend of mine, at Constantinople, to accompany them on board the American frigate. I engaged to wait on board for them on a certain day, but they did not make their appearance. They gave, as their apology, that they could not defile themselves by entering a ship, polluted by the presence of that unclean animal, the hog.

from the summit of grandeur to this lowly retreat, where, abandoned by his subjects, friends, and followers, he breathed his last, in the year of our Lord 888."

As there was nothing else to see in the church or the island, we re-embarked, and set sail on our return to Aremberg.

On returning to the Chateau de Volberg, which was occupied by Madame Parquin, reader to the queen, and sister of the celebrated advocate of that name, I found, waiting for me, an invitation to dinner with Madame de St. Leu, and some letters from France; in one of which was inclosed the manuscript ode of Victor Hugo, on the death of the king of Rome.

I read it as I was walking to dine with Queen Hortense.

The castle of Aremberg is not a royal residence—it is a handsome house, suitable for the dwelling of a private individual—thus the emotions I felt were derivable entirely from moral causes, and had no reference to the natural objects which met my gaze. My emotion increased to such a degree, that, after having ardently desired to see Madame de St. Leu, at the very moment when my wish was about to be realized, I paused at every step to retard the moment of the interview, stopping at every indifferent object, looking at things without distinguishing their nature, and much more disposed to draw back, than to continue my onward progress; I felt that I was about to see a chimera realized, or to behold a sweet and fond illusion evaporate; and I almost preferred to depart on the instant with my doubts, than to retire subsequently disenchanted, and awake to the sad reality of life. On a sudden, at the distance of about thirty paces, at the turning of one of the garden walks, I perceived three ladies and a gentleman; my first movement was to draw back, but it was too late—I had already been observed, and I felt the absurdity of such a step; I fixed my eyes on the group as it drew near, I recognized the queen instinctively, and advanced toward her.

As she came to meet me, she certainly had no idea of what was passing in my mind; she little thought that, even in her highest and palmiest state, no one who entered her hall of audience, in her palace of the Hague, and approached the throne where she was seated in all the majesty of power, and all the splendour of beauty, had done so with feelings similar to those that now overmastered me; for every generous sentiment that man's heart owns, by turns possessed me—love, respect, and pity trembled on my lips—I was ready to fall on my knees before her, and I certainly should have done so, had she been alone.

She probably perceived what was working within me; for she smiled with ineffable sweetness, and holding out her hand:

"You are very, very kind," said she, "not to pass the house of a poor, proscribed exile, without stopping to see her."

And so it was I that was kind—and it was from her that gratitude was due. Oh! world, world! such are thy changes! Yes, my heart! for this once, thou wert not deceived! Young man, the queen of your infancy is smiling upon you, gracious and benignant; poet, you are drinking in the silvery tones, and gazing upon the loveliness of the daughter of Josephine. Let your heart indulge in the exquisite delirium—check not its tumultuous throbbings; for once hast thou realized the highest flights of extravagant fancy; look, listen and enjoy the fleeting moments of happiness. The queen leaned upon my arm—she led me onward, for I was lost in reverie: in this manner we walked, for I know not how long, till we entered the saloon; there the first object which recalled my recollection, which engrossed my faculties, and arrested my sight, was a magnificent portrait.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "how beautiful it is."

"Yes," said Madame de St. Leu; "it is Buonaparte at the bridge of Lodi."

"This picture is by Gros, is it not?"

"By himself."

"Taken from nature, undoubtedly—it is too wonderful a resemblance, and too gloriously drawn, to be a copy."

"The emperor sat to him three or four times."

"And how had he patience to endure the restraint and irksomeness of a thing that he disliked so much?"

"Gros invented an excellent method of keeping him in good humour."

"And what was that?"

"He made him sit on my mother's knees."

Imagine, if you can, this daughter speaking of her mother, who was Josephine—of her father-in-law, who was Napoleon—who introduces me to this family scene, and shews me the lion of

battles, calm and tamed, the Emperor of France on the knees of the empress! and, standing before the imperial pair, Gros, the soldier of Jaffa, of Eylau, and of Aboukir, with his pencil in his hand, fixing upon the canvass the head which was capacious enough to contain the destinies of Europe—imagine this, and think that it is not a poetical dream—it is the cold reality!

I seated myself in a corner, and letting my face fall between my hands, I remained absorbed in a world of thought—when I returned to myself, and raised my eyes, I met those of Madame de St. Leu, who was smiling upon me; she understood, too well, the causes of the seeming inattention to expect any excuse, which I never dreamed of tendering to her. She rose, and approached me.

"Will you walk with me?" she inquired.

"Certainly."

"Come, then."

"And what wonder are you going to shew me now?"

"My imperial relics."

She conducted me to a closed piece of furniture like a bookcase, with glass squares, and upon each shelf of which were ranged the different articles of every kind which had belonged to Josephine or Napoleon.

In the first place, in a portfolio marked with the letters J. and N., was the private correspondence of the emperor and empress. All these letters were autographs, dated from the fields of battle of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram, written upon the breech of a cannon, while his feet were in pools of blood, and they all contained the word of victory; pages of love, of that passionate feeling breathed by Werther, Renè, and Mark Antony. What a wonderful organization was that of this man, which contained at once so many miracles of the head and the heart!

She then shewed me the talisman of Charlemagne. Now the history of this talisman is a curiosity of itself—and this is it:—

"When the tomb of the great emperor was opened at Aix-la-Chapelle, his skeleton was discovered arrayed in his imperial Roman robes, and the double crown of France and Germany upon his shrivelled and withered brow; by his side, close to his pilgrim's scrip, was his good sword Joyeuse, with which, according to the monk of St. Denis, he clove in two an armed knight; his feet rested upon a buckler of solid gold, which Pope Leo presented to him, and around his neck was suspended the talisman, by whose spell he was fortunate and victorious. The talisman consisted of a fragment of the true cross, which was sent to him by the Empress Irene. It was enclosed in an emerald, and the jewel was suspended to a chain of massive rings of gold. The citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle gave it to Napoleon when he made his entry into their city; and, in 1811, the emperor playfully threw this chain round the neck of Queen Hortense, and acknowledged to her that on the days of Austerlitz and Wagram he had carried it in his bosom, as Charlemagne had done nine hundred years before."

There was the sword-belt which he had worn at the Pyramids—the marriage-ring which he had himself put upon the finger of the widow of Beauharnois; the portrait of the king of Rome, embroidered by Marie Louise, upon which his dying eyes had fixed their last glance—that eagle eye had closed upon the same object upon which my gaze was then fixed—his dying lips had touched this satin, his last sigh had moistened it! and it was scarcely a month since the child had in his turn expired, *his* eyes fixed upon the portrait of his desire. Time and liberty may perhaps disclose the providential secret of this double doom—in the mean time let us prostrate ourselves and worship.

I requested to see the sword which Marchand had brought from St. Helena, and which the Duke de Reichstadt had bequeathed to her son, Prince Louis—but the qeeen had not yet received the legacy, and was fearful that it would never reach her hands."

The dinner-bell rung.

"What, already!" I exclaimed.

"You shall see them all over again to-morrow," said the queen.

After dinner we returned to the saloon, and there, after about ten minutes, Madame Racamier was announced; and she also was still the queen, the never-to-be-forgotten queen of beauty and of wit—and therefore the Duchess of St. Leu welcomed her as a sister.

I had heard the age of Madame Racamier much canvassed; it is true that I have only seen her of an evening, dressed in a black robe, and a veil of the same colour thrown over her head and neck, but from the youthfulness of her voice, the brightness of her eyes, and the perfect model of her hands, I could

have wagered that she was only twenty-five; and therefore, I was not a little surprised to hear these two women talking of the Directory and the Consulate as of things they had witnessed. At length some one asked Madame de St. Leu to seat herself at her piano.

"Would it gratify you?" said she, turning to me, half rising up, and waiting my reply.

"Oh! yes," exclaimed I, clasping my hands with eagerness and enthusiasm.

She sang several romances, the music of which she had recently composed.

"If I dared ask one thing?" I whispered in my turn.

"Well!" said she, "and what would you ask?"

"One of your old romances."

"And which of them?"

"*For glory's giddy chase my arms you leave.*"

"Good heaven! but that is farther back than I can remember; that romance was written in 1808; how can you remember this song, when you were scarcely born at the time it was in fashion?"

"I was then five years old — but among the romances which my sister, who was older than me by some years, used to sing, this was my favourite."

"There is but one difficulty," said Madame de St. Leu, and that is an insuperable one—I cannot recollect the words."

"I can remember them," I eagerly rejoined.

I rose, and leaning on the back of her chair, dictated the following lines:—

"For glory's giddy chase my arms you leave;
Where'er you go, my heart will surely be;
When memory's temple shall your name receive,
When honour claims you, sometimes think of me!"

"Yes," said the queen, sadly, "that is the strain." I went on.

"Faithful to duty, to your love be true;
In search of fame, oh! let not death be met;
In the stern fight where glory you pursue,
In that dread hour, oh! do not me forget."

"My poor mother!" sighed Madame de St. Leu.

"Sad is my destiny! for war's alarms
Are scarce more dreadful than the days of peace—
Then you will gaze on other ladies' charms,
And then my empire o'er your heart may cease.
For you must please, and conquer—on your brow
War's laurel, love's sweet rose, are fondly met;
Enjoy the triumph of your victories now,
But in your transports do not me forget."

The queen passed her hand over her eyes to wipe away a tear.

"It is a sad recollection!" I faltered out.

"Oh, unutterably!" she replied.—"You know that in 1808 the reports of the divorce first began to be rumoured; they struck my poor mother to the heart; and seeing that the emperor was on the point of starting for the campaign of Wagram, she requested M. de Segur to compose a romance for her on her husband's departure; he brought her the words you have just repeated, she gave them to me to set them to music, and on the evening before the emperor left us for the army I sang them to him. My poor mother! I see her still tracing on the countenance of her husband, who listened in silence and anxiety, the impression made upon his feelings by this romance, which was so applicable to their relative situation. The emperor listened to the close; when the last sound of the piano had ceased, he turned to my mother. "You are the best creature that I know," said he; and sighing and kissing her forehead, he retired into his cabinet. My mother burst into tears, for she perceived that sentence was passed upon her. You can conceive now what associations are contained in this romance for me, and how in it you have touched all the strings of my heart, like a harpsichord.

"I beg a thousand pardons! Why did I not think of it? But I will not ask anything now."

"Oh, but you shall!" said the queen, resuming her seat at the piano. "So many other miseries have passed over this one, that it is one of those to which my memory loves to recur with fondness; for, although my mother and the emperor were separated, yet he always tenderly loved her."

She let her fingers stray among the keys of her piano, a sweet prelude was heard, and then she sang with all the energy of her soul, and with the same accent with which she would have sung had Napoleon himself been present.

I doubt whether mortal man has ever felt what I experienced throughout that evening. Since that time I have never revisited the Queen Hortense; I have never written to her; and perhaps at this very hour, if she thinks of me at all, she thinks of me as of one who has forgotten her, like those who knew her in the days of her youth and splendour.

J. P.

EXCERPTS

FROM COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK.

A SILENT FOOL.—Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockeys for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.

PARENTAL CONTROL IN MARRIAGE.—Up to twenty-one, I hold a father to have power over his children as to marriage; after that age, authority and influence only. Shew me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will shew you ten who are wretched from other causes.

DIFFERENCE OF CHARACTER. — You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

MATERIALISM.—Either we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts. We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts—and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

BAXTER.—Pray read, with great attention, Baxter's life of himself. It is an inestimable work. I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking: but I could almost as soon doubt the gospel verity, as his veracity.

DEATH.—I never had, and never could feel any horror at death, simply as death.

GENIUS FEMININE. ———'s face is almost the only exception I know to the observation, that something feminine—not *effeminate*, mind—is discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius. Look at the face of old Dampier, a rough sailor, but a man of exquisite mind. How soft is the air of his countenance, how delicate the shape of his temples!

POETIC PROMISE.—In the present age, it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favourable, that a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing.

ERRORS OF MANKIND.

It is singular to look back upon the errors of the human race, and to observe with what zeal even the strongest minds have followed error, than which, to the most uninformed of the present day, nothing could be more absurd. Among the questions to which the old metaphysical writers devoted their talents, were the following:—

Can angels pass from one point of space to another, without passing through the intermediate points?

Can more than one angel exist at the same moment, in the same physical point?

Is virtue good because it has intrinsic goodness, or has it intrinsic goodness because it is good?

Is the mind's freedom of choice, an entity or a quiddity?

Can angels visually discern objects in the dark?

Can they exist in a perfect vacuum? and if they can, is that vacuum perfect?

Can the Creator exist in imaginary space, as well as in space that is real?

Can a mode exist without a substance?

Although we can scarcely peruse these profound queries without a smile, is it not possible that future ages will find among our philosophers themes of discussion equally useless and absurd?

LIFE PROLONGED BY CIVILIZATION. If we collect England, Germany, France in one group, we find that the average term of mortality, which, in that great and populous region, was formerly one in thirty people annually, is not at present more than one in thirty-eight. This difference reduces the number of deaths throughout these countries from 1,900,000 to less than 1,200,000; and 700,000 lives, or one in eighty-three annually, owe their preservation to the social ameliorations effected in the three countries of western Europe, whose efforts to obtain this object have been attended with the greatest success.

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THE WRECKERS.

A CORNISH TALE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

It was a March morning—dark, yet without a drop of rain or breath of wind, that kind of marbly-black, compact sky which is the sure forerunner of a storm. The night had been a raw and cold one—too cold to sleep with comfort in the open air; yet such was the chamber which a peasant-girl, a native of a little fishing-hamlet upon the coast of Cornwall, had chosen for repose. Her couch was a hard and fearful one! the verge of a cliff that rose nearly a hundred feet perpendicular from the sea-shore; and yet not the softest couch that ever was spread in hamlet, town, or city, contained a tenant, in form, for symmetry—in feature, for beauty—excelling the mistress of her who occupied that strange, appalling place of rest! Her slumbers were disturbed, yet deep. Neither the full dawn could break them; nor yet the pressure of a hand that had taken hold of hers; nor the tears that fell upon her face from the eyes of one who was hanging over her—a young man about her own age, or a little older, and who seemed to belong to the profession of the sea.

"And hast thou slept out again all night!" he murmured—his tears still flowing. "And does it grow worse and worse with thy poor wits! and shall I never see the day when I can make thee my wife! They will not let me marry thee, because, as they say, thou art mad, and knowest not what thou dost; but when thy mind was sound, I was loved by thee! Had I married thee then, thou still hadst been my wife! thou still hadst been cherished and loved! Why must I not marry thee now? I could watch thee then, at night! My arms would enfold thee then, and prevent thee from stealing from thy bed to sleep in such a place as this!"

The attachment which united this young man to the being whom he so pathetically apostrophized, was of that pure and steadfast nature, which can never take root, except in the unsophisticated heart. She had lost her reason

in consequence of having been witness to a transaction of blood, which made her an orphan. She was to have been married to him; but, in the unfortunate state of her intellects, no clergyman would celebrate the rites. But she did not the less enjoy his protection. Beneath his mother's roof, she lived as sacred as a sister—the object of a passion in which frustration, and almost hopelessness, had only produced increase of strength.

"Kate! Kate!" he called. "Rouse thee, Kate—rouse thee! Do n't start! Do n't be frightened! 'T is only William! Get up, and come home!"

He offered to raise her, but she checked him—looked round, and fixed her eyes, inquiringly, upon the sea.

"Where is it!" she exclaimed—her voice tremulous with intense emotion. "Where is the storm? I see the black sky; but I want the thunder and the wind! the white, white sea, and the big ship, driving upon the reef!—or is it all over? No," she added; "'t is coming —'t will be here! I see it!"

She rose, and passively accompanied her watchful lover to his mother's cottage; where, leaving her under the custody of its mistress, the young man repaired on urgent business to a town at some distance from the hamlet.

That morning the storm came on; three days it continued—it was now the third day. A lee shore, a boiling sea, and on the coast of Cornwall! A wild and fearful offing! Foam! foam! foam! which way soever you looked—nothing but foam. Black reefs of rocks, that even in the highest spring tides were never completely covered, discernible now only by a spot here and there—so quick the breakers flew upon them! The spray flying over the cliffs—fifty, sixty, ay, a hundred feet and more, above the level of the sea, and spreading over the land for acres. And all above pitch black, though at noon-day!—Everything seemed to cower before the spirit of the storm—everything except man. The shore — which consisted partly of huge masses of rock, partly of shingle—was lined with human beings—some in groups—some alone—promiscuously furnished with boat-hooks, gaffs, grapples, hatchets, and knives—ready to dispute with the waves the plunder of the fated ship that might be driven within the jaws of that inhospitable bay! Expectation glistened in their eyes, that kept eagerly prowling backward and forward, far and near, over the waste of waters—they were wreckers! Not a few women, as well as children, were among them; nor were these unprovided against the approach of the wished-for prey—all seemed to have their appropriated places; from which, if they stirred, it was only a step or two, to be the next minute retraced. Little was spoken.

At one and the same moment almost every head was turned toward the cliff, at a wild and shrill hollow that rung from it.

"'T is only Kate," cried one, here and there, as the maniac rapidly descended by a crevice, which few of the lookers-on would have attempted, and that with wary feet.

"The crazy slut will break her neck," carelessly remarked one to another. But she was safe in her recklessness or unconsciousness of danger, and in a second or two stood among them.

"A lovely day! a fair, lovely day!" she exclaimed to the first she came up to. "Good luck to you! Any thing yet? No, no," she continued, replying to herself; "white to the north! white to the west! white to the south! all white! not a speck upon the water! But 't is coming! 't is coming! 't is coming!" she reiterated, dropping her voice to its lowest pitch; "I saw it here last night! a big, black hull! one mast standing out of three! cannons and stores overboard! rising and sinking! rocking and reeling! driving full bump upon the reef where the William and Mary was wrecked seven cursed years ago! I saw it," she repeated, eyeing the standers-by with a look that dared incredulity; then, all at once, her voice sinking into a whisper, "Hist! hist!" she added; "'t will be a handful or two for you; and a load for you; and more than you can carry for you;" addressing this person and that successively; "casks, cases, chests, gear and gold! but what will it be for Black Norris? It will be a brighter day for him than for any of you! When do they say his time is out?"

"Whose time?" inquired one among the group she was addressing.

"One—two—three;" she went on without noticing the question, until she had counted seven; "his seven years were out last May; he was transported three years before his hopeful son murdered my father."

"Hush, you crazy wench," exclaimed those around her; "if Norris hears you, you may chance to take a swim in the creek where he is standing!"

"Crazy?" she echoed. "Yes; bless heaven that made me so! It knows best what it does! I saw my father murdered, though his murderer saw not me! they were struggling which should keep possession of the prey. Old Norris's knife decided it! I was powerless with fright! I could not speak! I could not stir! I became mad, and the judge would not believe me! I could tell my story better now, but it would be of no use; for they say I am crazy still. There she is!" vociferated she, pointing toward the offing at the southern extremity of the bay.

"Where—where—where?" inquired her auditors.

"No, no!" she resumed, after a minute or two of silence, during which her eyeballs kept straining in the direction toward which she had pointed. "No," she resumed, dropping her hand; "but she is coming; and Black Norris will neither want roof nor board, gold nor gear, to welcome back the father that bred him up to his own trade. But, where is he?" inquired she; "where, but upon the long reef where I saw him!" Saying this, she proceeded to the southern extremity of the bay.

A stalwart figure, in advance of the regular line, sat stationed upon the landward-end of a huge reef of rocks, that gradually dipped into the sea. His hair black and lank, thrown back from a swarthy, ill-favoured visage, hung half way down his shoulders; his eye, dark, small, and glistening bright, directed toward the sea, in quick and restless motion, was everywhere at once. A long boat-hook, clenched with both his hands, rested across his knees; and, in a belt, which encircled his waist, were stuck a clasp-knife, of more than ordinary size, and a hatchet. The wave repeatedly washed more than half way up his lower extremities, but he paid no more heed than if he were a part of the rock that scattered it into mist.

"A lovely day—a fair, lovely day!" cried the maniac, approaching him.

"How beest thou, Black Norris? Nay, I am good now," continued she, in a deprecating tone; "don't look angry. I'll never say again that it was you."

The wrecker moved his hand toward his knife.

"Stop, stop, Black Norris," cried she, coaxingly and hurriedly, laying her hand upon his arm, "keep it for other work! You'll want it to day! before night there will be a hull ashore. There will be need of knife, axe, hook and all—for the storm is lively yet—the sea shews no signs of going down—the breakers keep tumbling upon the shore! Mark how they sweep the shingles up, and back again! By-and-by they will have something else to roll. 'T is coming! Black Norris, 't is coming! A huge, black hull—one mast standing out of three—cannons and stores overboard—rising and sinking—rocking and reeling—driving full bump upon the reef where the William and Mary was wrecked—the very reef on which you stand, Black Norris; ay, and the very spot!"

"Silence, jade!" exclaimed the wrecker, looking from beneath his hand, which, with the rapidity of lightning, was raised to his brow, and placed there horizontally, and leaning eagerly forward.

"In the south?"

"Yes."

"Just clear of the point?"

"Yes—the looming of something!—'t is a sloop! I see but one mast."

"'T is a ship! Black Norris. The other two have been cut away."

"Peace, jade! what know'st thou of the matter?"

"'T is a ship," she continued. "I told you so! There is the huge black hull!"

"'T is there, indeed!" exclaimed the wrecker. "Art thou a witch as well as crazed? 'T is there, indeed! she is driving right into the bay, coming broadside on!"

A huge black hull it was, high out of the water, as if every article of weight that could be spared had been thrown overboard. Reeling and pitching she came on, staggering every now and then at the stroke of some wave that broke over her. Fast was she nearing the shore.

"Now! now! now!" ever and anon exclaimed the wreckers; but she was floating still, so much had those on board lightened her. At length she was fairly among the breakers. She touched, and touched; yet went on—at last she struck, a long-continued crash came undulating upon the ears of the lookers-on, accompanied with halloos and shrieks. The shore was now all astir.

"That does for her!" exclaimed several voices all at once, as an enormous wave towering, as if charged with her doom, came foaming toward her. In another minute it broke upon her in a fury that sent the spray to the clouds, and totally hid her from the shore. When she became visible again, the whole of her larboard broadside was stove

in. In a moment, men, women, and children were up to their middle in the surf. Another billow—she was gone! Planks, pulleys, spars, and cordage now came floating in, and every one went to work—every one but Black Norris.

He kept his station upon the reef—a post which common consent seemed to have yielded up to him. No one ventured to dispute his right to it. In advance of him stood the maniac, constantly looking in one direction—a kind of cove produced by a forking in the reef. Thence she never took her eye, except to throw a glance at Black Norris whenever he made a movement, as if about to quit the stand which he had chosen.

"'T will be here," she kept repeating; "'t will be here—that which will be worth the hull to thee, were it high and dry, and all thine own! wait for it, 't is sent to thee! 't will be here. Did I not tell you of the huge black hull, and came it not? As surely that will come, which in that hull was sent to thee. Be ready with thy boat-hook! The minutes are counted. The wave that is to bring it, is rolling in! There it is! I know it! Here, take my place and be ready Here it is—a body—hook it by the clothes! keep it clear of the rocks! Round—round—round here, into this nook! Look if it does not lie there as if it were made for it! What think you now, Black Norris? What think you now of crazy Kate? Softly—softly;" she continued, as the wrecker, substituting his hands for the instrument, began to draw the body up to the beach. "Softly—the pockets are full! Softly, lest any thing should drop from them. That will do!—that will do!"

Scarcely was the body clear of the surf, when the wrecker began to strip it. The pockets were full! one of them was speedily emptied, when a laugh from the maniac, who, squatting, sat gibbering at the head, arrested Black Norris in the act of examining the contents.

"What laugh'st thou at, jade?" he inquired.

"Go on," she replied: "'t is a fair, lovely day, as I told thee; is it not, Black Norris?"

"Peace, jade!" exclaimed the wrecker. "Jewels!" he ejaculated, closing a small case which he had opened. The maniac laughed again. "Wilt thou stop thy cursed mouth," vociferated the wrecker.

"Go on," murmured the maniac. "Go on, Black Norris! You should not be angry with me! Did I not tell you it was coming? Go on! 'T is a fair, lovely day! Isn't it, Black Norris?"

"Silence!" again cried the wrecker.

"Gold!" exclaimed he to himself, as he emptied into his hand a portion of the contents of a purse, which he had taken from the other pocket—"broad, heavy, yellow pieces!"—another laugh from the maniac.

"I tell thee what, mad Kate," roared out the wrecker, "take to thy heels! or abide the consequence, if thou utterest that sound again."

"Softly!—softly!" whispered Kate, "he hears you!"

"Who, jade?" cried the wrecker, starting from his knees.

"The owner of the diamonds and the gold. His lids have been moving for the last minute, and now they are wide open!"

The wrecker just glanced at the face of the shipwrecked man.

"Get thee away, good Kate!" said he, in a conciliatory tone. "Go, Kate; leave me by myself, and I'll never be angry with thee again. Go, good Kate; go."

The maniac looked at the wrecker for a moment—smiled—nodding her head significantly, and rose.

"I am gone, Black Norris!" she cried, "a good day to you! and a good fair day it is! and a lovely day! Isn't it, Black Norris? I'll leave you by yourself! I'll not stay! I am gone!" and starting toward a pathway which led up the cliff, and the commencement of which was sheltered by a screen of rock, she was quickly out of sight.

The wrecker now began to reconnoitre all around him. Every one was engrossed with his own occupation, securing such portions of the wreck, or such articles of property as were brought within his reach. His hand approached his knife—grasped it—half drew the weapon from his belt; but suddenly replaced it, and now fastened on the axe—the counterpoise to the blade of which, was a wedge-like piece of iron, broad, and flattened at the end. In a second the instrument swung by his side. Once again he reconnoitred toward the beach; then turned toward the prostrate man. He thought the body moved—he trembled from head to foot. He advanced a single step, but stopped—the fingers were in motion! A low sound—half-voice, half-breath—issued from the throat—which now evidently began to work! He advanced another step—though a tottering one!—another! He was now

within a foot or two of the head—he sank, or rather dropped upon one knee. The eyes of the seaman moved—they turned to the right and to the left, and at last glared back upon the wrecker! Both hands now clenched the axe! Slowly 't was lifted, the edge averted, and the blunt end suspended over the forehead of him that lay. 'T was raised! It hovered a moment or two, then fell with a short, dull crash—a pause for a moment or two more—limb, eye, everything were still—the wrecker threw his weapon behind him, and wiped from his brow the drops that stood thick upon it.

"Ha! ha! you have done it!"

The wrecker turned and beheld the maniac standing behind him with the hatchet in her hand, her eyes flashing.

"Nay, move not, Black Norris!" she continued, "unless you would have me give the corpse a fellow! Let me get farther from thee without forcing me to do thee a mischief, and I will tell thee something!" She retreated about twenty paces, without turning her back; the wrecker now perfectly unnerved, not daring to move. "Black Norris!" she resumed, "did I not tell you that this was a fair, lovely day!—and a fair, lovely day it is!—and a bonny one, too! and know you not why, Black Norris? This day you have done—what you have done!—and this day seven years was the day—the fair, lovely day when you murdered my father! Black Norris! Now follow me not, but good by!"

She fled. The wrecker had not power to follow!

Chapter II.

By the fire of a miserable hut, was seated upon a stool a female, of youthful but haggard appearance. She had an infant at her breast, and was endeavouring to lull it, rocking to and fro, with a low melancholy hum. Every now and then, she paused and listened, and after a second or two resumed her maternal task.

"Be quiet, Shark! be quiet!" she would occasionally cry, as a lean, black, rough-coated dog, between the Newfoundland and the mastiff, and which was stretched across the hearth, would raise his head, and, turning it in the direction of the door, keep howling amidst the gusts of the storm, which was slowly and fitfully subsiding.

At length the infant fell asleep, and was transferred from its mother's lap to a wretched pallet in an adjoining room. Her charge being thus disposed of, she returned into the outer apartment. A cooking vessel was on the fire. She lifted the lid. The steam faintly rose from the contents.

"Will it never grow hot!" she impatiently exclaimed; and resorting to a bellows, through the creviced sides of which escaped the greater portion of the wind which was intended for the proper vent, proceeded assiduously, but almost in vain, to urge the sluggish fuel. "He'll brain me, if he comes home and nothing ready!" she cried to herself, in a querulous under-tone. "Heaven send him luck, and I shall have peace for a day or two," continued she. "But for my baby, I wish I had never seen the face of Black Norris!"

"Let me in!" cried the wrecker at the door.

"Thank heaven, he has met with luck!" ejaculated the wretched wife. She let him in. He had a trunk upon his shoulder, and under his arm he carried a bundle of clothes.

"Good luck, Norris?" tremulously, and half doubtingly inquired she.

"Yes!" was his sullen reply. Why do you ask with such a face as that?"

"I was afraid you had not met with any."

"Why!" demanded he, sternly.

"From your looks," timidly responded she.

"Curse thee!" muttered the ruffian; "what business hast thou to mind my looks? Here! Lend a hand, and help this load from my back!" The trunk was deposited upon the floor. "What! Nothing ready? Hast thou not victuals in the house? Hast thou not fire? Hast thou not hands? and why is not my dinner ready? Bestir thee! I have something to do in the next room. On thy life let me not be interrupted till I have done. Haste! Give me the key of the big chest!"

"Don't wake the baby!" entreatingly enjoined the wife. "He has not slept the whole morning, and is only just now dropped off."

"Curse the child!" cried the wrecker, "thou thinkest of nothing but the child! Look to my dinner!" He went into the next apartment, shut the door after him and bolted it.

He examined the jewels again. He emptied the purse of its contents and counted them. He opened the rest of the pockets. The trowsers he had taken from the bundle and thrown upon the floor of the other room—all contained riches. He placed them upon the ground, applied the key, and hastily be-

gan to deposit them in the chest. In the progress of his work, he started and stopped short, at a shuffling of feet he heard in the outer apartment, accompanied by the sound of voices, as of persons speaking in a low key. Muttering a curse, he proceeded.

"Norris! Norris!" whispered his wife at the door. He replied not, but went on.

"Norris!" she whispered again. "You are wanted!" He answered not, but listened anxiously. All was silent.

"Norris!" she repeated.

"Silence! and confound thee!" was the ruffian's reply.

"I cannot help it, Norris!" rejoined she, still whispering. "You are wanted, husband! O come! Do come!"

"Presently!" he vociferated. The last article was put in. He locked the chest, and unbolting the door, threw it open.

"Well! Is my dinner ready?" he noisily demanded, entering the outer apartment, and looking toward the table —which had been constructed out of the fragments of a wreck — a corpse lay stretched upon it! At the head, and at the foot was a group of his neighbours. He stood for a moment or two transfixed.

"What means this?" at length he boldly inquired, with a loud voice, striving to conceal a cowering heart.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed one, lifting the rifled trowsers, which the wrecker had thrown upon the floor. "Merciful powers! if it is not your father's body, Norris, that you have been stripping!"

"My father's body!" echoed Black Norris; the blood utterly forsaking his cheeks.

"Yes! There it is, stretched upon the table!"

Black Norris did not attempt to speak. He looked at the body—at the bystanders — at his wife — at the body again — with an expression of perfect vacuity in his countenance. He then approached the table, half seated himself on a corner of it, his back to the corpse, and with one leg upon the floor, kept swinging the other, looking wildly around him. His wife, who had dropped upon the stool on which she had been nursing her child, sat the image of horror. The rest kept silence.

"It can't be helped!" at last exclaimed Black Norris. "The dead have no use for clothes. We'll bury him tomorrow, and wake him to night."

His auditors looked at one another, but made no remark. Pipes, tobacco and spirits, were speedily procured and placed upon the same table with the corpse, which was now covered with a sheet. Black Norris seated himself at the head. His neighbours, whose numbers were now increased by occasional droppers-in, accommodating themselves as they could, with stools, empty kegs placed on end, and pieces of plank converted into temporary forms, sat ranged around. The room waxed merry, save where the wrecker's wife sat crouching near the fire, her head supported by the wall. At length the first supply of spirits was out.

"I'll bring you better!" cried the wrecker. "What we have been drinking was watered. I'll bring it you as pure as from the still!"

He disappeared; and, after the lapse of about ten or fifteen minutes, returned with a fresh supply. He opened the door unobserved, but stopped short upon remarking that the place which he had just quitted, was occupied by three or four who were intently employed in examining the head of the dead body, from which the sheet had been partially removed. The rest of the company were leaning forward, apparently absorbed in what was passing.

"'T is an ugly mark!" said one.

"No rock could do that!" observed another.

"No!" interposed a third; "'t is more like the blunt end of an axe-head; see! here is the regular mark of the edge, all round! I would not be Black Norris for all he has got by this day's work!"

"Why not?" vociferated the wrecker, springing forward and confronting the speaker.

Every eye was turned toward the wrecker, in whose countenance desperation and gathering fury were fearfully depicted. No answer was returned to his question.

"Why not?" repeated he, with increased vehemence.

"Why not!" echoed the young man, recovering from temporary surprise. "Why, who was it stove your father's forehead in, Black Norris?" added he, after a pause.

He had scarcely time to duck his head. The vessel which the wrecker carried, flew over it, and in the next moment the young man's throat was in the ruffian's gripe.

"Loose your hold of him!" cried several all at once. Black Norris paid

no heed to them. Three or four of the strongest and boldest rushed together upon him at once; overpowered him and rescued his almost suffocated victim. The wrecker drew his knife and brandished it. They rushed upon him again before he had time to make a stroke with it, and wrenched it from him. His wife, who, it appeared, had retired into the inner apartment during the interval of her husband's absence, now burst from it, sank on her knees before him, and, clasping him round the legs with one arm, while with the other she supported her infant, implored him to be calm. A blow levelled child and mother to the earth! With horror of the savage act, the spectators stood awhile, as if bereft of the power of speech or motion. For a second or two the wrecker glared around him like a fiend, then suddenly rushed into the inner room. He searched here and there, blaspheming all the time, cursing this thing and that thing, as any thing came to his hand except what he wanted. At length, however, he succeeded in finding his pistols. Then a pouch filled with slugs, and last of all, a powder-horn, presented themselves. Hastily he loaded and primed the weapons, and proceeding to the door with one in each hand, advanced a pace into the outer apartment.

"Now!" roared the wrecker, "now, who is the man to come on?" No one stirred. "I give you just as much time," continued he, "as it will take you to clear the house. When that is expired, I fire at the man that remains."

A wild, shrill, piercing laugh was the answer to his menace. It came from the head of the corpse. The maniac was standing there. The wrecker's axe was in her hand; the blunt end resting on the mark in the dead man's forehead.

"Ha! ha!" she cried, exultingly; "there is your father, Black Norris! a corpse upon the plank of wood, to get possession of which, you murdered my father; and here is your axe upon the mark which you made in your father's forehead when I told you, as you were rifling him on the beach, that his eyes were moving, and you coaxed me to leave you alone with him! See how nicely it fits! But I knew you, and stole back! I did, Black Norris! And I saw the blow! and heard the crash! and snatched up your hatchet when you threw it behind you; and ran away with it! Give you joy of your diamonds and your gold, Black Norris! A fair day! Is it not? A fair, lovely day! a fair, lovely, bonny day!"

The wrecker had been gradually raising his right arm. It was now nearly brought to a level. He fired! but the charge perforated the roof. His arm was struck up by some one, and at the same moment he felt himself powerfully pinioned. He looked round; he found himself in the hands of four of the preventive guard, accompanied by Kate's lover, with the staff of a boarding-pike in his grasp.

That day, having completed the business which called him from home, had the young man returned. His first inquiry was for Kate. She had been at her usual pranks, and had stolen away. He sought her in all her haunts—she was nowhere to be found—dispirited and fatigued, too; for he had walked upward of thirty miles since morning; he was repairing home when he received, from a group returning from the wreck, and of whom he made inquiries after her, an account of her appearance among the wreckers, and her wild, mysterious prophecy, which had been so strangely fulfilled. Revolving what he had heard, he lifted the latch of his mother's door, and entered; but stopped short. A female, almost naked to the zone, was sitting with her back toward him; her skin of so pure a whiteness, that it fairly shone. The waist and shoulders of such a mould, as of itself apprises the beholder of the presence of surprising richness; although unrefined, uninformed, he is utterly at a loss to tell in what it lies. A moment he stood; then, abashed, confounded—he was on the point of retiring, when the female turned suddenly round.

"Kate!" burst in astonishment from the young man's lips.

The next moment the maniac, unconscious of her situation, was hanging upon his neck. Wildly she kissed him; straining him to her bosom and laughing.

"He has done it! he has done it!" she almost shrieked. "He has murdered his own father. Here is the hatchet with which he beat his forehead in," added she, springing from him to the other end of the room, and snatching up the instrument and flourishing it; her sun-burnished hands and neck forming an extraordinary contrast with the snow which had never been before revealed to the eyes of her lover, whose mother now entering from an adjoining room with some articles of apparel upon her arm, hastily retired again, drawing the poor, half-resisting girl along with her. The former presently returned.

"She has been down on the shore all day. There has been a wreck," said she. "About a quarter of an hour ago she came in inquiring for you, that you might take Black Norris, as she said, and hang him; for he had murdered his father. She was wet to the skin with the spray and the rain, and I was making her change herself when you came in. Hist! she is here!"

Kate entered. Her lover looked at her. Nothing appeared now, but the hue that was the child of the weather. The hatchet was in her hand. Exultation and impatience were painted in her looks.

"Come! come!" she cried; and opening the door, at once led the way to Black Norris's. Scarcely had they got fifty yards from the house, when, at a turn in the road, they came upon four privates of the preventive service. The men were on duty. Kate instantly accosted them, related the transaction which had taken place upon the reef, and commanded them to accompany her. They looked—and obeyed.

* * * *

Three weeks after, there was a trial and an execution. Black Norris was the criminal. Among the spectators at the latter, were a young man and a young woman. As soon as the body swung in the air, a shrill peal of laughter arose from one of the crowd. It was from the female who, the next moment, lay fainting in the arms of her companion. Kate was conveyed home. She was restored to consciousness; but her mind, so highly excited before, seemed now to have sunk into a state of infantine imbecility. Thus she remained for several days, nay weeks. A gloom seemed to have overspread her lover's mind, which threatened consequences similar to those under which the being whom he so tenderly loved had laboured. He avoided society—he would hardly exchange a word even with his mother. He was continually wandering about the cliff and the shore, alone.

One day, when he had thrown himself upon the very spot where, as we related in the beginning, he had intruded upon the slumbers of the maniac—revolving the cause which now utterly absorbed his mind and soul, and lost to external consciousness—he was startled by something falling upon his face. He looked up, and saw the loved one hanging over him. The tear-drop stood trembling upon his lid—the light of reason beamed from her eye. She pronounced his name, talked to him of her father's death, informed him that she believed his murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime, but knew not when, or by what means. He drew her softly toward him—encouraged her to speak on—questioned her, found of all that had passed since her wits had gone astray, the only circumstance which had left an impression upon her memory, was the fate of Black Norris. He now endeavoured to ascertain the state of her heart with respect to him. An eye at once cast down—a burning cheek—lips that made soundless motion, confirmed the dearest hopes and crowned the most ardent wishes of his soul. Reason was perfectly reinstated—love had never lost its seat. He urged the soft confession—and her face was buried in his bosom. In a week she was his wife, and along with his mother, accompanied him to a distant part of the country, lest old and painful recollections might be recalled by the presence of scenes, alas! but too familiar.

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Tell him I love him yet
As in that joyous time!
Tell him I ne'er forget—
Though memory now be crime!
Tell him when fades the light
Upon the earth and sea,
I dream of him by night—
He must not dream of me!

Tell him to go where fame
Looks proudly on the brave,
And win a glorious name
By deeds on land and wave.
Green, green upon his brow
The laurel wreath shall be—
Although that laurel now
Must not be shared with me!

Tell him to smile again
In pleasure's dazzling throng—
To wear another's chain—
To praise another's song!
Before the loviest there
I'd have him bend the knee,
And breathe to her the prayer
He used to breathe to me!

Tell him that, day by day,
Life looks to me more dim—
I falter when I pray,
Although I pray for him.
And bid him when I die
Come to our fav'rite tree—
I shall not hear him sigh—
Then let him sigh for me!

SPECIMENS OF A MODERN DICTIONARY.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

—

Distant Relations.— People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

Belle—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colours fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Heart — A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

Housewifery—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

Editor—A poor wretch, who every day empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of man.

Virtue—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Honour — Shooting a friend whom you love through the head, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you hate and despise.

Laughter—An agreeable and contagious convulsion of the human countenance on receiving a tailor's bill, or being asked to return an umbrella.

Opera—A species of dramatic entertainment to which the audience bring apples and oranges.

Cigar—A slender, yellow, speckled tube, formed of the leaves of a wonderful plant, discovered by Raleigh. When women turn false, and men selfish—when your creditor duns you like a fiend, and your debtor takes the Act—when the future looks dark, and the present dreary—by the fragrance of this little instrument, extracted by means of fire, you are for a brief period rendered insensible to every sorrow, and lulled into dreams more entertaining than those of sleep.

Satirical Poems—Harmless impertinence in verse.

Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

Death—An ill-bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

Author—A dealer in words, who gets paid in his own coin.

Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

Wedded Bliss—A term used by Milton.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Lunatic Asylum—A hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.

Gaol—The penalty of misfortune, and often the reward of virtue.

Tragedian—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

Critic—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box, to try one or more at the bar.

Young Attorney—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he ought to be.

King's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Public Abuse—The mud with which every traveller is spattered on his road to distinction.

NOTES OF A READER.

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DESCRIPTION OF DELHI.

Captain Skinner, in his *Excursions in India*, gives the following description of this formerly magnificent capital of the Great Mogul; now dwindled to but a skeleton of its storied greatness—*vox et præterea nihil.*

" Delhi presents but a sad skeleton of what it once was. I approached the city from the east bank of the Jumna, and in crossing that river had a magnificent view of mosques and minarets glittering in the sun, and tombs embosomed in trees, not unfrequently overrun with ivy, and presenting more picturesque appearances in a state of decay. The domes of the mosques, and many of the tombs, are covered with gilded metal, and shine most brilliantly. I found my tent pitched immediately under the castle walls, and opposite to the Chandery-choke, or principal street. I was in the centre of bustle, but smothered by dust and tortured by flies. This street is more than a mile in length, and very broad; it is

divided by what was once an aqueduct, running through its centre. The houses are two, and sometimes three, stories high, and well whitewashed. They have occasionally balconies in front of them, in which the men sit, loosely arrayed in white muslin, smoking their hookahs; and women, who have forfeited all pretensions to modesty, are sometimes seen, unveiled, similarly occupied. The din of so populous a place is very great, for every house seems as well furnished as a hive of bees. The population is nearly 200,000 souls, in an area of seven miles in circumference, the extent of the walls of modern Delhi. The great peculiarity of an eastern town is, that every thing is done in public: the people talk as loudly as they can, and sometimes, when engaged in unimportant matters, seem to be scolding each other in the most outrageous manner. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the creaking of cart wheels, and the clinking of pewterers' hammers,—for all occupations are carried on in a little open space in front of each shop,—are beyond all endurance. The trumpeting noises of the elephants, with the groaning of the camels, varied occasionally by the roaring of a leopard or cheator (which animals are led about the streets hooded, to sell for the purposes of hunting), with the unceasing beat of the tom-tom, the shrill pipe, and the cracked sound of the viol, accompanied by the worse voices of the singers, are enough to drive a moderately-nervous person to desperation. The houses are generally irregular in their construction, and not unfrequently curiously decorated. Different coloured curtains hang before the doors, variegated screens serve as blinds to the windows; and the custom of hanging cloths, particularly scarfs, of every hue, on the tops of the houses to dry, make them look as a ship on a gala day, with all its colours flying. The clouds of dust, and the insects that surround the cooks' shops, are the most intolerable plague of all. The rancid smell of the nasty-looking mixtures that are constantly in course of manufacture, with the general stench of the town, is a sign that it is seldom indeed that a 'musk caravan from Koten' passes through it.

"Riding through the town requires much management and some skill. It is necessary to shout, push, and kick, the whole way, to warn the multitude to get out of the road. Occasionally you have to squeeze past a string of loaded camels, or start away from a train of elephants; and if your horse be frightened at the last animals, which is frequently the case, it needs some ingenuity to avoid being plunged into the cauldrons which simmer on each side of the way, in front of the cooks' shops. The fear is mutual very often, and the elephants, in attempting to escape from the approach of a horseman, may well be supposed to throw the whole street into a fine confusion."

[*Latrobe's Rambles in North America*, furnish us with the following interesting passages.]

DESCRIPTION OF A NEW-ENGLANDER.

The manners and habits of this great eastern division of the American people, are strikingly distinct from those of their fellow citizens of the southward. The character of the inhabitants of New England for diligence, shrewdness, and all those matter-of-fact talents which tell in a country like this, where every man is struggling to get and maintain an independence, is probably familiar to you. They are speculative, at the same time that their caution, clear-sightedness, and indomitable perseverance, generally ensure success. In politics, their practical conduct is strikingly opposed to the theoretical vagaries of the south. They have often, and not without reason, been compared to the northern inhabitants of our own island; but, I think, the New-Englanders have all the steadiness and prudence of the Scotch, with a yet greater degree of ingenuity. Like the Scotch, they foster education; like the Scotch, they are inclined to the more severe forms of religious discipline and worship; like the Scotch, they are fearfully long-winded: like them they are gadders abroad, loving to turn their faces southward and westward, pushing their fortunes wherever fortunes are to be pushed, and often in places and by shifts where no one ever dreamed that fortunes were to be gained. They may be found supplanting the less energetic possessor of land and property in every state of the Union. They have a finger upon the rim of every man's dish, and a toe at every man's heel. They are the pedlars and schoolmasters of the whole country; and, though careless of good living abroad, when at home and at ease, they are fond of "creature comforts." No where is the stomach of the traveller or visitor put in such constant peril, as among the cake-inventive housewives and daughters of New-England. Such is the universal attention paid to this particular branch of epicurism in these

states, that I greatly suspect that some of the pilgrim fathers must have come over to the country with the cookery-book under one arm, and the Bible under the other; though I find in more than one code of ancient laws made in early times, orders issued that no persons should make "cakes or buns, except for solemn festal occasions, such as burials and marriages." There are but few boys among them; many of their children seem to start up at once to puny men. I should not think they were a fun-loving nation, or had great reverence for holidays; jokes are an abomination to many of them.

Though, in common with all Americans, they are proud and boastful of their claims to unlimited freedom, they are fond of imposing grievous burdens upon the inferior orders of animals within their power; and you see horses and cows, pigs and geese, labouring under the most singular yokes it is possible to conceive.

The faults allied to this kind of character are easily recognizable. Where education and religion have had their proper influence, and high-mindedness, and innate sense of honour exists, all this shrewdness and strength of character will add to the respectability of the possessor, and to the good of the social circle. But where they are allied with meanness and littleness of soul, they must bear the stamp of sordid and low cunning in petty transactions, and of uncompromising, ungenerous aggrandizement and selfishness in larger operations. Hence the diverse terms in which you hear the so-called Yankee, or Easternman named, and the praise and obloquy with which the character I have attempted so roughly to sketch, is alternately drawn. I was never, to my knowledge, taken in by any of my particular or casual acquaintances in any of the eastern states; and I am far from believing, though I may have laughed at, the thousand-and-one-tales related of the extravagant ingenuity and cunning of the Yankee pedlars tramping through every nook of the Union; but I can easily conceive that there is many an arrant rogue among them, and many an arrant goose among their customers.

I have in pure idleness given you as harmless a sketch of the character of one great division of these doughty republicans as was ever penned, and surely so far I should escape having my name held up to national scorn and obloquy, by my transatlantic acquaintances, should it ever get to their ears. But I must not make too sure; for a man sometimes gets spiteful in spite of himself, and I may possibly by and by, in the progress of my relation, arrive at a place where I was both cross and crossed, had the tooth ache, was disappointed or contradicted, met with dull weather, or a cold breakfast, and then you may find that I occasionally see through a bilious medium, and can find fault, like other English travellers, with all and every thing about me.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT IN THE WEST.

Circumstances gave me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the particulars of the very first voyage of a steamer in the west. The complete success attending the experiments in steam navigation, made on the Hudson and the adjoining waters, previous to the year 1809, turned the attention of the principal projectors to the idea of its application on the western rivers; and in the month of April of that year, Mr. Roosevelt of New York, pursuant to an agreement with Chancellor Livingston and Mr. Fulton, visited those rivers, with the purpose of forming an opinion whether they admitted of steam navigation or not. At this time two boats, the North River and the Clermont, were running on the Hudson. Mr. R. surveyed the rivers from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and as his report was favourable, it was decided to build a boat at the former town. This was done under his direction, and in the course of 1811, the first boat was launched on the waters of the Ohio. It was called the "New-Orleans," and intended to ply between Natchez in the state of Mississippi, and the city whose name it bore. In October it left Pittsburg for its experimental voyage. On this occasion no freight or passengers were taken, the object being merely to bring the boat to her station. Mr. R., his young wife and family, Mr. Baker the engineer, Andrew Jack the pilot, and six hands, with a few domestics, formed her whole burden. There were no wood-yards at that time, and constant delays were unavoidable. When, as related, Mr. R. had gone down the river to reconnoitre, he had discovered two beds of coal, about one hundred and twenty miles below the rapids at Louisville, and now took tools to work them, intending to load the vessel with the coal, and to employ it as fuel, instead of constantly detaining the boat while wood was procured from the banks.

Late at night, on the fourth day after quitting Pittsburg, they arrived in safety at Louisville, having been but seventy hours descending upwards of seven hundred miles. The novel appearance of the vessel, and the fearful rapidity with which it made its passage over the broad reaches of the river, excited a mixture of terror and surprise among many of the settlers on the banks, whom the rumour of such an invention had never reached; and it is related, that on the unexpected arrival of the boat before Louisville, in the course of a fine, still moonlight night, the extraordinary sound which filled the air, as the pent-up steam was suffered to escape from the valves on rounding to, produced a general alarm, and multitudes in the town rose from their beds to ascertain the cause. I have heard that the general impression among the good Kentuckians was, that the comet had fallen into the Ohio; but this does not rest upon the same foundation as the other facts, which I lay before you, and which I may at once say, I had directly from the lips of the parties themselves. The small depth of water in the rapids, prevented the boat from pursuing her voyage immediately, and during the consequent detention of three weeks in the upper part of the Ohio, several trips were successfully made between Louisville and Cincinnati. In fine, the waters rose, and in the course of the last week in November, the voyage was resumed, the depth of water barely admitting their passage.

When they arrived about five miles above the Yellow Banks, they moored the boat opposite to the first vein of coal, which was on the Indiana side, and had been purchased in the interim of the state government. They found a large quantity already quarried to their hand, and conveyed to the shore, by depredators who had not found means to carry it off, and with this they commenced loading the boat. While thus engaged, our voyagers were accosted in great alarm by the squatters of the neighbourhood, who inquired if they had not heard strange noises on the river and in the woods, in the course of the preceding day, and perceived the shores shake; insisting that they had repeatedly felt the earth tremble.

Hitherto nothing extraordinary had been perceived. The following day they pursued their monotonous voyage in those vast solitudes. The weather was observed to be oppressively hot; the air misty, still, and dull; and though the sun was visible, like a glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them became evident. And as they sat on deck, they ever and anon heard a rushing sound and violent splash, and saw large portions of the shore tearing away from the land, and falling into the river. It was, as my informant said, "an awful day; so still, that you could have heard a pin drop on the deck." They spoke little, for every one on board appeared thunderstruck. The comet had disappeared about this time, which circumstance was noticed with awe by the crew.

The second day after their leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun rose over the forests the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, dull, and oppressive as before. The portentous signs of this terrible natural convulsion continued and increased. The pilot, alarmed and confused, affirmed that he was lost, as he found the channel everywhere altered; and where he had hitherto known deep water, there lay numberless trees, with their roots upward. The trees were seen waving and nodding on the bank, without a wind; but the adventurers had no choice but to continue their route. Toward evening they found themselves at a loss for a place of shelter. They had usually brought-to under the shore, but everywhere they saw the high banks disappearing, overwhelming many a flat boat and raft, from which the owners had landed and made their escape. A large island in mid-channel, which was selected by the pilot as a better alternative, was sought for in vain, having disappeared entirely. Thus in doubt and terror, they proceeded hour after hour till dark, when they found a small island, and rounded to, mooring themselves to the foot of it. Here they lay, keeping watch on deck during the long autumnal night; listening to the sound of the waters which roared and gurgled horribly around them, and hearing from time to time the rushing earth slide from the shore, and the commotion, as the falling mass of earth and trees was swallowed up by the river. The lady of the party, a delicate female, was frequently awakened from her restless slumber, by the jar given to the furniture and loose articles in the cabin, as several times in the course of the night, the shock of the passing earthquake was communicated from the island to the bows of the vessel.

It was a long night, but morning dawned and shewed them that they were near the mouth of the Ohio. The shores and the channel were now equally unrecognizable, for everything seemed changed. About noon that day, they reached the small town of New-Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Here they found the inhabitants in the greatest distress and consternation; part of the population had fled in terror to the higher grounds, others prayed to be taken on board, as the earth was opening in fissures on every side, and their houses hourly falling around them.

Proceeding from thence, they found the Mississippi, at all times a fearful stream, now unusually swollen, turbid, and full of trees; and after many days of great danger, though they felt and perceived no more of the earthquakes, they reached their destination at Natchez, at the close of the first week in January, 1812, to the great astonishment of all, the escape of the boat having been considered an impossibility.

At that time you floated for three or four hundred miles on the rivers without seeing a human habitation.

Such was the voyage of the first steamer. The natural convulsion which commenced at the time of her descent, has been but slightly alluded to, but will never be forgotten in the history of the West; and the changes wrought by it throughout the whole alluvial region through which the Ohio and Mississippi pour their waters, were perhaps as remarkable as any on record. We hear less of its effects, because the region in which they occurred, was of such vast extent, and so thinly peopled. That part of the alluvial country which is contiguous to the point of junction of the two rivers, and especially the vicinity of New-Madrid, seems to have been the centre of the convulsion. There, during the years 1811 and 1812, the earth broke into innumerable fissures, the churchyard, with its dead, was torn from the bank, and engulfed in the turbid stream. To the present day it would appear that frequent slight shocks of earthquakes are there felt; and it is asserted, that in the vast swamp at the back of the town, strange sounds may at times be heard, as of some mighty cauldron bubbling in the bowels of the earth. Along the banks of the river, thousands of acres, with their gigantic growth of forest and cane, were swallowed up, and lakes and ponds innumerable were formed. The earth, in many parts, was observed to burst suddenly open, and jets of sand, mud, and water, to shoot up into the air. The beds of these giant streams seemed totally overturned; islands disappeared, and in many parts the course of the river was completely changed. Great inundations were the consequence. The clear waters of the St. Francis were obstructed; the ancient channel destroyed, and the river spread over a vast tract of swamp. In many places, the gaping earth unfolded its secrets, and the bones of the gigantic mastodon and ichthyosaurus, hidden within its bosom for ages, were brought to the surface. Boats and arks without number were swallowed up; some buried by the falling in of the banks, others dragged down with the islands to which they were anchored. And finally, you may still meet and converse with those, who were on the mighty river of the West when the whole stream ran toward its sources for an entire hour, and then resuming its ordinary course, hurried them helpless on its whirling surface with accelerated motion toward the Gulf.

THE FATHER'S LESSON.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

"I am sick of human nature already," said Frederick St. John, to his father. "Every day's experience teaches me that mankind are villains, with but few exceptions."

"In which honourable minority," replied his father, "Mr. Frederick St. John ranks himself, of course!"

"Most assuredly I do. If I were so low-minded, so base—so—so—(I have no word to express my horror and contempt for them) as nearly every one around me, I should, I positively believe, put an end to my existence."

"No," said the parent; "if you were base-minded, like them, your estimation of meanness would be different, and you would be contented to live on any terms."

"Never."

"I tell you, Fred., you are but a youth, and know little of the world. There is, doubtless, an ample sufficiency of rascals about us, but they form only a small part of *human nature* which you speak of so decisively. You are not competent to comprehend all the influences which have made them what they are."

"But, Sir, I know what *I* am."

"I am not so sure of that, Fred. I hope no dreadful experience will ever

undeceive you. You know what you *wish* to be—not what you *are*."

"But, my dear Sir, by taking such a view of my character as you seem to have of it, I am reduced in my own estimation to a level with the very persons I despise. You deprive me of pride, which is at once my support and my reward."

"If I would diminish your pride," replied Mr. St. John, "it is to supply its place with modesty and watchfulness, which, if not so agreeable, are at least more safe and useful qualities. A young man setting out in life, is like the navigator of a ship whose way lies over dangerous seas. It is good for him to be fully aware of the perils which he must encounter, and that others as wise and well-conditioned as himself have gone down into the deep."

"But surely, my father, you do not deem me capable of submitting to the degradations and committing the crimes which mark the beings about me?"

"I know, Frederick, that nature has gifted you with a clear understanding and an affectionate heart. Your hopes are high—your passions warm—your feelings pure; but you are yet young, and cannot conjecture how these may change when you shall have gone farther on in the dark world. You cannot tell to what withering influences you may hereafter be subjected. You know not what sophistry may corrupt your principles, what temptations may overcome your virtue. Now, I trust, your piety is strong, and your views of right and wrong just and noble. Yet beware how you trust too implicitly even to these. What tree stands so lofty, but it may be blasted by thunder? What river leaps from its source so pure and clear, but other streams may flow into its bosom and soil its sweet waters?"

"There are some things," rejoined the youth, after a pause, "which I am certain I could not bear. Some misfortunes—some crimes. I could not bear a disappointment in love—or a blow—or the recollection of a criminal action. I could not, for example, exist if I had killed a man. Shame and remorse would sink me into the earth. I could not dwell with a tainted reputation. I could not perpetrate a cruelty, even to save my life. I could not—"

"Hold!" interrupted the father; "you have said already too much. Each word you speak is a dagger to my soul."

"My father!"

"Look not so surprised, my son. I will relate to you my history. You have sometimes remarked that I am not a happy man."

"I have, my father. Often have I felt my very heart cold, to watch the livid paleness pass over your face even in the midst of the gayest scenes. I have mourned secretly over the certainty that you were miserable."

"You have judged me rightly, boy. I *am* miserable. Life *is* a load to me, like the cross and the crown of thorns which One better than man bore in his last mortal time. You have now arrived at years of reason. You are enthusiastic and inexperienced. I love you better than myself. For your sake I will relate briefly my own life. May it prove a lesson to you—may it be a light to your feet in the darkness through which the career of man but too often leads. Listen, Frederick; and hereafter, instead of boasting of your virtue, watch over it in silence, but with a never-sleeping care.

"When I was of your age, I was sanguine and joyous like you. Nothing would satisfy me but a place among the highest and the best. I was proud and haughty, and confident in my own powers and my own honour. I regarded nature with a universal love; and you will not suspect me of vanity in adding that my face and person were as commanding and beautiful as my mind was gifted and my ambition aspiring. I had always been educated in the midst of careful and affectionate friends; and the general submission which I was accustomed to meet in all my desires from every one around me, had, perhaps, given my disposition a slightly despotic and tyrannical turn. I was impatient of every difficulty and contradiction; and although when I loved at all, it was with a deep tenderness, yet my bursts of passion were irresistible. I lost my self-command, and was ready to plunge into any—the most desperate deed. Alas! alas! how time has subdued me. I can scarcely yet realize whether I myself am changed, or whether the revolution is in the surrounding objects. However it may be, my fiery hopes, and passions are all extinguished. I live no more for myself, but for others, and shall welcome the moment wished for so oft, which shall lay me in the grave.

"I lived till the age of twenty without knowing the passion of love. I even laughed and scoffed at it. I deemed it implied something unmanly in the cha-

racter to bow down thus before a pair of eyes, or the sound of a voice, or the fascination of a smile. I branded it as a delusion, and that is one among the very few of my early opinions which I retain still. If there is anything actually so high and irresistible in the charm of a female, why do not all men go mad for her? Why, but from a species of delirium, should I thrill beneath the looks of a girl who gazes at another without vibrating a chord of his feeling, unless, peradventure, precisely contrary to that with which I regard her? A man shall put an end to his existence for the love of a fair creature, whom her daily associates regard with the most absolute indifference. It is a dream—this love; a wild fever—a vain thirst after a bliss which the object of your affection suggests to you, but cannot supply you with: gratifying it, cures it; for marry, and it is gone. Friendship supplies its place; of a higher kind, it is true, but still only friendship. What *husband* suffers the vague but delicious aspirations of the lover? The latter feels the thin delight of years condensed into one intense bliss at the sound of her voice. The former sits with her till time hangs heavy on his hands, and he is obliged to resort to ordinary means to pass it away. Ay, love is a brief enchantment—a sweet, but dangerous disease. Beware of it, boy. Whatever it may be, at this period I felt it. *I*, who had esteemed myself above so idle a feeling, passed the night in sleepless anxiety and the day in pining care for the enticement of a soft young face. Adeline was her name. She was rich, and far above my sphere. I loved her deeply without her suspecting it. I mistook her natural benevolence of disposition for attachment. I saw not that the same remembered smile which she bestowed on me was equally the gift of others. I only knew that she *had* smiled on me. My wildness and my pride were alike forgotten, and one day when we were alone, I knelt down to her and poured out my soul with the lowliness of a slave. The fallen angels in Paradise Lost, who sprang upon the trees in the place of eternal desolation to gorge on their tempting fruit, and found them ashes, could not have been more struck with amazement and horror than was I, at the manner in which my suit was received;—the surprise—the merriment, which her sweet soul strove to disguise—but in vain; the utter indifference and contempt lurking out under the usual protestations of friendship. They were enough to drive any lover to despair: but on one like me—proud and haughty to fierceness—revengeful, although I knew it not—and vain when I thought I was noble—they came with a deadening power that might have quailed the heart of an evil spirit. It made mine reckless. I cannot express how the recollection of that moment would intrude upon my better hours like a ghost, and make me, like Macbeth, fling away the cup of joy. My temper became gradually embittered, my whole mind overshadowed. With such principles, as mine were then, you may ask me why I still lived on? It was for revenge. Not against her person or her fame. I would not have injured her for the value of a thousand worlds. But I sought to shew her that he whom she had rejected with scorn, was a higher being than she dreamed of. I panted to place on my brow some glorious wreath of honour. I wished to fill a wide space in the world's favour, that she might say with regret, "I knew him not." Then I would that she might behold me contented and happy with another. That reflection might go into her mind, how much I despised myself for what I had done, and how pleased I was that fate had denied me my wish. For this I married your mother. Think, Frederick, with what a struggle I, who had learned to think love so sacred, submitted tamely to be spurned by one and take to my bosom another, who was to me but one of the million.

"'At all events,' said I, 'she who has trusted her happiness in my hands shall not be disappointed. I will watch over her with all the care of love, though without its real devotion.'

"As I said this I stood by a house famous for gambling, and a friend beckoned me in. I was weary of myself, and complied without any intention of becoming involved in the game. From a mere shame of refusing so trifling a favour as my companion requested of me, I pledged money to a small amount, and lost.

"'I will play,' said I, 'till I win back my own, and no longer.'

"I left the room at midnight—a bankrupt.

"The winner quarreled with me when we settled his demands. He was a powerfully formed man—a professed boxer, and practised duellist; and I soon discovered, in addition, a noted sharper. In the rage of a moment I struck him. He knocked me down as

easily as if I had been a child. I challenged him—we fought.

"'I will break your right arm,' he said; 'but if you persevere, I will kill you.'

"His exquisite skill enabled him to keep his word. I went home with a fractured limb.

"When I recovered, I had resolved to watch my opportunity, and end his life. To be trampled on with such utter impunity, was more than I could bear. I forgot the divine precepts of religion. I forgot the ordinary feelings of humanity and honour, which would have led me to make any sacrifice of personal inclination, rather than plunge my wife, whom I had already rendered poor and helpless, yet further into distress and degradation. I even went so far as to fix upon the hour, when, in the face of day, my insults were to be righted, and my infuriated passions satiated by a gory revenge. Yes, my son," continued the narrator, with a face of ashy hue, while the son sat shuddering by his side, and hanging on his accents with fearful interest, "your father would have been a murderer, and might have perished on the gallows, but for the gracious interference of heaven. A fever seized me. I was confined many months at death's door. It would be needless to explain the reflections which then passed through my mind. When I recovered, I was an altered man. I had been too near the chilly grave for passion. I shuddered at the escape I had made, and in relating it to you, I expect so dreadful a recollection will, in some degree, quell your self-confidence, as well as alter your opinion of the world. It may teach you the important lesson, that the good as well as the bad, are in danger, and that no man must ever sleep on his post."

ANIMAL FLOWER IN GRENADA.

THERE is a very singular animal flower (or Zoophyte) found inhabiting the side of the rocky wall that lines the carenage, next to the town, about two feet below the surface of the water, and consisting of a worm encased in a cylindric tube, fastened at the end to the rock, and throwing out its rays or tentacula at the other or outward end; the rays when extended standing in a sort of funnel shape; the flower bearing an exact resemblance to the purple passifloras or grannadilla (passion-flower); when fully expanded, this flower is peculiarly sensitive of the approach of any thing towards it, and it is next to impossible to obtain one in that state, as it is immediately retracted, (something in the manner of a snail when its horns are touched) even on the undulation of the water within its tubular shell. Whether this shell is separable from the rock at the will of the inmate, has not yet been thoroughly ascertained.

RETALIATION OF AN ARTIST.

THE performer who originally played the part of Achilles, in Corneille's tragedy of that name, had been originally a joiner's boy, and wishing to have his portrait taken, he agreed with an artist to paint it for forty crowns, on condition that he should be represented as Achilles. The painter was informed that the comedian was a bad paymaster, and to be even with him, he painted the figure in oil, and the buckler and some other parts in distemper. The picture was much admired; but the actor wishing to diminish the price, he found many faults, and at last offered only twenty crowns for it. The painter appeared satisfied; but told the player that to give additional brilliancy to the picture, he should rub it with a sponge soaked in vinegar. The consequence was, the vinegar drew out all the colours in distemper, when instead of Achilles was discovered a JOINER, holding a *plane* in his hand. H. J.

DIPLOMATIC STRATAGEM.

WE are told by Busbequius, that while he was apparently ambassador, but really a prisoner at Constantinople, he made an artful though justifiable use of Turkish aversion for everything of the hog kind. His narrative shall appear in the words of the translator:—"This humour of theirs being known, we put a pretty trick upon them. When anybody wished to send me a secret message, he would include it in a little bag, together with a roasting pig, and sending it by a youth, when any chiaux (or guard) met him, he would ask what he had there? Then the boy, being instructed before, would whisper him in the ear, and say that a friend of mine had sent me a roasting-pig for a present. The guard therefore would push the bag with his stick to see whether the boy spake truth or no; and when he heard the pig grunt, he would run back as fast as he could, saying, 'Get thee in with thy nasty present!' Then, spitting on the ground, and turning to his fellows he would say, 'T is strange to see how these Christians doat on this filthy, impure beast! They cannot forbear eating it, though their lives lay at stake.' Thus they were taken in, and the boy brought me what secret message was sent for." H. J.

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THE MESS-CHEST.

AN EVENT OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

—

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

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THERE are not many names on the list of those who have sacrificed their lives for freedom, which deserve more honourable mention than that of Riego. I was in the Mediterranean at the time of the brave attempt which terminated so fatally for him; and I well remember how eagerly we sought every disjointed scrap of intelligence which could be gathered concerning the romantic adventures of Mina with his little army in Catalonia, and the firm and prudent efforts of his noble compatriot, Riego. Old Port Mahon, according to custom, had been chosen for the winter quarters of our squadron; and though the Mahonese were by no means well affected to the cause of Ferdinand, yet the habitual caution and reserve of those islanders prevented their disclosing a very full account of what little they knew concerning the progress of events on the continent. Such drops of news as dribbled from them, therefore, rather increased than quenched the flame of curiosity. This had arisen to a great height, when it was at last suddenly and sadly extinguished by the arrival of a little polacca vessel from Barcelona, which brought the melancholy tidings of the defeat and flight of Mina, and of the capture and execution of his brother in arms. This vessel had been despatched to Mahon with an official account of the triumphal entry of Ferdinand into Madrid, just six days after the inhabitants of that city had witnessed the public termination of Riego's eventful career.

There were bonfires and illuminations in Mahon on the receipt of this intelligence; but the outward demonstrations of rejoicing were rendered by fear, not gladness, and were as false as the hollow-hearted monarch whose success they were kindled to celebrate. Had the despatches communicated news of his death, and of the triumph of the constitution, the revelry would have been another sort of affair; the faces of the people, as well as their casements, would have been lighted up for joy; and hearts, as well as feet,

would have joined in the bolero and fandango, and bounded to the music of the merry castanets.

One evening, during these mock rejoicings, I went on shore with Charles Maitland, one of our lieutenants, and as fine a fellow as ever trod a frigate's quarter-deck. He was young in commission, having been but recently promoted, after a tedious service of two whole lustres in the subordinate capacity of midshipman, during which period he had been the object of a full share of the "fantastic tricks" which naval commanders sometimes choose to play off upon those beneath them. When I say beneath them, I mean the phrase, so far as Charles Maitland is concerned, to apply to the scale of military gradation; for in any other respect he was beneath no man in the service. It had been his lot, as well as mine, to sail with a commander who allowed no opportunity to pass of proving his title to the nautical distinction he enjoyed, of being "the hardest horse in the navy." But those days were over now; and the more elevated rank, and more definite and important duties of a lieutenant, secured him, in a good measure, from a renewal of the annoyances he had so long endured.

Almost immediately on reaching the dignity of an epaulette, Charles had married a sweet girl, to whom he had been long attached, and whom his narrow and uncertain resources had alone prevented from espousing before. I stood groomsman on the occasion; and I remember well how handsome the fellow looked, as he led his blushing bride to the altar. A forty-four, convoying a trig, snug, clean-rigged little Baltimore clipper, could not appear more stately than he alongside that modest and well-modelled girl. The truth is, Charley was one of the finest-looking men in the service—tall, well-built, round-chested, with an eye like an eagle's, and a mouth, the habitual smile of which, or rather the slight pleasant curve approaching to a smile, denoted an excellent disposition. and never did dog-vane shew the course of the wind better than that smile expressed his temper. But I am wandering from my story.

The honey-moon—that briefest moon that ever sheds its light on the matrimonial state—had hardly yet begun to wane, when Charles was ordered to sea in old Ironsides. The old craft was lying in the harbour, her topsails loose, her anchor short-stay apeak, and all ready to trip, sheet home, and be off. His name had been pitched upon at the last moment, to supply a vacancy left by somebody who had begged off; and as there was now no time for remonstrance, he had nothing to do but obey. I am no hand for painting scenes of the tender sort; so I leave Charley's parting with his young wife, and all that, "to sympathetic imaginations," as the girl in the play has it.

But, avast a bit, and belay there! What am I doing all this while? A pretty piece of lee-way I have made of it! Here were we, a moment since, snugly moored in the harbour of Mahon, for winter quarters; and now, in the turning of a glass, have I put the Atlantic between us and the scene of my story. Well, stations for stays!—helm's a-lee, and about she goes! And we must now crack on all sail, and make a short cruise of it, till we get back to our starting point. There is no time now for buckling knee-buckles, as the boatswain's mate says, when he calls all hands in a squall at night! so, to make a short story of it, let it suffice to say, that Charles bade adieu to his wife, old Ironsides sailed, reached the Mediterranean in due time, went the usual rounds over that cruising ground (delightful cruising ground it is, by the way), and was now in daily expectation of the relief-ship, with orders for her to return to the United States.

Well, as I said before, Mahon was all in a bustle on account of the news from the continent. Bells were ringing, music playing, bonfires shone in one place, and illuminations glittered in another. Groups of people, of all ages and conditions, were in every square and open place; and the expression of many a pretty face that peeped out from the folds of the red mantilla, or the scowl of many a dark eye that glared beneath the shadow of the sombrero, denoted any thing but pleasure at the intelligence that had been received. Of all the difficult tasks in the world, there is none harder than to put on the semblance of joy at that which stirs our righteous indignation; and he who can best dissemble in such cases—no matter how strong the motive—is not the man I should choose for my friend.

Well, Charles and I went ashore one evening, as I said, during the rejoicings. We had no other object in view than to take a long stroll together, along the romantic shores of one of the prettiest and quietest bays in the world, and to converse without restraint (that, at least,

I supposed was his motive) on the topic which was ever uppermost in his mind. We were yet in the midst of the town, and were threading our way through the crowd in one of the principal squares, when a woman—and a pretty old one too, as well as one might judge by the withered and sallow face which her threadbare mantle was so disposed as only half to betray—suddenly presented herself before us, and whispered a single word, in a low, guttural voice, to my companion. One who has sat as many cold watches as I have, on the look-out, on the foretopsail-yard, naturally acquires a quick eye; and it therefore did not escape me that the old woman, as she spoke to Charles, slipped a sealed note into his hand. She then passed on, mixed with the throng, and in an instant disappeared from my following glance. In Spain, the country of intrigue and romantic adventure, there was nothing so very singular in this as to justify great surprise; and perhaps the circumstance would soon have passed from my mind altogether, had not subsequent events, which I could not but consider in some way connected with it, kept it continually in my thoughts.

On reaching the first convenient place, Charles paused to peruse the billet. Its contents, whatever they were, seemed to engage him deeply. He stood pondering over the paper for several moments, with the air of one in earnest and perplexed meditation; and then, suddenly crumpling it in his hand, and thrusting it into his pocket, cast round him a quick and apprehensive glance, as if fearful that some one might have overlooked him. There was more confusion in his manner, and more hesitancy in his speech, than I had ever before seen him exhibit, when he approached me, a moment or two after this, and said that an unexpected engagement would oblige him to forego the intended walk, and leave me to pursue my way alone.

I had known Charles Maitland from a boy. We had studied our lessons on the same form; had shot our marbles into the same ring; had entered the navy within a few weeks of each other; had been shipmates and messmates through two long and eventful cruises, and a good part of the time had been watchmates. I knew that he had a soul of honour; that his principles were well established, his head clear, his morality nice, and that he loved his young wife with the most ardent attachment. Yet for all this, I could not help feeling a certain indefinite fear that there was something wrong connected with that note. It could not be a challenge; for he was beloved by all the officers of the squadron, and I was very sure he had not been embroiled in any quarrel on shore. Besides, if it were so, he would have applied to me as his friend;—and then, again, women are not chosen as bearers of such messages. Yet that the subject, whatever it might be, was of no ordinary kind, was evident from the impression which the perusal occasioned, and not less evident from his withholding the matter from me. Our communion had always been of the most frank and unreserved description; we had been sharers of each other's thoughts, sentiments, and wishes, from boyhood up; I had been in his confidence through his whole course of wooing; and indeed, until the present moment, he had never shewn a desire to keep any thing from my knowledge. Reflections of this kind caused me, perhaps, to give undue importance to the circumstance which had just occurred. I began to fear that Charles was in some way concerned in an unworthy adventure; and a vague suspicion, which I did not like to entertain, and could not altogether reject, took possession of my mind that woman was at the bottom of it. I turned with a slow step towards the quay, and hummed, as I descended the long lateral road that is excavated from the perpendicular cliff which overlooks the bay—

> "Though love is warm awhile,
> Soon it grows cold:
> Absence soon blights the smile,
> Ere love grows old."

From this day forward, Charles's visits to the shore were more frequent than before, but always in the evening, and now he invariably went alone. If other officers happened to go in the same boat, he was sure to separate himself from them on reaching the quay, and pursue a direction different from the rest. This soon came to be noticed and to be talked of, and it was whispered about in the mess, that, on two or three occasions, he had been seen, late in the evening, walking with a female closely muffled, in an unfrequented and lonely part of the shore, at some distance from the town. Different officers professed to have seen this female with him, and their descriptions of her person tallied with each other. In the minds of the mess generally, who did not know Charles so thoroughly as I, and whose morality was not of so scrupulous a kind as his—or as

I had always thought his to be—this matter created no surprise, and was only laid hold of as furnishing an opportunity for sundry nautical jokes and witticisms. These jests, however, met with such a reception as by no means encouraged those who offered them to a repetition.

It chanced one day that Charles and I were sent on shore on a piece of duty together, and that our business lay in that part of the town to which it had been noticed that he always directed his steps. As we passed through the streets, we discovered that there was a considerable hubbub among the inhabitants, and we soon ascertained that it was occasioned by a party of soldiers who had lately arrived from the Maine, commissioned to search the island for certain proscribed constitutionalists, who were supposed to have taken refuge in Minorca. A good many of these wretched fugitives had been discovered and executed; but the individual against whom the proclamation of Ferdinand was chiefly directed, had hitherto eluded the vigilance of the bloodhounds. This person was a brave young chief, who had filled a confidential and important post under Riego, and who, by his intrepidity, activity, and ceaseless vigilance, had been greatly instrumental in the success of that partisan warfare in Catalonia, which cost the royalists so much blood and treasure, and so long upheld the sinking hopes of his compatriots. To seize and slay Don Castro de Valero, the name of the youthful and interesting chief, was deemed so important an object by the monarch, that immense rewards had been offered for his apprehension, and numerous parties had been sent in every direction in which rumour alleged that he had fled. The troop of mercenaries who had been despatched to Mahon were stimulated by the hope of reward to much greater activity than usually characterizes Spanish soldiers, who are at once a by-word for indolence and rapacity. They had closely searched the house of every person suspected of the slightest disaffection, and had followed every imaginary clue with the keenest zeal of avarice. They had even visited the foreign national ships in the port, and had procured strict orders to be issued, forbidding the officers from harbouring or rendering any assistance to those who were held as traitors by the government within whose waters we lay.

On the afternoon in question, in consequence of certain hints which had been communicated to this party, they had renewed their search, and at the time we came up, were about entering an humble dwelling, which, as I learned from the crowd, was occupied by a poor old widow and her niece. We were yet at some distance when we noticed the house at which the soldiers paused, and we could perceive the withered old duenna standing on her threshold, throwing her arms about with great vehemence, and sputtering with amazing volubility every variety of guttural execration, of which the Spanish language has so large a store. The blood mounted to Charles's forehead, and the fire to his eye, as this sight drew his attention; and springing forward with great eagerness, he rushed by the crowd of mendicants and idle spectators whom the circumstance had collected, broke through the ranks of the soldiers, and stood in the midst of the dwelling, before the foremost of their number had gained admittance. I did not pause to consider whether this impetuosity of my friend arose from a generous but imprudent feeling of indignation at the object of their search, or from some less selfish motive, but made all haste to follow him. My progress, however, met with more obstruction than his unlooked-for movement, and I was not able to rejoin him for more than a minute. When I at length forced my way into the building, I found him defending a door which led to an inner apartment, and surrounded by the mercenaries, all jabbering together their vehement and incoherent menaces. As yet, no blow had been struck; but it was evident, from the violence of their gestures, that hostilities would not much longer be delayed. As I entered, they all huddled closer round my companion; and pushing against him with one sudden and united impulse, the door broke from its fastenings, and the whole party fell violently to the floor. I have before said that Charles was strong and agile, but I was not prepared for such a display of muscular energy and activity as he now exhibited in releasing himself from the superincumbent crowd of prostrate and grappling soldiers. In an instant he was on his feet, and beside a bed, which I now observed in one corner of the room. The apartment was lighted by a curtained lattice; but though the illumination was not strong, particularly to vision that had just passed the broad glare of day, it was sufficient to shew that the bed was occupied by a female, who had partly risen from the couch, whose cheek was flushed, and whose dark eyes glowed like fire, probably with indignation at this rude intru-

sion. Charles threw his arms round the neck of the female, replaced her head upon the pillow, kissed her burning brow, and with a tremulous, but soothing voice, bade her not be alarmed, for he would defend her with his life. Then, turning sternly to the leader of the Spanish soldiers, he commanded him to pursue his search with all despatch, and leave the apartment. The Spaniards, who by this time had risen to their feet, looked at each other, at Charles, and at the female, with blank astonishment; nor was their confusion lessened by the torrent of invective which the old woman, who had now also entered the room, poured out upon their heads. The officer who had charge of the party, after a moment spent in casting scrutinizing glances into every corner of the room, directed his men to withdraw; and then mumbling out an apology, in which he intimated, with an impudent leer, that he was now convinced that Charles's visits to this house had a different object from what he suspected, he also left the apartment. There was no further excuse for me to protract my stay, and I turned and followed his retreating steps.

"She is handsome," thought I, as I walked slowly up the street, pondering on the secret which had thus been accidentally revealed to me, and thinking how I might disentagle my friend from the net of this fair Spanish woman—"yes, she is handsome—just the cast of countenance which I should suppose would have fascination for one of his brave and romantic nature. Her black and piercing eye, her noble profile, the scornful expression of her lip, as she darted her keen glance upon the soldiers—these traits of beauty did not escape me, feebly lighted as her apartment was." And my mind reverted from this Spanish paramour to the contemplation of the delicate and tender beauties of the fair-cheeked and blue-eyed wife, who, far away, was anxiously counting the hours that should restore her husband to her arms, and who, herself incapable of change, had probably never entertained a doubt of his fidelity. I am not much given to the melting mood, but I confess that my meditations on this subject drew from me a heart-felt sigh.

I was still brooding on what had just passed, when Charles rejoined me. The few words that passed between us on our meeting satisfied me that that was not the time for expostulation or rebuke. He bade me remember that I owed to accident the discovery I had made, and enjoined upon me, by our ancient friendship, neither to question him nor utter a syllable to any other person. I gave the required promise the more readily, as I reflected that in a few days we should sail, and that distance, in all human probability, would put an end to this unworthy attachment, as it had made him forgetful of the ties of honourable love. We soon executed the duty we were sent upon, and returned to the ship.

The relief-vessel, of which we had been in daily expectation, arrived on the evening after this adventure, and sailing orders were thereupon immediately issued. All further going ashore was forbidden; and the signal, commanding on board all who were ashore, was run up at the fore. Charles was among this number, and by all but him this order was promptly and gladly obeyed. A fine breeze had sprung up at sunset, and for more than an hour we lay waiting for him with our anchor apeak, and our loose topsails flapping idly against the mast. The capstan-bars were shipped and manned, the crew all at their stations, the accommodation-ladder unrigged, and every thing ready to be off. The commodore walked the quarter-deck with quick impatient steps, and murmurs were heard from various groups, chiding the delay of the dilatory officer. A midshipman, who had been despatched in one of the cutters for him, had returned some time before, after a fruitless search.

At length, the patience of our commander was entirely exhausted, and he had given the order to weigh and make sail, when the quarter-master on the look-out hailed a boat, which had just pulled into sight through the gathering dusk of the evening. The answer of "Ay, ay!" told that it was Charles, and directly after a shore-boat glided alongside. In reply to the sharp rebuke of the commodore for having been so tardy in obeying the signal, he said something about the necessity he had been under of purchasing certain stores for the mess; though it was observed that his explanation had not all the clearness of tone and manner which usually characterized his official communications. The displeasure which the delay had occasioned, was not diminished when it was found that the mess-chest, in which he had brought off these stores, was so large and cumbrous, that a yard-tackle had to be got on the main-yard in order to hoist it on board. The men themselves, though Charles was a great favourite with them, seemed to be displeased that he had caused so

long a detention; and when the tackle was hooked on, they ran away with the fall with a degree of spiteful velocity that made the chest run swiftly up to the yard-block before the boatswain's mate could pipe belay. My eye happened to be fixed on Charles while this manœuvre was performed, and I thought he evinced more anxiety on the subject than a few sea stores were worth. The chest, however, was lowered more gently than it was hoisted, and by Charles's direction was conveyed into his own state room. The ship now got under way, the canvass swelled out to the breeze, and the Mahonese pilot, for a time the commander of our frigate, took his stand on the after-hammock-cloths, and issued his orders in the dictatorial tone which those are wont to use who are dressed "in a little brief authority." In less than an hour we were laying our course, under a pleasant top-gallant breeze, for the straits of Gibraltar.

I need not dwell on the incidents of our homeward passage; for I have no storms or shipwrecks to tell of; no hair-breadth escapes, or moving incidents of any description. A mystery seemed to hang around the mess-chest in Charles's state room, and some strange stories got to be whispered through the ship concerning it. For my part, I had my own suspicions, and they were of a kind which troubled me a good deal. One thing we all noticed; that though this chest professedly contained stores for the mess, no stores were ever produced from it. On the contrary, it was affirmed, that various delicacies from our table found their way to the chest. Another voice than Charles's, too, it was said, had been heard there, two or three different times; and one young officer, more prying than the rest, had whispered to his companions that through a crevice of the door he had once beheld a female figure sitting in the narrow apartment. A fresh, fair wind, and a short passage, allowed less time for gossip of this sort than there would otherwise have been; and the demeanour of Charles, too, was not of a kind to encourage loose jests or prying curiosity.

We at length came to anchor in the noble bay of New York. I remember the evening well. I remember how gloriously the sun, as it sunk behind the romantic promontory of Weehawken, burnished the spires and roofs and windows of the city, till it seemed a city of sapphire and topaz and gold. And when these hues faded away, and night succeeded, I remember how beautiful its thousands of lamps shone through the darkness, while every here and there a long thread of fire ascended into the air, denoting the spots where gay throngs were assembled for evening recreation. At last the full round moon rose over all, shedding its mellow lustre through the air, and "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

I had the first watch that night; and as I paced the deck to and fro, various, tumultuous, and mixed emotions occupied my breast. Charles and his poor wife were prominent subjects of my thoughts; and I need hardly tell the reader that I feared the happiness of the latter was about to receive a cruel shock. And yet I had some strong misgivings on this head. As many officers as could be spared from the ship had already been permitted to leave her, and Charles was among the number. The same big, clumsy, cumbrous chest, which had already been the subject of so many painful reflections in my mind, accompanied him; and I was half disposed to turn away from him in anger, when he paused at the gangway to say a parting word to me. "You will breakfast with Matilda and me to-morrow morning?" said he, and a faint smile curled his lip as he gave the invitation. I could not satisfy myself wholly what was the meaning of that smile; and in pondering upon that and other kindred topics, my watch passed away, and my relief was on deck before I was aware that half the time had expired.

Never was guest more punctual to his appointment then I was with Charles the following morning. As I entered the hall, the first thing I noticed was the mess-chest, which had given me so much uneasiness. In the breakfast-parlour I found my kind friend and his sweet wife. She was all radiant in smiles, and never before looked half so charming. Charles looked happy too—very happy; but there was an expression of mischief mingled with his smile that I could not exactly comprehend. The explanation, however, was at hand. In the recess of one of the windows sat a young man, whom I had not noticed as I entered the room. Charles turned to introduce me to him, It was the young and handsome chief, Don Castro de Valero; and as he rose and extended his hand to me, I caught a side view of his features, and beheld the same noble profile which had so struck me in the supposed niece of the

old duenna in Mahon. I comprehended the whole mystery now in a moment, and only wondered at my stupidity in not conjecturing the truth before.

"And you see," said Charles, "that I was not so great a villain as you were inclined to think me."

"Forgive me, my dear friend. But why this long concealment? Surely, after we were at sea ——"

"We were officers of a national vessel, and our government was responsible for any violation of the strict laws of neutrality. If the king of Spain could shew that De Valero was brought to this country by one of our frigates, how should we resist his right to have him rendered up? How he reached this country is therefore his own secret; and, remember, you yet only know by conjecture the contents of THE MESS-CHEST."

CURIOSITY.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

ALTHOUGH habits of impertinent curiosity are not of a kind to bring the offenders under the jurisdiction of a court of justice, yet they render them disagreeable companions, and go far to interrupt the peace and happiness of the social circle. Just in proportion as modesty and ingenuousness are attractive and graceful qualities, this petty, mean, prying spirit, is contemptible and disgusting. It outweighs all accomplishments, and neutralizes a thousand virtues. However susceptible a man may be to female charms, one such degrading exhibition of weakness would entirely freeze his heart; at least I am sure it would mine; and if I were a young fellow, and engaged to marry the girl of my choice, I am afraid my passion could not outlive the discovery of such a fault. I have heard somewhere of a gentleman who broke off a match which promised very profitable, as well as agreeable, results to all parties, because on suddenly opening the parlour door he caught the lady on her knees with her ear to the key-hole. For my part I am naturally prone to confidence in all the world. I cannot look one in the face, and deliberately believe him capable of exploring drawers, stealing an examination of letters or papers, or striving to overhear private conversations. I consider it fully equivalent to robbing. Indeed I prefer that such an officious meddler should take money from my pocket, rather than acquire a knowledge of my papers. Yet I conceive the crime, for it perfectly merits the appellation, to be so totally incompatible with the feelings and character of a lady or gentleman, that I frequently leave my books and desk exposed, and scarcely imagine in my most secret thoughts that any of my acquaintance could take advantage of a generous confidence in their integrity, and disgrace themselves by this moral petit larceny.

I recollect a pretty incident which may not be uninteresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having been long addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition, reason to suspect that she did not hold the first place in his thoughts; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak, and his companions eloquent, and he seemed rather to grow worse than better. It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not of derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate, when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey which must necessarily be of several days' duration, yet remembered distinctly that the fatal letter was left, exposed and unsealed, upon his wife's table. He recollected also, with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret, which he would not have betrayed for the world. He paced the deck in an agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish—alarming the servants—flying to her father—renouncing him for ever. As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart, to his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over her table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with a perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a

sweet ballad fell from her lips in a low music that flows only from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts.

"Your letter is lying by me. The *very, very* letter, containing the 'profound secret.' Now could I punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy, and confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate Wife," &c.

"What an angel!" muttered the conscience stricken husband.

She started up with a cry of pleasure —and as Charles met the light of her clear, unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He thenceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad; and if the pure and happy being whose influence had thus allured him to the path of duty had perused all his subsequent letters, she could have found nothing concerning herself save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love.

The LANGUAGE of FLOWERS.

Oh! believe not the language of love
Was ever yet spoken with flowers;
'T is the language of regions above,
And not of a world such as ours.

In the morning of life we all feel,
Full keenly, Love's magical dart:
But how can the tongue e'er reveal,
What is known, only known, to the heart?

Use not as Love's type, then, the flower,
Whose beauty fades fleetly away;
Whose perfume but lasts for an hour,
Whose freshness is gone in a day.

If the tongue and the lips are too weak,
To express the full force of its power;
If the eye can but look, and not speak,
Oh! what can we say—with a flower.

Frail offspring of earth is the rose,
And to bloom but on earth was it given;
While love, in the heart where it glows,
Is the link that connects it with heaven.

Then believe not the language of love
Was ever yet spoken with flowers;
'T is the language of regions above,
And not of a world such as ours.

CASTIGATIONES.

No. IV.

RELICS OF THE PROTECTORATE.

Some curious ancient relics were discovered a few days ago at the bottom of a hill near Bristol. A pit was dug into on the site where, in 1645, was erected Prior's Hill Fort, which was one of the fortifications raised against the Protector's army under Fairfax, who was then besieging Bristol. A number of bullets were found, and several small measures, which are supposed to have been used for the purpose of charging muskets with a particular quantity of shot.

This notification has gone the round of all our journals, and, as usual, without a single comment. It is very amusing to read of the speculations of some of our countrymen when they get hold of something, the use of which they cannot comprehend. The "small measures" were perhaps used "for the purpose of charging muskets *with a particular quantity of shot!*" Try again, gentlemen; were they not measures for serving out small quantities of "full proof Hodges" to each soldier previous to the general set-to? or the tobacco boxes of old Noll's Ironsides? Or do you think these measures—for you seem certain that they are measures—were portions of some musketeer's *bandalier?* If so, we have merely to mention that the bandalier was used for powder only, and that at that period the soldier kept his bullets, "his particular quantity of shot," in a leathern bag by his side.

We were reading, a few days since, in one of the magazines, a burlesque account of the "doings" of some provincial antiquaries, who had stumbled upon a curious relic resembling a saucepan without a handle. Various are the opinions, but one more learned than the rest, pronounces it to be a *Roman* helmet, for he perfectly well remembered, that *when he was last at Astley's Theatre, one of the actors wore a helmet, of a precisely similar shape!* There is really not so much caricature in this as some would suppose.

K.

SPECIMENS OF A MODERN DICTIONARY.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

Money—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Modesty—A beautiful flower, that flourishes only in secret places.

Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

A Young Man of Talent—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow; a speech maker.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy, and keeps it himself.

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman—A man employed by the parish to sleep in the open air

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

Fear—The shadow of hope.

Rural Felicity—Potatos and turnips.

Prospectus and Index—Appendages to a literary work; the former shewing what it ought to be, the latter what it is.

Gentility—Eating your meat with a silver fork, though you have not paid the butcher.

Take a Friend's Advice—An expression used by a man when he is going to be impertinent.

Unbiassed Opinion—An opinion, the selfishness of which is concealed from the world.

The most Intelligent Child that was ever seen—Every man's own child.

Thin Shoe—An article worn in winter by high spirited young ladies, who could rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

Witness-Box—In a court of justice, a kind of pillory, where a person is obliged to receive every species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

MRS. BUTLER AGAIN!

We take the following admirably conceived piece of irony from the *New York Mirror*, one of the ablest and best conducted literary papers on the other side of the Atlantic, and one from which we have often transplanted a flower to our *Parterre*. Those of our readers who have waded through this lady's "Journal," will be at no loss to understand its satires. By-the-by, the *Edinburgh Review* has lately noticed the work in a truly Quixotic strain, as though the lady had been sadly maltreated by her critics—we fear it has been urged to this out of mere opposition to its political rival.

The fact is, Mrs. Butler's Journal had far better have remained in embryo, for the sake of herself, her friends, and her country; but as we before said, she is uncontrolled by any sense of decorum, and the very small quantity of unobjectionable—we might even say praiseworthy—writing can be no passport, far less palliation, for the mass of absurdities it contains.—Truly may we exclaim, "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step!" *Mais voici:*—

JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN LADY IN LONDON.

I love a journal. It possesses a charm over all other kinds of literary composition; because, in it we are ourselves. Such a record, even by one stationary, can scarcely fail to delight; but, by a traveller, the interest is heightened. It has long been my habit to journalize. I have only recently arrived in England, and my friends have earnestly solicited me to publish my tour, particularly that portion relating to Great Britain. I was averse, for I am modest—genius always is. It is indeed my only fault. Seeing, however, the popularity of Mrs. Frances Butler's able "Journal" on America, I have so far forgotten my diffidence as to furnish the public with several pages from my manuscript notes. I have only to premise that I belong to one of the most distinguished families of the United States, that I have won a reputation by my own genius, and that I brought over a great number of letters of introduction, by which I have unusual facilities for seeing the best English society. Nothing, certainly, can exceed the hospitality with which I have been everywhere treated. Marks of good feeling I every day receive from perfect strangers, more disinterested than ordinarily comes from intimate friends. I am quite young, and have just married an English gentleman of large fortune, which renders me independent of the world, as far as money can do so, and I have concluded to pass my life here. As a propitiatory offering to your good graces, I shall immediately publish my "Journal" entire; and, as I learn a strong desire is manifested respecting my opinions on England, I transmit to you, Mr. Editor, in the meantime, a few loose leaves. Here they are.

Monday, 3d.—Steamed it from Boulogne. Blank left us on the French pier. I was banging down the ladder to get upon the deck, when three "weird sisters," like the witches in Macbeth, brought me all aback, by a request for a

shilling. What it was for, heaven only knows! I was trembling with anguish, at the thought of leaving my glorious fresh home, on the other side of the Atlantic, and could scarcely restrain my tears to pay the demand, which Captain Blank informed me was * * * * * Mercy on us! what a people must be the English! Blank assured me that * * * * * I wished the whole gang to the deuce! and hooking myself up to Lord Blank, slashed down into the cabin, took off my bonnet, cloak, and shoes, and threw myself down on the floor. Poor me! How my heart ached! Two or three men, supposing me ill, begged to know whether I wanted any thing, assuring me that they were desirous of making the passage across as agreeable as possible to me. I wished them to the d—l, and believe I told them so, for they slewed around, and bounced out. Found a newspaper, containing a speech of one Sir Robert Peel. I dawdled through half of it. He seems a nice person, though his principles are a little *dauldrumish*. I perceived at once that his mind was shallow, and that he strove for effect. Dear America! I sobbed in agony at the thought. Went on deck. Dismal! Wished I was dead! The sky was one cold, raw fog, and the air a drizzle. A bitter wind cut me in two, but I still remained on deck in my stockings and bare head. I observed two or three great, coarse, fat, vulgar Englishmen, seated around, *hatted*. Monstrous! How I did long to whack their ears. Oh Providence! how I do abhor human beings. All, all—oh all. They are not as I am. I walk with them, but am not of them. But Englishmen I loathe particularly. How the wretches drink beer! It made my blood run backward. This is one of the corrupting effects of the government. Bide a wee. Old England will be slivered, cantankerously, in *my* opinion, long before I return to my stupendous and happy country, where the blue eyes of heaven ever look laughingly down on the most favoured of mortals. By-the-by, these folks call England old. *Old*, quotha! Old! *England, old*! How I do wish they could see the ruins of Palmyra! Old! The English are the most arrogant and vulgar creatures on earth. How much older is France than England! Yet who ever heard of "*Old* France?" The fact is, everything here is going to wreck. A number of abuses exist, which the would-be-philanthropists are endeavouring to reform. The interests of one class are different from, and in some cases even opposite to, those of another. The aristocracy and the people are already at swords' points. Oh, what a cutting of noisy throats there will be yet! When the army and navy unite against the government, as they most probably will, the cause of reform will be driven on, at all events, and a bloody business it will be; at present, the mass is compelled to submit. Blank has been telling me some stories of the press-gang, which made me scream with pity. Mercy on me! what are we made of? Are we to die—or are we to survive hereafter? This question is interesting; but I have not time at present to decide upon it.

We *dinnered* on board. There were no buck-wheat cakes, no pumpion pies, and not the nose of a Carolina potato to be seen. Ah, I fear me these islanders are savages, after all. How well I remember that Carolina potato which Blank put on my plate the day before our departure. Its rich and luscious sweets, like the soil from which it sprung, and the liberty amid which it grew; and the dark peel curling off from the golden meat, as if it knew my appetite, and longed to gratify it! Dear America! It suggested to me an image.

TO A CAROLINA POTATO.

There was a chamber, modern in its make,
And of an ample size. A window tall
Turned to the west, and through it came the beams
Of the declining sun. Aslant they came,
Because the god of day was near his bed.
Upon a table, groaning with the weight
Of various viands; buck-wheat cakes, and pies
Wrought from the golden pumpion; luscious meats,
And all that tempt the palate, and allure
The wearied spirit to forget the world.
There stood one dish apart—I knew it well;
For, piled aloft, and redolent of steam,
Like pyramid of Egypt, who could see
And not with secret pleasure own the charms
Of sweet potatos, gathered from thy soil,
Rebellious Carolina! Tell me, heavens!
Can sour rebellion, and such sweets as these
From the same fountain spring?

If there is one craft more full of twaddle and blackguardism than another, it is that of authorship. I despise and detest every man who ever wrote a line. To be sure, I am myself an author; but, in my case, a peculiarly cruel fate has forced me into a crew who are not worthy of me. Writing is altogether *charlatanism*, and authors not only fools, but rascals. They must be so—it is the necessity of their dirty trade. I do here solemnly swear, that I will never have the slightest acquaintance with any man pursuing literature as a profession.

They are, in fact, only imitators. For what is the best composition, but a transcript of life or of truth? If it is anything else, it must be false. If it is nothing more, it can only be termed a mere translation of ideas from nature to paper. A mere record of what has already been seen, or felt, or thought. The whole world are a conglomerated amalgamation of fools, to reverence, as they have done, such people as Homer, Shakspeare and Milton. Mad people! mad people! mad people! Oh Lord! oh Lord! I wish I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry-bush!

Landed! What strange feelings I did have! Oh, America! As I set foot on shore, anguish overcame me. I rushed from my father. I wanted to be alone, and, hiding behind a house, threw myself down upon the ground, and wept. The worms were crawling over me in less than a minute. These worms are everywhere here. They swarm in the gardens—along the streets; and, after I had been lying down on the ground, like a wretch, I actually detected one on me at the dinner table.

We coached it from Dover to London. Dover is a miserable place. The Ship Hotel was *so-so-ish*. But I thought the landlord very "how-comes-you-so-indeed." When he found out who I was, he refused any remuneration, and told me, as I was a stranger in the country, and one whose works he had often read with pleasure, he conceived the honour of having me in his hotel reward enough. He was a dense, fat, vulgar fool, limping about ludicrously on one leg, having lost the other in a successful attempt to save a poor woman from being burned to death. Looking at him was good fun. Like most of the English, he is of a grumpy and potatopy appearance. I thought he would never have done pottering to me. However, at last he bundled himself off; I hooked up to my father, and wallopped into the coach. We floundered on, and though I was squeezed, with three others, into a little, wretched, narrow thing, no larger than my thimble, yet I gulped it down. The horses all galloped with the wrong foot foremost, which destroyed the pleasure of my ride, but we went it very rapidly. I cried like a wretch. Two English women were our fellow passengers. They cuddled together, and were great dawdles.

There certainly are some redeeming points about England. The country is neat and pretty, and the cottages have a peculiar air of comfort! but the coaches are horrible. My legs were cramped terribly—my right foot particularly. The sensations of this foot were quite curious. Both my feet are extremely tender. Blank used to tell me, that therein they resembled my heart. Dear Blank! I like him mainly. Exactly half after nine, my foot grew so intolerably painful, that I put off my shoe, which I had scarcely done, when the woman opposite planted her great splay hoof upon it. She might have begged pardon, I think! This is one of the greatest peculiarities of the English. They are sure always to stamp on your foot, especially if it is afflicted with any ailment. The wretch did not, in the least, know what she had done, but went on talking and laughing. How I did long to cuff her! If only for this, I wished myself a man.

People may say, that this incident might have occurred in an American stage-coach; and that, if this woman did crush my poor foot half to atoms, yet still she might not necessarily have been a lady. Possibly! But, at least, in America, if any common female had done so, she would have instantly discovered her error, and solicited forgiveness. But thus it is with these miserable islanders; they always tread on feet, and never ask pardon.

London, 6th.—Oh Lord! oh Lord! this is London. Well! * *

Monday, 9th.—I have skipped some days. This morning, got up and put on clothes. Heavens, what is life? putting on clothes and putting them off. How my spirit yearns for a better existence. I would rather my life were ended—I would. I would * * * * * *

Dawdled. Tied shoe. Needled glove. The end of the finger was ripped. It is a nice pair of gloves, that—of a light brown, to suit my last silk gown. That gown is splendid. Journaled—went down to breakfast, and knifed and forked it awhile. After breakfast, read three lines in *Kuttosoff*, the Russian poet. Practised. Tied up my flowers. Pretty flowers! how much superior they are to human beings! Lady Blank called and pottered. Lord Blank and Colonel Blank came in. Horrid wretches! They pottered an immensity—offered box at the opera, whenever we chose to go, and Lady Blank invited us to spend a month at Blank House. I wished them at the d—l but was *so-so-ish*.

They made me sing. I detest singing; but the poor fools had not the gumption to know it, and so they packed me up to the piano, and I banged away. They pottered a great deal, and dawdled much, and, at last, bundled themselves off. Heavens! what fools men and women make of themselves! We went, in the evening, to the opera. Grisi is execrable. Ivanhoff worse. Lablache and Tamburini really made me laugh. Lady Blank asked me, if it were not charming. Charming! charming, quotha! I had a mind to knock her over into the pit; but contented myself with offering her a guinea for the use of her box. A person named Taglioni, or *Kaliony*, danced. The poor befogged islanders! they applauded. I shrugged my shoulders. Lord! Lord! and this is England.

While I was bothered among these poor wretches of ladies, (ladies!) a Mr. Bulwer came in, author of some novels, and other works. He is a nice person; and if these dense vulgar English had the slightest sense, his writings would have acquired the fellow some reputation. Imagine my fury when Lady Blank asked permission to introduce the man to me. To *me!* I remembered my vow, and told her flatly, *no*. In the mean time Lady C., who is my aversion, brought up the youth, and introduced him without ceremony. He was beginning to be amiable and interesting, but I turned my shoulder in his face, for all the world as if he had been a servant. They ought to have known my feelings on the subject of literary people; and yet to think of the obtuse vulgarity of the English! Several people had the blackguardism to be offended at my conduct. The English never respect the nicer shades of delicacy and refinement in woman's character, and will never be a happy or a great people till they learn to do so. I was sorry for Mr. Bulwer, who has certainly abilities, but I could not act differently. After the ballet, we pottered a moment in the lobby, then bundled and tumbled down stairs to the carriage, and rumbled and fumbled home. I was very hot, and, in a state of meltiness away, threw myself down on the floor, and fell asleep.

Tuesday, 10*th*.—Opened eyes, got up, put on clothes, tied shoes, pottered, dawdled; — sat working and stifling awhile, then laid luxuriously down on the floor. The people above kept up a horrible row. Saw a drunken man in the street. All the English gentlemen are drunkards, and they go about as if the —— had tied a string to their legs, and jerked it every now and then in spite. What a humbug, after all, England is! Dawdled till two, and then pottered till four. Dinnered. Was very hungry, and eat like mad. Went to Lady Blank's; had a cough, and kept all the evening hacking and snivelling. At Lady Blank's, saw Lord Blank—and Lord Blank and Mr. Blank—young Mrs. Blank, Colonel Blank, and Admiral Blank. The Blanks were there also. Mr. Blank came in during the evening. I leaped across the room when I saw him, and nearly overturned three young misses, who ought to have been at home behind pinafores. Lord Blank is the great beau here. He is a dreadful bore. He talked a deal of thickish sentimental potter. I asked him how long a bore had a right to bother a lady at one time in England, whereupon he took the hint and withdrew. Lady Blank, who had given the ball, looked like a hair-dresser's wax-block. If I thought I looked so, I would strangle myself. They made me sing, which I gulped at. The dancing here is very bad. Lady Blank and Lady Blank were monstrous. They went rollicking, shuffling, and slithering about. I got so disgusted, that I rushed out of the rooms and down stairs into the garden. The sweet moon was shining, and sprinkled the velvet lawn with showers of silver light. Beautiful! beautiful! I climbed up into a large oak tree, to get a prospect of the heavens. If there is anything in this world I do love and adore, it is dignity and refinement in woman.

Wednesday, 11*th*. — Rose at eight, dawdled, breakfasted, pottered with Blank, wrote journal. Blank called. Told him a funny story. He did not laugh. No Englishman ever laughs. Looked over the works of Dr. Samuel Johnson. What a dense stupid old fool he must have been. But all the English are dense and stupid, and moreover, they are incredibly heartless. The poor are in a pitiable condition, starving about the streets and in the factories. All London, indeed, is a hospital and a den of thieves. You cannot stir out on foot without being robbed. So much for a monarchy. The whole nation is about going to pieces. I expect every day when I awake, to behold the town a heap of ruins. The aristocracy live in the greatest elegance and luxury, but

they are all abandoned to immorality and intemperance, and the poor people are seen by hundreds starved and naked, and perishing on the pavements. So systematic, indeed, is the ferocious cruelty of the rich, that they not only drive over the dying wretches (I myself saw a chariot run over a poor boy), but they actually take delight in the despair and want of the lower classes, and do all they can to increase it. One of their laws prohibits alms-giving. Men in pay of the government go about with large signboards, on which is inscribed in the most conspicuous way, "Do not give money to beggars." This is shocking, and made my hair stand on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." I ran home and threw myself down on the floor, cried like a wretch, and fell asleep, dreaming of dear and happy America.

Afternoon.—Went out to see Westminster Abbey. This venerable and majestic building I was most eager to visit. You have to *pay* for admission. The price is two shillings. Two shillings extorted by the meanness of the government from the strangers who, in other countries, meet only courtesies, and to whom all similar places are free. Two shillings to see the tombs of their kings and heroes! Two shillings to muse by the ashes of Milton and Gay, Addison and Johnson. Two shillings!! Poets, warriors, monarchs, statesmen and philosophers, for two shillings! Well! * * * * * Mercy! what a people it is!

We set out. I was shivering and thrilling in every nerve. We pursued our way down Regent-street, and over Charing-cross, into Whitehall. Here Charles the First lost his head. We reached the Abbey. Its two beautiful towers rose before us into the soft, misty sky. We neared the door. I felt the blood rush to my heart, and the strength leave my limbs. The portal was opened. I leaped. I rushed. I flew forward quite inadvertently, kicking over two little beggar-boys, who greeted me as I ran. The temple was gained. The long aisles and fretted roof. The dim pillars and worn arches rose before me. I scrambled on. Great Providence! Who can describe that sight?

WOMAN.

FONTENELLE says that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men.

THE SEASONS.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THOMSON.

BY WILLIAM COX.

SPRING.

HA! look now at that old, shrivelled impersonation of ague, cramp, and rheumatism, who, "with blue cold nose and wrinkled brow," is stealing along the great northern turnpike, shrinking, like a guilty thing, from the jolly sun, who is levelling his fiercest rays at the retreating recreant. It is discomfited Winter, once more in full flight towards his "region of thick-ribbed ice;" there to sit, amid storm and darkness, brooding over plans of future wreck and desolation, and recruiting his exhausted energies with fat leviathans, polar bears, and unctuous seals, until his appointed time of coming forth. Hark to the music of emancipated nature, as the grim old tyrant vanishes finally from the sight behind yon huge dark chain of mountains. The budding trees, stirred by the gentle wind, murmur forth their gratitude; there is a soft, low rustle of thankfulness in the tender grass; the sparkling stream sends forth its song of joy, as it goes rippling and bounding over the shallows; and from every wood and coppice the feathered warblers pour forth a stream of melody to the tune of "Gloomy winter's now awa'."

Ho! Molly! throw open the windows that front the "soft south-west," and stow these top-coats, plaids, and umbrellas, in the attic. Let us look forth. Lo!

> "Now Nature sheds her mantle green
> On every blooming tree,
> And spreads her sheets of daisies white
> Out o'er the grassy lea."

The spring violet, "blue as the sky above it," is faintly tinging the gale with its ordoriferous breath—the pale primrose is timidly peering from the hedge-side—while the early daffodil,

> ——"That comes before the swallow dares,
> And takes the winds of March with beauty,"

together with crocuses, polyanthuses, and the other spring flowers, are shedding their various sweets around in all the full maturity of their beauty.

But what is the still, tame rejoicing of trees, flowers, vegetables, grasses, and esculent plants, to the flutter of joy—of ecstasy, which pervades the animated portion of nature? What exquisite minstrelsy—what a mass of "wood-notes wild" are borne by the gentle breeze from yonder grove—what billing, what cooing, what "amorous descants," what impas-

sioned lays! What coquetting, and flirting, and declarations and acceptances, are going on among the feathered tribes. And who would you suppose, fair one, is the bird to lead the van in the matrimonial experiments of the season?—the tender thrush, the gay linnet, or blithesome lark, so busy carolling forth their hopes and fears? No such thing. You see yon great, awkward, dismal-looking creature, as black as a crow, for it is a crow, or a rook, or a raven, or some other of the pie tribe, who waddles about with the grace of a duck and the self-consequence of a turkey—that fellow, with the gravity of a clergyman, and who, indeed, looks cut out for the chaplain of the woods—even he is the first to woo and win; and long before the other amorous triflers have half completed their household arrangements, he has taken home his fair bride (all brides are fair by courtesy, though black as the one in question), and ere the woods have ceased to resound with the preparatory din of courtship, the bird of business smiles grimly on his callow young. Deduce a moral from this, oh ye fair! It is not among the herd of "pretty fellows"—of moths—of ball-room exquisites, who, "never wedding, ever wooing," keep fluttering around your beauties like bees (or wasps) round beds of flowers, that that useful, nay essential animal, a husband, is for the most part to be extracted. No—it is your quiet, grave men, whom you mock, and flout, and quiz, and laugh at, that are the predestined fathers of your children. Though apparently unconscious of the existence of such things as females, yet, like his grace of Gloster, they "are sudden if a thing comes in their head." They see you home once from a friend's—hand you your shawl or gloves twice, and then the next time they catch you alone, it is—

"Say will you marry me,
Dear Ally, Ally Croker?"

or whatever else your sweet name may chance to be.

But let us look at the quadrupedal department—those cows, for instance, just released from a course of winter diet. How they seem to luxuriate in the change! And then what a melting richness—what a flavour of fields and flowers—does their present food impart to the butter! How different from the dry, fozy essence of turnips, which spoils our toast and temper through the winter months. Welcome, sweet Spring! if for nought but this.

Sure there is some subtle essence of joysome undue preponderance of exhilarating gasses in the atmosphere. What a unanimous buoyancy of spirit seems to animate that group of horses in the next field! and what a ludicrous development of muscular power is there in the awkward freaks and gambols of those fat, uncouth, large-headed, plebeian horses, as they jolt about in the vicinity of that slim, young chestnut colt—delicate, yet vigorous—which flies across the meadow, and wheels and curvets as if every muscle in his body had the pliancy of silk, with the strength and elasticity of whalebone! Look at him! what elegance of attitude! what exquisite grace and freedom of movement! Would even the most ultra-democrat, with such a contrast before his eyes, think of saying that blood, that an unblemished ancestry, was nought? With regard to the animal man, to be sure, whose genealogical affairs are naturally subject to so many contingencies, it is a matter of but very little consequence; but to a horse, an unblemished pedigree—a stainless descent—is all in all. Whatever similarity there may be in the crimson currents which flow through the veins of prince and peasant, in the horse it is as the difference between ruddy Burgundy and muddy porter. However little it may matter to the individual man, if his

——"ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,"

it is not so with the racer. Like Cæsar's wife, his dam's purity must not even be suspected. Look again at that young colt! Well may he arch his beautiful neck, and distend his disdainful nostrils, and look with surprise, pity, and contempt, at the indescribable movements of that lump of brawn which goes lumbering past him at a pace which it is impossible to characterize as either a trot, canter, or gallop. Well may the young patrician stare. The rich blood of Arabia swells his proud veins. His sires were the free, the noble, the "desert-born." No dull, domestic drudgery—no servile toil, weighed down their generous spirits, or wearied their fleet limbs. Theirs was the poetry of animal existence. To career day after day over the illimitable sands—to browse in the still of even-tide, unchecked and uncontrolled, beneath the lofty palm or date tree of some oasis in the sandy wilderness—to quench their ardent thirst at the same bright, sparkling rill as their rider, and then lie down, side by side, his sole companion—his trusty and his trusted friend! And what will be thy fate, young scion of a noble stock? Methinks I see

thee ("in my mind's eye, Horatio") already arrived at full perfection. I see thee led on to the cleared course, thy golden skin glistening in the sunshine. Thou walkest, for thy years, gravely and sedately down, not fleering and jerking about, as many of our skittish fillies do, but full of calm, conscious power. I see that anomalous piece of humanity—"in art a man, in weight and bone a boy"—yclept a jockey, bestride thy back. Now thou art getting into a line with thy two competitors (horses well known to fame), and the betting is tremendous. "Off—off—they are off!" cry a thousand voices at once. They take the lead—thou art last—but never mind that. They lead thee down the hill—no matter. Ha! thou passest them on the flat—thy friends are in ecstasies, and thy groom-boy's eyes are suffused with tears of joy. "Well done, chestnut—gallant chestnut—there's a pace for you!" Speed thee—speed thee—deserve those encomiums, for the eyes of many are upon thee! Here stands thy owner, who has staked his money and judgment on thee;—here thy trembling backers;—here thy devoted groom;—here,

"Here is the trainer that watch'd o'er thy colthood,
And here is the stable-boy, dearer than all."

Thou would'st not bring disgrace and ruin on those who love thee? Speed, horse, speed! Ha! by Jove! but the black horse gains upon thee—so does the gray! Perhaps it is that thy jockey finds thou hast the speed of them, and is only manœuvring to make a better race;—perhaps thou art short of wind!—perhaps (horrible surmise!) thou art already dead beat. This next important turn will try. They gain upon thee yet. Thy backers look in each other's faces for comfort, but find none;—"cold drops of sweat hang on their trembling flesh, their blood grows chilly"—now the turn! the turn! thou art last! and they "freeze with horror." The struggle now becomes tremendous between thy two rivals. Neck and neck they come thundering along, amid the suppressed breathing of the multitude; every muscle, every nerve, every fibre of their splendid frames exerted to the utmost. Neck and neck, and thou lying close at their quarters! Heaven and earth! why does thy jockey hold thee in;—is this a time for cold delay? A few seconds more, and thou art but a lost, dishonoured horse! Whip and spur are doing their work upon the black and gray—a few strides more, and all is over—when lo! thy rider slackens thy rein—he curbs thy impetuous spirit no longer—and, like the arrow from the bow—like the bullet from the rifle—like the sheeted lightning from the overcharged cloud, thou dartest past them, and, untouched by the spur, unscathed by the whip, thou art crowned the victor of that "hard-run field," amid the silent blessings of thy backers, and the more obstreperous admiration of the less concerned spectators.

"Pooh!" exclaims some direct descendant of the governor of Tilbury Fort,

"All this thou canst not see,
Because 'tis not in sight!"

whilst some other unsympathizing spirit impertinently inquires,

"What has all this to do with Spring?"

As much, sir, as

"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,"

has to do with Autumn. Both are graceful episodes. Surely if there is reaping in August, there is racing in April.

There is something especially exhilarating in the first unequivocal spring-day. Your mind feels buoyant as a billow, and clear and serene as its crystal depths. All your thoughts are delightfully anticipative—the antipodes of the dark, sombre reflections of closing Autumn, or the semi-suicidal glooms of foggy November. There is a general revivification going on around, and you feel ten years younger than at the close of the preceding year. You are sportive and speculative. You chalk out futurity with plans and projects, and then say unto yourself, "This will I do." You could almost as soon persuade yourself to take a dose of arsenic as read "Blair's Grave," or "Hervey's Reflections among the Tombs." A few months ago you thought of making your will, for fear you should be "suddenly cut off." How preposterous—how extremely ridiculous! What *could* have put such a thing into your head? *There is time enough for that.* In the meanwhile you will go and plant young trees, beneath whose umbrageous shade you will seek shelter from the heats of coming summers! and sit and repeat the legends of other years to your great grandchildren. In short, you have a decided feeling that you will be a patriarch!

Beautiful Spring! delicate divinity! capricious loveliness! hide not thyself behind that mass of murky clouds from my enraptured sight. I am no remorseless limner, intent upon portraying thee, after a fashion, and then sticking thee up, arrayed in a green gown, straw hat, and white stockings, in every village ale-house

through the country! Much wrong has been done thee in this particular. The brothers of the brush and graver have much to answer for. Even in the ancient edition of Thomson, thine own peculiar bard, now lying before me, what do I look upon as thy representative? A dowdy country wench, one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois, at the least, with a rough, coarse complexion, and indescribable features, dressed in a tight-made, long-waisted gown, frilled at the breast, walking, or rather straddling over the fields, with a substantial basket of flowers, which she is tossing about with a gawky-like affectation of ease and sprightliness. At her foot trots a large, stupid-looking lump of lamb or mutton; and underneath the whole, in order to cut off every chance of escape, is inscribed, in remorselessly legible capitals, "SPRING." But the evil does not stop here. It is susceptible of one aggravation, and the bookbinder has hit upon it, by placing this delicate impersonation in shameless juxtaposition—in most irreverent proximity to—in fact, impudently facing the bard's beautiful invocation—

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

But lo! even while I write, thy charms, oh lovely Spring, increase in intensity; the air becomes too calorific for comfort; and thy ardent bridegroom, fierce and fervid Summer, impatiently rushes on. Sweet Spring, farewell!

GAINING BY A LOSS.

WHEN the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moet, of Epernay; but he considers himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the north having more than doubled since then. This admirably illustrates the proverb, "a good wine needs no bush."

ARABIA never was conquered by any foreign nation. Its sands have been its security, and the poverty of the scattered people offered no temptation. It was always the native country of romance and superstition. In it Sabeanism, or star worship, prevailed for indefinite ages, till overturned by Mahomed, in 569.

ONE of the severest penalties to which criminals in Holland were, in ancient times, condemned, was to be deprived of the use of salt.

ORIGIN OF THE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

THE expeditions, which of late years have been so numerous, to the Northern Seas, for the purpose of establishing the fact of a north-west passage by sea, were suggested partly by the circumstance that a whale was once caught in the sea of Tartary with a Dutch harpoon sticking in its back. The weapon proved, on inquiry, to have been plunged into the animal in the Spitsbergen sea, so that there must have been a communication from one sea to the other, by which the whale passed.

JUDICIAL WIT.

"TAKE off your hat, man," cried Lord Abinger to an Amazon in a riding-dress, who appeared as a witness in the *Nisi Prius* Court of a certain county town, during the present assizes. "I 'm not a man," replied the indignant lady. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm no judge."

FECUNDITY OF FISH.

IT is only a common thing with the cod-fish to lay about nine millions of eggs in the season; there is an insect, however (mutilis), not a thousandth part the size of the cod, which lays about 80,000 eggs in the twenty-four hours! So much for the oviparous animals; but what is the average of their produce, compared with the number of the medusa, a genus of Zoophytes which inhabit the Greenland seas? Mr. Scoresby tells us that the number of these animals which are found upon two square miles of the surface of the sea, in the arctic regions, is so great, that it would occupy 80,000 dexterous persons for the 6000 years since the creation, merely to count them!

REMEDY FOR GRIEF.

MARSHAL de Monchy maintained that the flesh of pigeons possessed a *consoling* virtue. Whenever this nobleman lost a friend or relation, he said to his cook,—"Let me have roast pigeons for dinner to-day. I have always remarked," he added, "that after having eaten two pigeons, I rose from the table *much less mournful*."

DR. GRAHAM being on his stage at Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicines, told the country people that he came there for the good of the public, not for want. Then, addressing his Merry Andrew—"Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?" "No, faith, sir," replied Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

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THE VICTIM.

AN INDIAN SKETCH.

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(*For the Parterre.*)

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The stoicism and contempt for death evinced by the Indian of North America, are the theme of many a tale in that country, and a subject of astonishment with Europeans. We have many extraordinary narratives of the aborigines of North America, in which these "savages" often appear to advantage when placed in juxta position with the "white man." These narratives generally illustrate the feeling, or as some would have it, want of feeling, to which we have alluded — a resolution and courage truly spartan.

The American Indian sheds no tear, breathes no sigh of regret, and remains *apparently* unmoved, when he hears that his dearest relations have been captured and scalped by a hostile tribe; yet he grasps his gun and resolves on vengeance, a resolve upon which he acts with unrelenting severity; he ceases to retaliate only when the last of his enemies has fallen, or his own career has been cut short by the more vigilant object of his revenge. Such are the characteristics of a race which is fast disappearing before the all-grasping ambition of the white man.

About the year 1794, when the British army was in America, a party of the Chippawa Indians had captured a red man of another tribe, and according to custom, they forthwith prepared to torture him to death. The party assembled round a large fire, over which a huge camp-kettle filled with water was suspended, scalding being considered one of the most exquisite applications to which they could submit their wretched prisoner.

The captive, however, was an Indian like themselves, and was not to be daunted by the preparations for his cruel death. A boy stood by with a tomahawk, ready to give him the coup-de-grace, when the band should consider that he had suffered enough; but the prisoner did not blench—he told them with exultation of his deeds; and walking round the circle with a bold air, ran

over a catalogue, doubtless an exaggerated one, of the wrongs he had inflicted upon those into whose hands he had now fallen.

"Manitonwin," cried he, "where are your wives, whom I seized in their canoe just before the river was frozen?" "Wabisay, I slew your son on the mountain.—I carried off the daughter of that old grey man who sits yonder!—I did all that, and I do this!"—

Suddenly he stopped, and bending down, tore from the arms of one of the squaws—a widow, who had come to see him suffer—the infant which she held in her lap, and ere one of the tribe could interpose, he hurled the child into the boiling cauldron!

A loud shout was uttered by the Indians on witnessing this act of desperation, but it was not a shout of deprecation and vengeance, *they applauded the bold deed:* he had in their opinion proved himself worthy of his race, and exhibited an unusual daring even for an Indian; to crown the whole, the widowed and now childless squaw rose from the circle, and claimed the destroyer of her offspring as her husband, as a means of saving his life, which was accordingly spared: the kettle which had been put in requisition for his torture, doubtless being employed in the preparation of the marriage feast. G. L.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

If wealth is full of pleasures, it is also full of danger. I should wish my son to possess riches, but not until after he had suffered poverty. A man can best examine the real naked features of human nature, from a low hovel, or beneath an humble dress. He will then make a thousand wonderful discoveries, which are secrets to one bred up in luxury. He will detect the worthlessness of much that is showy, and find greatness of soul and beautiful displays of virtue and talent where he least expected. The flatterer pulls off his mask when he comes into his presence. The virtues of the meek and the good shine out to his eyes with their true lustre. The deceits, the hollow show, and all the artificial appearances which are kept up before the powerful, are laid aside for the humble, who see them in their real shapes and colour. The former resembles a spectator in the boxes of the theatre during a representation; the latter a wanderer behind the scenes, who beholds the performers in their actual characters. Wealth exercises several bad influences upon young men. It deprives them of the stimulus to severe application, and crowds their path with temptations to pleasure. How many strong intellects must have lain idle thus, like labourers in the sunshine, their work undone because their wants were supplied. How many more noble characters, who are now seen through past history, like beacon lights over a sea, would have gone down to obscurity undistinguished, but that want urged them onward to exertions, in the course of which their talents were developed, and their integrity brought to the test. Plutarch relates that when Mark Antony was in adversity, he voluntarily yielded to the severest toils and privations to which the meanest of his troops were subjected, and discovered so many noble qualities, that had we seen no more of his life, we might justly set him down as a great and virtuous hero; but when the tide of fortune again turned in his favour, he became again enervated, licentious, and cruel, so that he now appears one of the most degraded of men.

To the conclusion which we naturally draw from this occurrence, there are doubtless numerous exceptions. The rich are not necessarily bad, or the poor great, but we speak only of the *influences* of the two circumstances of being.

George and Thomas were friends at school. Both were young, clear-headed, and good-humoured, neither being remarkable for any quality of person or mind. They were just like other boys, having nothing in their bearing to indicate whether they were to turn out corsairs, poets, or orators. If there was observable in them any thing worthy of remark, it was the general similarity of their tastes, minds, and dispositions. They were both satisfied to beat the hoop, fly the kite, and spin the top without wearing out their school-books by any unnecessary application, for both would rather have their ears boxed than study a lesson.

I sometimes think what a strange sight it would be if we could actually behold, over the crowds of human beings for ever shifting around us, the influences by which their lives are, or are to be guided. How interesting this would be in a group of school-boys, who, while playing in their unconscious innocence and carelessness together, are each one already entangled inevitably, inextricably

in some viewless destiny which shall, in time, with irresistible power, draw on his young and feeble footsteps—perhaps to misery and perdition, perhaps to greatness and glory. To the eyes of one so gifted, how would Buonaparte have looked in his boyish shape? What gleaming light—what dark gloom would have by turns attended on his infant steps? But these are idle speculations.

The two boys at school were early handed over to the different influences which coloured their future career, and these were not long in becoming perceptible in their conduct and character. George and Thomas were placed at school by their parents at about the same period. Thomas was brought by his mother. The carriage door was opened by a livery footman, who helped the young master down the steps with particular care, paying him at the same time the most respectful deference.

"I have brought you my boy, Master Thomas, Mr. Robertson," said the fond parent to the conductor of the academy, while her eyes glistened with maternal affection. "I have brought you my boy, and I shall leave him in your care, I hope, for several years."

"We will do all we can to repay your confidence, Mrs. Green. What are your particular wishes respecting his studies? Will you have them selected with a view to any particular profession?"

"Why, my dear sir, it has pleased Providence to endow us with an ample fortune, and he is our only hope; of course, we wish him to receive the education of a gentleman; but it is not probable he will ever have to work for his living."

"Then, I suppose, a thorough English course of lessons. Let him be well grounded in rhetoric, the mathematics, and—"

"Oh, my dear sir, no. There is no use in his straining his tender mind with such hard studies. Make a gentleman of him, but not a pedagogue, (I beg your pardon, sir)."

Mr. Robertson smiled and bowed.

"If there was the slightest possibility of his ever having to earn his own bread, it would alter the case; but you know, my dear sir, there must be a difference between poor people and rich."

"He must learn music then, I suppose?" said Mr. Robertson.

"Oh, music! certainly, divine music. I wish him to read it at sight. You will find a guitar among his things; and I wish you to see particularly that he practises. You know that keeps him busy, and does not hurt his eyes. See," she added affectionately, placing her hand, glittering with jewels, beneath the youngster's chin, and pushing back the hair from his forehead, "dear little fellow, his eyes are already very, very weak."

"Do you wish him to study any of the classical languages, madam?"

"Who? what?" said Mrs. Green, looking up.

"Latin and Greek, madam. Or should you prefer Spanish and French?"

"Should you like to study Latin and Greek, and Spanish and French, my dear Tom, or any of the other classical languages?"

The boy sulked a little, put his finger in his mouth, and looked down on the floor. The mother kissed him again.

"Dear little, *sweet* little fellow; do just what you like with him, Mr. Robertson; only never punish him, if you please; he is *very* tender dispositioned, and can't bear to be whipped; and of all things don't let him study a nights, and make him attend to his music and dancing; and I wish very much to have him study Italian, it's *so* useful in singing. Pray, my dear, stand up strait, and be a good boy, and behave like a gentleman; and here's some money for you, my dear, and you shall often come home and see us."

So saying, although the tears were in her eyes (for mothers are still mothers, whether learned or unlearned), she smiled graciously on Mr. Robertson; kissed little Tom again and again; went away a few steps, came back exclaiming, "the dear, *dear* little dear;" kissed him again, and disappeared. The boy was conducted among his companions, in due form, and soon began to be interested in their sports.

A short time afterwards a man, dressed in a plain gray suit, with a cane, and feet dusty from an apparently long walk, stopped before the door of the academy. He held by the hand a little boy. The new comers entered, and the elder addressed himself to Mr. Robertson, with whom he had been previously acquainted, with the brevity of a man of business.

"My son, Master George Steele, sir. I wish to place him at your school. His trunk will be here immediately from the neighbouring town, where the stage left us."

The conversation usual on such occasions then ensued. Inquiries into the boy's age, tastes, capacities, &c. were

made and satisfied, and the directions of the parent given respecting the course of study to be pursued.

"Above all things," said Mr. Steele, "let him form habits of strictly moral conduct and of severe industry, and subject himself to the discipline of the school without a murmur. If he does not like the place he may quit it, but while in it he must make no disturbance of any kind, but treat every one with respect. He will have to fight his own way through the world. I have been unfortunate, and have nothing whatever to leave him but a good education. If he is worth anything, this will be sufficient; if he is idle and irresolute, he will sink into poverty and neglect. Remember, George, what you learn here will be your only fortune. At an expense which I can scarcely sustain, I furnish you with this opportunity of obtaining credit in the world. For all else that makes man respectable and happy, you must depend upon yourself.

They shook hands, and parted, and so the two boys commenced their education.

The next important era in the lives of these young gentlemen, was the period of their quitting school. It was five years after the preceding circumstances, and they were both about sixteen years of age. It happened that at the same time there was a general examination in the academy, and the various attainments of George and Thomas were thereby disclosed. The latter shewed to advantage in nothing except a declamation, recited with a considerable flourish of theatrical elegance, and a translation from the Italian, for which he received a medal. George, on the contrary, discovered a pervading knowledge in all the necessary branches. He excited some astonishment by the rapidity and ease with which he replied to the casual interrogatories of several men of science, who chanced to be present, in arithmetic, algebra, and the mathematics. Two essays from his pen, on law and political economy, were listened to with attention and interest; and in geography, astronomy, and the various other ordinary departments of learning, he appeared perfectly at home.

The parents of both boys attended this exhibition of their knowledge, and both were pleased.

"Come, Tom," said the mamma, kissing her darling, "good-bye to books and school for ever, and now for pleasure."

"Come, George," said Mr. Steele, shaking the modest boy by the hand, while a quiet smile of pride and pleasure stole over his features, "come, my boy, so far you have done well. I am satisfied with you. I am more than satisfied. I am *proud* of you. But," he added, checking himself, "my dear boy, you must not fall into the error that your education is complete. You have things to learn yet of which you have no idea. Do not be vain of what you have acquired. Although I am praising your past exertions, I praise you more for what I expect you to do than for what you have done."

"I know, father," replied George, "it would be foolish in me to be proud, for I recollect having read the other day that Sir Isaac Newton said, even of all *his* knowledge, that it seemed no more than a pebble is to the ocean."

"Right, George, right, my son, *perfectly* right; so now let us return home, and teach you business and the world. All that you have learned here is but as a weapon, which must now be used."

"But, father, Tom says he has *finished his* education."

"No man's education is *finished* till he is in his grave," said the father.

And so the boys started in life.

We will imagine, if the reader pleases, that another period of five years has elapsed. The schoolboys have now grown up to manhood, both inspired in all their actions with the precepts of their parents. The one, that he would "never have to work for his living;" the other, that "for all that makes man respectable and happy he must depend upon *himself*.

At the age of twenty-one, George was taken into partnership with the house which for five years he had served with the purest integrity and the most unremitting care. While he devoted an ample portion of his time to the necessities of his avocation, he still found leisure occasionally to run through a book, keeping alive his taste, and amusing his fancy. He had reviewed his school studies with great profit. His more matured understanding and experience let in light upon many passages which were before dark to him. Sometimes, indeed, he sighed, as he beheld the fine equipages around him, and wished heaven had blessed him with a fortune; but again he felt that he was exempted from many temptations which surround the path of those more prosperous. His necessities had drilled him into a severe system of economy, and

habits of abstemiousness, by which means his health remained firm and his mind cheerful, so that when the rewards of his unceasing labours began to flow in upon him, he was prepared to avail himself of them to the best advantage.

While this gradual but steady improvement was working in the situation of George, Thomas was leading a life of pleasure. He had grown up into an elegant-looking young man, of great taste in points of fashion. His will was law touching the cut of a coat or the shape of a beaver; and a woman might fall in love with him desperately till he opened his mouth, when his first sentiment would break the spell. How had he spent his life? What had he studied? What had he thought? What did he know? What could he do?—He was a proficient in horse-flesh! He could drive a tandem superbly! You could not touch him at billiards, and his dress was always exact and perfect; but his mind was uncultivated, and so was his heart. He was prodigal, not generous; and he had never known friendship, because he had never felt want.

He was once trying a pair of splendid bays before a gig, on a pleasant summer afternoon. The long train of gay promenaders on either side of the Park looked, admired, envied. No one ever appeared better while driving. You might take him for Pelham.

A foot passenger, plainly, but neatly dressed, paused in the middle of the street to give him way. It was George. They had seldom met since their school-days, but nevertheless recognised each other, and bowed. George was carrying a large book under his arm.

"What a fool is that plodding fellow," said Tom, as he quickened the pace of his horses with a resounding crack of the whip. "How I hate a bookworm. Stop, you rascals!"

"How finely Tom looks," thought George. "I almost envy him those superb horses; but no matter."

They both passed on; one to Cato's, to spend the afternoon and evening in smoking, drinking, and carousal; the other to his humble home, to drink in with secret delight rich draughts of instruction from a work of genius.

At this period I happened to be well acquainted with them, and had an opportunity of watching the different degrees of happiness produced: on the one hand, by industry, intelligent study, and moderation in all life's pleasures; and on the other by luxury and idleness.

I caught Thomas one day alone. He seemed sad, and even thoughtful—a strange thing for him.

"Well, Tom, what 's the matter?"

He yawned, and stretched his limbs.

"Really, I don't know, but I am wretchedly dull and stupid."

"How can you be dull with every thing delightful at your command—you, who hold the key to every avenue of pleasure?"

"Well," he yawned again, "what you say is very true. I don't know how it is, but I am fairly tired out. I can't contrive to get rid of my time."

"Have you nothing to do?"

"Nothing; positively nothing."

"It 's a fine day, why not walk?"

"I 'm tired of walking. I hate walking. I never enjoyed a walk in my life. Riding has grown tedious, and sailing is horrid."

"Suppose you try reading?"

"Oh, dreadful! I could no more sit down and read a book than I could fly. I *did* drag through Waverley, but I was asleep, fast asleep, when I got to *finis*. I can't read. I 've lost the *relish*. My mind wanders away over a thousand objects. I must have excitement, or I am miserable. The day to me is like a long, unpleasant journey; I am always tired to death before I get to the end. Oh, if some one would invent a method of passing away the time!"

I bade him good bye, and left him again yawning and stretching his limbs.

Some time afterwards, I had occasion to spend an evening with George. I reproved him for not having visited me.

"I blame myself," he said; "but I have scarcely leisure to visit any one. My time is occupied continually. I never get through business till late in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening; and as every prospect of my prosperity in the world depends upon my care and attention at the counting-room, I am very industrious, I assure you."

"Are you not afraid," I asked, "that a too severe application will warp your mind, and injure your health?"

"Oh no, I am prudent enough to avoid that. I have a most cheerful succession of employments, each in some way uniting pleasure with utility. The only difficulty I have, is to get time for them all. The more I apply myself in this way, the more pleasure I take in applying myself. The most melancholy reflection I have is, that knowing as I do how short life is, the weakness of my

body compels me to devote so much of it to sleep, or I regret that fortune has not placed in my hands the means to study with less interruption, to educate myself according to a higher standard, to travel, and thus obtain a wider field of observation."

About a year had elapsed when the elegant Mr. Tom Green, suddenly abandoned all his old haunts about town; left off smoking, drinking, and swearing; cut off his mustachios and whiskers, and made the following soliloquy to the moon one night, as he was returning from an evening visit to Henrietta B—.

"She is poor, but I have money. I love her, and it would be a noble action to choose such a creature from no motive more selfish than admiration. How surprised and delighted she will be when she receives my offer—when she is raised from her humble and quiet sphere, to my splendour and fashion. I think I ought to marry. I think I will marry—I will marry her."

Having settled the matter thus to his satisfaction, he entered his home, and went to bed. The next day he wrote her and her father a letter.

"The old gentleman will be out of his wits with joy," said he, as he pressed down the seal upon the yielding wax.

The next morning the servant brought a letter. He reached out his hand, with the most self-complaisant feeling imaginable.

"Poor little thing! Let us see how passion looks in the pretty periods of the charming Henrietta."

He read, with a start, and sudden change of countenance—

"Deepest regret—highest estimation—valuable as a friend"—Great heavens! "Painful necessity of declining."

He swore a round oath of horror and astonishment, at an event so totally unexpected. How a man with fifty thousand pounds, and such a person, could be refused by a quiet, modest little girl like Henrietta B——, was beyond his conception. But he was not a man to die of love.

"There are others as good as she, and not quite so particular; so, John, saddle Surry, and bring him to the door immediately. Fly, you scoundrel."

A few weeks afterwards, Mr. George Steele's marriage with Henrietta B—— was announced in the daily prints.

"Saddle Surry, John; quick, you rascal," said Mr. Tom Green, when he read the paragraph.

I have one more picture to shew of each. Years passed on. One day a gentleman stepped from a gig, which had stopped before the door of an elegant mansion, and inquired for Mr. Green.

"How is he to day?" asked the doctor of the nurse.

"Worse, sir, much worse; his pains are excessive. He is peevish and disagreeable to his best friends."

"Ay, ay," observed the physician, "the gout is a dreadful complaint."

As he spoke, he entered the chamber where the poor invalid sat, writhing with the anguish of his excruciating disease, which had been brought on by inaction and high living. His face was bloated and flushed, and exhibited symptoms of excessive agony.

We break away abruptly from so unpleasant a scene, and stand for a moment within the walls of Parliament. A deeply interesting question engages their attention, and a speaker rises. It is George. His words carry conviction to every heart. The murmur of acquiescence and approbation runs round among the crowd. He obtains the object for which he has exerted himself, and his name is full of honour.

This is but a simple sketch, Messrs. Editors, but it is founded on real life; and if I have attempted to introduce no startling incident or marvellous character, more strongly to arrest the reader's attention, it is because I have adhered closely to the true career of two of my friends, one of whom has been ruined by affluence, the other elevated by poverty.

NOTES OF A READER.

YANKEE AMERICANS—AMERICAN INDIANS.

The following graphic description we copy from "Letters from the West," by an American—the latter affords but a sad picture of Indian life, and we fear is but too true; indeed the Indians seem ill-disposed to adopt agricultural pursuits, and must consequently perish before the tide of emigration, that each year confines them to narrower limits.

I dined at a place called Plymouth Four Corners, rendered remarkable by a great tame bear that is kept there, who, if I remember rightly, has been christened by the name of "Bill." I was a good deal puzzled, while luxuriating over my dinner, to hear a fellow at table deploring, with no small pathos, the sad condition of poor Bill. "The poor fellow pants like a steamboat."

quoth he, "and I guess I had better take him down to the creek and let him cool himself." I was not long a stranger to Bill. My horse had taken but a few steps from Plymouth Four Corners, when he gave a sudden start that nearly threw me over his head—I looked for the cause, and truly it was sufficiently ludicrous. There was old Bill, wallowing up to his neck in mud and water by the side of the road, and looking so miserable, that, for the soul of you, it was impossible to avoid laughing in his face.

I took the "old Territorial Road," as it is called in virtue of its great age, which is said to be four years. Mr. Hoffman's account of the Kalamazos country made me desirous of seeing that beautiful tract, and moreover by taking this roundabout way, I placed myself beyond the reach of those annoying harpies, the speculators. The country for forty or fifty miles is wretchedly wanting in interest; it is a mere succession of small farms opened to the east, and thus exposing the traveller to the scorching rays of the sun. The direction was southerly, and my quarters for the night were taken up at a very pretty village, called Ann Arbour. On alighting at this place, divers of the good democratic citizens thereof clustered around me, to admire my gun. One of these free republicans, without any "by your leave sir," proceeded to examine my "stub and twist" barrels, and when his observations were completed, another "fellow-citizen" more polite than his brother, seized hold of my gun and begged me to "excuse his *impudence*," inasmuch as the said gun was "a great *curiosity* in these parts." By way of making myself popular, I immediately slipped the band over my head, and delivered over this "great curiosity" into the hands of "the people," who pored over it with huge delight, and made many pithy remarks concerning it, to my great amusement and satisfaction.

When about twenty miles from Ann Arbour we met the wretched remnant of a tribe of Indians. They were very fantastically dressed — some in gaudy calicoes, with a bright red, or yellow handkerchief about their heads, and some with the old-fashioned blanket wrapped about them, while several of the children were nearly naked; the girls being dressed in calico frocks, reaching within a few inches of the knee. The Indians here seem to wear no particular costume, and greedily pick up the more showy odds and ends of civilized garbs. I shall never forget the grotesque and ludicrous appearance of an old chieftain whom I saw at Detroit. He wore a white blanket and red leggings, and his head was surmounted by a dragoon's helmet and feathers! It was a curious blending of *arma* and toga, and the old savage strutted about with the air of a peacock, conscious of the magnificence of his plumage. The group that I now fell in with reminded me of the ancient gipsies. The same swarthy complexions and raven hair, the same patched and tattered garments, and the same apparent wretchedness. The women and children were all mounted on little shaggy Indian ponies, guiltless of the currycomb. It was seldom that the poor animal was freighted with a single burden—two and three and even four clustered on the back of the miserable beast. On one sat a tall, masculine-looking squaw, and behind her were stowed, in the order of primogeniture, her "young barbarians," three in number, who clung together just like a cluster of green grapes just forming on the parent stem. The chieftain of this squalid band walked erect at their head —he was an aged man, and had doubtless lived to see his once powerful and warlike tribe dwindle into the wretched squad which he now conducted. I saluted him, and he approached me. The whole cavalcade stood still while the old warrior spoke. He wished to learn the distance to the next tavern—but he had forgotten the word.

"How many?" said he, counting his fingers, "whiskey, whiskey." The gesticulation and expression with which these few words were accompanied, rendered them quite as intelligible as if he had asked "how many miles to the next tavern?" I raised one finger, the chief did the same, to assure himself of the distance, and on my nodding affirmatively, he made a loud exclamation of joy, and passed on with his sorry followers. The passion of these people for strong drink, is very remarkable — if they once taste the intoxicating draught, it is ever after the first desire of their souls, and they will seek after it with the utmost avidity. A sober Indian in these days, and within the borders of civilization, is as harmless as a white man—but when his brain becomes fired with strong liquor, he is a madman, a very bedlamite! and ripe for the commission of any atrocity. The laws of Michigan are very severe on the subject

of selling drink to the Indians—but those "strict statutes and most biting laws" are broken without scruple, as is the case with many other rigorous enactments of that ill-governed territory. The Indian statute, however, cannot long be broken—perhaps another year will not find a solitary tribe on this side of the Mississippi. The cruel, but perhaps necessary policy of the government, has already stripped them of their broad lands, and curtailed their liberties—nay, it has even bargained for the removal of their persons; and the poor Indian cannot resist, he must wander far away, a hapless outcast from the home of his fathers!

GALL AND SPURZHEIM'S VISIT TO THE PRISON OF BERLIN.

"A feature of these memorable travels," in the words of Chenevix, "was their visit to the prison of Berlin, and the fortress of Spandau. On the 17th of April, 1805, in the presence of the chiefs of the establishment, of the inquisitors of the criminal department, of various counsellors, and of many other witnesses, they were conducted to the prison at Berlin, where upwards of 200 culprits, of whom they had never heard till that moment, to whose crimes and dispositions they were total strangers, were submitted to their inspection. Dr. Gall lays much weight upon this visit, as a very great practical test of the truth of his system; and the result is official, being witnessed by persons in the employment of the Prussian government, and proposed for that purpose.

Dr. Gall immediately pointed out, as a general feature in one of the wards, an extraordinary development in the region of the head where the organ of theft is situated, and in fact every prisoner there was a thief. Some children, also detained for theft, were then shewn to him; and in them, too, the same organ was very prominent. In two of them, particularly, it was excessively large; and the prison-registers confirmed his opinion that these two were most incorrigible. In another room, where the women were kept apart, he distinguished one dressed exactly like the others, occupied like them, and differing in no one thing but in the form of the head. "For what reason is this woman here," asked Gall, "for her head announces no propensity to theft?" The answer was, "She is the inspectress of this room." One prisoner had the organs of benevolence and of religion as strongly developed as those of theft and cunning; and his boast was, that he never had committed an act of violence, and that it was repugnant to his feelings to rob a church. In a man named Fritze, detained for the murder of his wife, though his crime was not proved, the organs of cunning and firmness were fully developed; and it was by these that he eluded conviction. In Maschke, he found the organ of mechanical arts, together with the head very well organized in many respects; and his crime was coining. In Troppe, he saw the same organ. This man was a shoemaker, who, without instruction, made clocks and watches, to gain a livelihood in his confinement. On a nearer inspection, the organ of imitation was found to be large. "If this man had ever been near a theatre," said Gall, "he would, in all probability have turned actor." Troppe, astonished at the accuracy of this sentence, confessed that he had joined a company of strolling players for six months. His crime, too, was having personated a police-officer to extort money. The organs of circumspection, prudence, foresight, were sadly deficient in Heisig, who, in a drunken fit, had stabbed his best friend. In some prisoners he found the organ of language, in others of colour, in others of mathematics; and his opinion, in no single instance, failed to be confirmed by the known talents and dispositions of the individual.

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.

The following curious statement by Dr. Granville, is drawn up from the registered cases of 876 married women in France: it is the first ever constructed to exhibit to ladies their chances of marriage at various ages.—Of the 876 females there were married—

No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.
3	at 13	59	at 23	7	at 33
11	... 14	53	... 24	5	... 34
16	... 15	36	... 25	2	... 35
43	... 16	24	... 26	0	... 36
45	... 17	28	... 27	2	... 37
77	... 18	22	... 28	0	... 38
115	... 19	17	... 29	1	... 39
118	... 20	9	... 30	0	... 40
86	... 21	7	... 31		
85	... 22	5	... 32		

[Our fair readers who have passed the climax of this table, must bear in mind that it only applies to a particular district in France, and therefore cannot be acknowledged in this country. We should be curious to see a similar table applicable to our own happy land, where beauty lasts beyond the teens.]

THE NATURALIST.

THE HERON.

"The Heron," observes Mudie, in his very interesting account of this curious bird, "measures about forty inches in length, and sixty-four in breadth; and yet, with all this vast spread, it does not weigh above three pounds. The fact is, it is all legs, wings, neck, and bill; and this gives it, when seen from a distance, a very formidable appearance. In its way, it is a formidable bird; and though shy and retiring in its nature, and not disposed to attack anything but its finny prey, its structure is admirably suited to its modes of life. Its legs are of great length and strength. The scaly coverings of the legs, and the nature of the cuticle on the naked parts and between the plates, enable it to bear the water for a great length of time without injury. Its toes are long, with claws well adapted for clutching, and one toe is toothed, so that eels and other slippery prey may not wriggle out of its clutches. The muscular power of its long neck is wonderful, and by it the point of the bill can be jerked to the distance of three feet in an instant. No bird indeed can, with its feet at rest, "strike out" so far or so instantaneously as the heron; and the articulations of the neck are a sort of universal joints, for it can, with the same ease, and in the same brief space, jerk out the head in any direction or in any position; nay, the bill can act, and that powerfully, when the neck is twisted backwards and the head under the wing. The bill, too, is formidable; the points pierce like spears, and towards the extremity there are sharp and strong barbs, turned backwards; so that when once it strikes, it never quits that which it can lift, and it makes a terribly lacerated wound in that which it cannot. The bill is about six inches long, and the gape still longer, as it extends backwards as far as the eyes. The gullet and craw are exceedingly elastic, so that it can swallow large fish, and a number of them. Seventeen carp have been found at once in the maw of a heron. The neck of the heron is indeed one of the most singular pieces of animal mechanism, and proves how nicely the *maximum* of activity and strength can be combined in the smallest possible quantity of materials. The wings are also admirably fitted for enabling it to float itself with its weighty prey, or to lean upon the air in its long and elevated flights. They are concave on their under sides, and thus act like parachutes. This formation of the wings also enables it to alight in such a way as not to disturb the water, or in any manner alarm its prey. By exerting the parachute power, it not only prevents the accelerated motion in descent, which makes the stoop of the eagle so terrible, but it gradually softens the motion, and alights so gently as not to occasion a rustle in the grass, or a ripple in the water.

"This structure of the wings is of great use to the heron in one of its modes of feeding. Its usual mode is to wade and

wait for the prey; but it sometimes fishes on the wing. It seldom does that, however, except in shallow water, the depth of which does not exceed the length of its neck or legs; and its vision must be very acute to enable it at once to see the fish and estimate the depth of the water. It comes to the surface with a gradually diminished motion; and then, suspended by the hollow wings, whose action does not in the least ruffle the surface, it plunges its bill, transfixing the fish to the bottom, and after perhaps a minute spent in making its hold sure, rises with a fish struggling in its bill. The prey is sometimes borne to the land, and there swallowed, and sometimes it is swallowed in the air. Eels are generally carried to the land, because their coiling and wriggling do not admit of their being easily swallowed when the bird is on the wing; but other fishes, especially when small, are swallowed almost instantly, and the fishing as speedily resumed. We once had an opportunity of seeing four or five small trout caught in this way in about as many minutes; and we know not how long the fishing might have been continued, as the bird did not appear to be in the least exhausted; but a gos-hawk came in sight, and at her appearance the heron escaped, screaming, to the upper regions of the sky.

That, however, is not its usual mode of fishing. Wading is the general method, and in it the hooked and serrated toes are often used in aid of the bill. Small streams and ponds are its most favourite places, and the success, especially in the latter, is often very great. Nor is the actual catching the only injury that the heron does to fish-ponds, for it lacerates a great many that it does not secure, and often in so severe a manner that they will hardly recover, though fish suffer far less, either in pain or injury, from wounds, than land animals. The heron does not much frequent the larger and deeper lakes, and seldom, perhaps never, fishes in water deeper than the length of its neck and legs. Its time of fishing is the dusk of the morning and evening, cloudy days, and moonlight nights. We remember seeing only one instance of a heron fishing when the sun was bright; that was in a rivulet, on the hills of Perthshire, the banks of which, at some places, nearly closed over the water; and there the heron appeared, like a skilful angler, to take the side opposite to the sun."

We know not what the habits of the heron may be in the north of England, but in the midland counties we have frequently seen it fishing some hours before sun-set. Near the village in which we lived, a few years since, we scarcely ever passed the ford at any hour of the day without seeing the heron at his work, wading to and fro, and seizing its prey at intervals. The country people say that the legs of this bird emit an odour which attracts the fish, who are thus lured to their destruction; and we have read in some old book, that the *fat* of the heron's leg is an excellent bait for fish; but it would be difficult, we believe, to find *fat* in any part of this bird.

"Herons," continues the author above quoted, "appear, like many other animals, to have some instinctive perception of the approach of rain, as their favourite time of flying, and at which they take their loftiest flights, is just before a fall of rain. Their elevation then is greater than that of the eagle, and their flights are also longer at those times than when they are merely in search of food. It is possible that their elevation may be chosen as an instinctive means of defence against their enemies, as when they are assailed by eagles and hawks, their first means of escape is usually ascent; and if they can sufficiently attain that, they are understood to be safe.

"In cases of extremity, they can shake off their natural timidity, and shew both courage and skill. When a hawk gets higher on the wing than a heron, the heron, it is said—though it is very difficult to verify the saying by actual observation—to assume rather an ingenious system of tactics. The neck of the heron is the part usually struck at, as when that is successfully hit, he is finished, without harm to the assailant. To prevent this, he is said to double the neck backward under the wing, and turn the bill upward, like a spear or bayonet, over the centre of its body. The bill is, as has been mentioned, six inches in length; so that if it be well aimed, and the heron can avoid the stroke of the wing, the enemy is sure to be transfixed before the talons can take effect. We have heard of instances in which not hawks merely, but eagles (not the golden eagle, but the sea eagle, *halæctus albicilla*, or the osprey) have been thus transfixed by the heron, and have fallen to the ground pierced through the vitals, while their intended prey has soared untouched, and made the air resound with its scream of victory. As

these contests must take place at a considerable height above the earth, it is not easy to know the detail of them; and indeed the habitual vigilance which the heron observes upon all occasions, necessarily renders the encounters not very frequent. Still, though we have not seen it, the occurrence may be possible; and the greater the force with which the assailant descends, the greater the probability of its being fatally pierced by the bill. Even when wounded, the heron is a dangerous bird; and when winged, it cannot be approached but with the utmost caution. The bill is darted out with rapid and unerring aim at the eyes of whatever animal comes within its reach; and powerful dogs have been struck blind in rushing too hastily upon a wounded heron."

We remember, some few years since, when snipe shooting in the neighbourhood of Enfield—a neighbourhood in which these birds abound—our dogs put up a heron. We had advanced so close to the ditch, in which it was, perhaps, intent on its pursuit of prey, that it rose at scarcely a dozen yards' distance. It is very rare that the sportsman gets so near this proverbially shy bird, and its sudden appearance somewhat startled us; nevertheless, we fired, and at the same instant poor "molly hern" received the charge of another of the party, and, turning a somerset in the air, came scrambling to the ground. The noble bird was disabled for flight, but it was not quite *hors de combat;* it rose on its long legs, and, with its broken wing trailing on the ground, its blood besprinkled breast, its elevated top-knot, and its levelled beak, presented an attitude that might have inspired old Snyders, or Landseer, for *he* can paint such subjects. The dogs rushed forward to attack him, but the formidable aspect of the bird and the voices of their masters told them that the attempt would be dangerous, and the bird was secured with some difficulty. "I lost a valuable dog last winter," observed our friend; "I winged a heron in the marshes, and he attacked my pointer with such fierceness, that he completely destroyed the animal's eyes."

The best chance of getting within gun shot of the heron is when it alights in a brook, the banks of which are steep; you may then advance nearly up to the spot before he hears your footsteps; and you *may*, if you are a good shot, bring him down: but he will not unfrequently receive the charge, and, uttering a scream, soar away, uninjured. E. M. A.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

(From the French.)

"Affairs of honour" attract company, as well as marriages, baptisms, and funerals. I could cite you five or six individuals, well known in Paris, who are forced, as seconds, into every duel about to "come off" at certain celebrated places of rendezvous; these persons are so notorious, that one never thinks of addressing himself to any other. Indeed, I am not very sure but that you may read upon their visiting card—"Mr. ——, legal adviser in 'affairs of honour'—such a number—in such a street. N.B. Office for consultations open from twelve p.m. to seven a.m." These gentlemen go thoroughly into the business—possessing every description of weapon, from a firelock down to a toothpick; with them an "affair" is never satisfactorily arranged without forfeiture of breath by one or other opponent. Were the unlucky ball simply to fracture an arm or a leg, honour would be but half way repaired.

I have had one duel in the course of my lifetime; it is considered as necessary to the existence of a fashionable young man, as sojourning in *St. Pelagie*; in short, he cannot be said to have lived at all, without, at least, having exchanged cards, turned deceiver, and killed his fellow-man.

As a matter of course, to seek my seconds, I bent my way to the "office of general administration." I addressed myself to a couple of charming youths, with whom I had not conversed five minutes ere I came to the decision, either to fall myself or to slay my adversary. The latter project pleased me better than the former; and it is but justice to my seconds in stating, that they perfectly coincided with me. We jumped into a hack, with the accompaniments of four swords, two pistols, thirty balls, half a pound of royal powder, first quality, and we reached Montmartre, the place of rendezvous.

Thanks to my friends, it was promptly settled that we should commence with the sword and terminate with the pistol, in the event of the former weapon inflicting but a *mere scratch*. Our blades flashed in the sun, when, *presto!* a man clad as half-citizen, half-peasant, and appearing, as it were, to rise out from the earth, precipitated himself between myself and my adversary, and flatly declared that we should not fight.

At this unlooked-for interruption, my

seconds stormed and raved, quoted the article of the *charte* which refers to the protection of individual liberty, and were for sending to the right-about this unwelcome guest. He assumed a good-humoured countenance, stood his ground firmly, and declared imperatively that we should not fight. "I will not allow you to fight," said he; "you have no reason for coming to such an extremity. I shall not quit you, and one shall not pierce his antagonist's body without previously transfixing mine." Our seconds discharged volleys of most insulting language, which in nowise changed this droll character either in aspect or resolution. "Have your say out," quoth he, very coolly, "but these gentlemen shall not fight."

"This is insupportable," cries one of my seconds; "let us be off, gentlemen —away to Vincennes; there, at least, we shall be free from the interruptions of 'originals' of the same species as that fellow."

We re-entered the coach, and arrived at the wood of Vincennes. Having selected a convenient spot, we reined up, and were preparing to descend, when we perceived our hero, who had seated himself behind the coach, advance, and obligingly come and let down the steps for our descent.

"Did I not tell you that you should not fight," said he, smiling.

"To Fontainbleau," exclaimed our seconds.

"As you please," replied the other, as, folding up the steps, he added, "I have no particular engagement; besides, I take infinite delight in pleasure excursions."

He shut the door, and was preparing quietly to resume his seat behind, when we could contain ourselves no longer at this last stroke, and burst out into roars of laughter; we invited our unceremonious guest to an inside place; and, instead of going to Fontainbleau, descended at a *restaurateurs*, where we sealed our reconciliation with a hearty breakfast.

The repast concluded, our "original" stole out; we waited his return upward of half an hour; at length, we decided to depart without him. He had disappeared, after having defrayed the reckoning. J. G. W.

GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

The ancient kings of England used to keep *jouglers*, or minstrels; then *jesters*, under the Tudors; and James I. converted them into *poet laureates*.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

THE LONDON AND GREENWICH RAILWAY.

Whatever may be the result of this undertaking, whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the advantage which the citizens of London and the shareholders may derive from its establishment, it must be allowed on all sides that it is a noble work, and highly characteristic of that spirit and enterprise which have distinguished Englishmen above all other nations. Canova is said to have greatly admired our Waterloo Bridge, and to have classed it as one of the finest architectural efforts in England. What would he have said of the stupendous work, the recent inspection of which has occasioned these remarks? A handsome viaduct, raised on one thousand arches, stretches in an almost direct line from London Bridge, or rather, from Saint Thomas's Hospital, to Bexley Place, Greenwich, passing over a large portion of the suburbs of London, which may in truth be deemed *terra incognita* to many of its citizens.

On a recent visit to this work, we were much interested in observing the different localities on its line. Near the London end, a large space has been cleared away, and many wretched hovels, the residence of the most filthy and degraded beings, among whom the cholera, but a short time since, made frightful havoc, have been demolished, and their occupants compelled to seek less perilous places of abode. Proceeding onward, we arrive in a neighbourhood which those who reside at the west end of the town will scarcely suppose to exist so near the heart of the city: it is occupied by tanners, skinners, fellmongers, and others, who seem to have chosen it for such trades for centuries past. Farther on, the scene changes: market gardens, of great extent and variety, meet the view; one of these surpassed in richness and beauty all that we have ever witnessed. It occupies many acres, and contains, besides its other productions, innumerable luxuriant fruit-trees, the *coup d'œil* of which, when in blossom, defied description. We are glad to learn that this garden is about to be taken by a horticultural society, as every object of this kind must greatly add to the picturesque beauty of the Railway. From this spot a beautiful view of the Surrey Hills is obtained on the right, while, on the other side, the tall masts of the shipping proceeding up and down the

Thames, form a pleasing contrast to the surrounding scenery. An inspection of the cottages, into which two of the arches have been converted near Deptford, must be highly gratifying to the shareholders, who will see in this attempt full evidence that no advantage has been overlooked by the directors. These cottages contain five rooms, and afford ample accommodation for small families. We had almost forgotten the footpath by the side of the railway, which is now opened from the Spa road to Deptford, and will eventually be extended along the whole line, with a toll of one penny for each passenger. This footpath, kept in excellent order, shaded by trees, and watched by the well-regulated police of the company, will doubtless be a favourite promenade for the citizens of London, while a child may pass from London to Greenwich at any hour of the night without molestation. Thus much of the London and Greenwich Viaduct as a public work, which must remain for ages a monument of the enterprise and public spirit of the projectors. For obvious reasons we forbear to speak of it as a medium for investment, but we know that the most sanguine expectations are entertained by many of the shareholders: the shares are all taken up, and the fact that they are now at a considerable premium renders any further comment unnecessary. The enormous premium at which the shares of the Dublin and Kingston Railway have arrived, is considered by some as an indication of what may be anticipated from one connecting so populous a suburb as Greenwich with our Metropolis.

THE SEASONS.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THOMSON.

BY WILLIAM COX.

SUMMER.

Whew! how awfully—how unmercifully hot it is! The intolerant sun, with an eye like molten brass, glares fiercely on his poor, perspiring victim, man, who hies in all directions to shady coverts, cellars, sylvan arbors, ice-houses, or any sort of retreat, natural or artificial, that promises a shelter from his sultry foe. It is noonday, and the enemy triumphantly lords it over earth and heaven, flaring and glaring upon the unfortunate plants and shrubs, who shrivel up their leaves, droop their heads, and bear his hot assaults as best they may, until the cooling dews and blessed breeze of evening comes to renovate their shrunken frames. How still is all around! The cattle recline mute and motionless in the shade; the birds are silent in the hedge; and there is not a sound, save the occasional hum of pestiferous insects, born of the solar beam for the sustenance of swallows, and the plague and torment of all other created things. A drowsy listlessness seizes body and mind, and a horror of locomotion pervades your every thought. What are now the boasted sports of the field—the spirit-stirring joys of the chase? Revolting images of toil and sweat. What the whilom pleasant canter, or lively drive? Things to be abhorred even in imagination. You do not even wish your "direst foe" worse than a seat on a rough-trotting horse, going fourteen miles an hour along a hard, dusty, glistening turnpike. You take up a book—it is too hot to read; you open your lips to converse, but tire in the middle of a sentence. In fact, you are so completely nerveless and unstrung, that you could not go through with the veriest trifle imaginable—pay your debts or peruse the "Triumphs of Temper." In such weather, I will not tell you to be patient (the most aggravating thing man can be told), but follow your natural impulses, loll, roll, and tumble about for a few hours longer, until the enemy begins to slacken his fire: or better still, steal quietly away to the pleasant greenwood, and "under the shade of melancholy boughs" forget for a while the heat and hubbub of active existence.

The last plan is especially to be recommended. It is perfectly delicious, on a sultry summer's day, to steal away to a sequestered nook in some antique wood, unto whose venerable trees some tiny brook "singeth a quiet tune," blending the gentle rippling of the waters with the still more gentle rustling of the leaves. It is like casting oil upon the waves; your temper mollifies, the irritation of your nerves subsides, and mind and body calm and cool simultaneously, as you luxuriously stretch yourself on the greensward beneath the shelter of some mighty oak, draw your hat partially over your face, and attune your mind to pleasant thoughts. You feel just in the temper to exclaim with the old poet, in his address to Melancholy—

> "Friends and companions, get ye gone!
> 'Tis my desire to be alone;
> Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
> Do domineer in privacy.
> No gem, no treasure like to this—
> 'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss!
> All my joys to this are folly,
> Nought so sweet as melancholy.

True, to look upon, you are a lumbering ungraceful lump of mortality. Yet how many delights is that apparently insensate log susceptible of, even as it lies! Man is a mysterious animal. There is a touch of the sublime about the creature, even in his inertness. Just as he lies there, what strange conceits, what wild fancies, may be busy at work beneath that ungraceful old hat! What dreams of poesy—half spontaneous, half reminiscent—may be passing through the head it hides! What gorgeous visions—what enthusiastic dreams, till the mind gradually becomes more and more oblivious; the stream flows more sweetly, the leaves rustle more gently, the gale sighs in a softer cadence, and the hum of the bee falls drowsily and yet more drowsily on the ear, until an abrupt, unequivocal snore, puts poesy to flight, startles the dryads, hamadryads, and other sylvan deities around, inharmoniously announcing that the palace-gates of the soul are closed.

'T is evening! The sultry sun has gone to bathe in the huge Pacific, and pensive twilight steals timidly over copse and "hedgerow green." The amorous dove coos in the wood, and in manifold directions, groups of human turtles are seen gliding stealthily along from the more open country to contiguous dim obscurities, there to transact a little comfortable courtship. But what says the poet, ladies, to this sort of work?

——— "Ah now, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft moments with betraying man."

Tut! the poet has made much ado about nothing. The greatest danger is of your catching cold from the evening damps. When your lover entertains you with talk of kisses, blisses, raptures, responsive souls, and other pleasant unintelligible jargon, all you have to do is to put on a Lucretia-looking countenance, and commence a series of inquiries respecting houses, furniture, pin-money, and other matters of practical import. It is perfectly wonderful how such a course will tranquillize his ardent passions, especially if he be of the small poetic tribe, who rarely mean what they say, more rarely know what they mean, and are generally gentlemen of excellent prospects without a sixpence. The bard of the Seasons, however, has hardly used you well; his advice is most impertinent. Doubtless the hearty confidence of a brother-poet, blithe Robie Burns, who understood these matters as well as most people, and much better than Mr. James Thomson, will be more in accordance with your taste.

"And sage *experience* bids me this declare—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Summer is the season of watering-places. The citizen's wife saith unto the citizen, "Well! go I will—and there 's an end of it!" The citizen thinketh to himself there is not an end of it, but he was born to obey, and go he must. Poor creature! heartily art thou to be pitied, even as a sensitive flower rudely transplanted to an uncongenial soil. He saw the sea yesterday, he sees it again to day, and he will lie down at night with the uncomfortable assurance that to-morrow will again find him amid shells and weed, instead of mud and merchandize. Look at him just now! You would think he had taken root where he stands. Is it that he has fallen into a trance of admiration, gazing on the blue and boundless deep? No such thing. A doubt has for the last hour occupied his vacant mind, as to whether the advancing tide will reach his toes or not, and there he patiently stands to solve the problem. He rather inclines to the opinion that it will not. It approaches within six inches—wavers—and then visibly retreats. Hurrah! he is in the right! and he trudges along the hot, monotonous sand, in search of health and happiness, felicitating himself as he goes, on the most excellent guess he has made. Further up the beach is seen his evil genius—that is, his wife, glistening in sarsenet and armed with a parasol, industriously employed in collecting cockle-shells and pebbles; whilst his eldest daughter, a child to whom he has ever behaved affectionately, repays his kindness by quoting to him Byron and others, on the magnificence of large bodies of salt water. Poor fellow! But, as the man says in the play, "there is another and a better world!"

Despite of all its drawbacks, Summer is a pleasant season. Manifold are its delicious fruits and fragrant flowers, and lamb and green peas are more especially

its own. Pleasant to the olfactory department is the odour of the new-mown hay, and doubly delicious to the arid palate, the draught of nut-brown ale. To say nothing of the glorious rising or going down of the sun, look how he is employed for our good throughout the live-long day; not with the merry though transient glance of Spring—not the waning smile of Autumn; but ardently, untiringly—ripening the fragrant orange, luscious melon, the almost too exquisite pine. Or what is more, pouring his fierce favours on the thousand hills of "vine-clad France"—on the fruitful valleys of the glorious, the worshipped, the venerated Rhine—or the blooming banks of the blue Moselle, impregnating the glowing clusters of grapes with that mysterious juice, that has in all times and seasons been found a cordial for the heart of man—that nectarian draught, which, let the water-bibber say what he may, when quaffed in tolerable moderation, by people of generous spirits and clear consciences, exhilarates the inward man, breaks down the chilly barriers of worldly circumspection and restraint, and induces such a feeling of good-will and benignity to all created things, as is not to be obtained by swilling *aqua pura* by the gallon. But mightier quills have sung thy praise, O wine! Blessings on thee! and on the Summer sun that brings thee!

RURAL RETIREMENT.

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Before the solid structures of cities were laid, the race of man resided in the woods and fields, and the name of the *golden age*, we suppose, was given to this generation from contrast, as very little or no gold could have been current. A pastoral life, as it is the occupation of the great majority of mankind, appears also to be the most adapted to his nature, and the most fitted for the ends and purposes of his existence. "God made the country, but man made the town," is true in its obvious signification, and thoroughly correct in its moral analysis. Almost every dream of enjoyment—in fact, the very foundation of our castle-building, to ensure its permanency, should be laid in the country. The perspective of the career of rational and graceful pleasure must be bounded by the scenery of rural life—with some sweet cottage *ornée* embowered in its gardens and pleasure grounds, protected from the bleak north-easters by the foliages of overhanging trees, through whose leaves the fervid rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate, and faintly quiver upon the walls, as if chasing one another in their radiant gambols. We are dreaming of gardens fenced with living hedges — not wooden palings, so destructive of the picturesque, and such constant sources of trouble, annoyance, and expense—but the ever-verdant enclosure of shrubbery and coppice. In scenery like this, with some fair spirit for a ministering angel, to enhance the pleasures of life and to soothe its cares—to extract the thorns, while she gathers and presents to us the roses of existence—a man's career might glide away in rapture, and his only complaint of life would arise from its brief and transitory course. A woman never appears to such advantage as in the country, away from the noise and tumult of the mighty Babel, where so many cares distract her; where the imperious demands of society hurry her away from her family; where the day is converted into a scene of bustle, and the hours which should be dedicated to repose and quiet are encroached upon. The proof of this is, that the votaries of fashion find themselves compelled, at the end of the season, to recur to rural scenery and retirement, from absolute exhaustion, and from utter inability to bear up under the heavy expenditure of life exacted by the calls of pleasure in town dissipations, the wear and tear of spirits, and the debilitating excitement by which body and mind are alike impaired.

From the time of Sultan Adam, the father of mankind, to the age of Diocletian, its master, and from this Roman emperor down to the English statesman and philosopher, Sir William Temple, how many sovereigns and sages have amused their leisure, and snatched brief but sweet intervals from the bustle and turmoil of war and politics, to brace their minds with a fresh tone, and recruit their wearied frames in the innocent and healthful pursuits of horticulture. In this country we have sunny spots and beautiful rivers — we have noble trees and exquisite flowers—and, above all, we have, in the women of our native land, with their elegant and accomplished minds, the beings who could throw a greenness over even the sandiest waste, and make of our scenery a garden of Eden.

QUACKERY.

In 1750 a mad enthusiast, a private in the Life Guards, predicted that London would be overthrown on a certain day, which induced an impudent quack to sell a large cargo of pills, which he assured the people "were good against earthquakes!"

THE FAIR SEX.

Barrett, in his "Woman: a Poem," pays the following compliment, as beautiful as it is true, to the enhancers of our pleasures, the solacers of our cares, in whose arms our first hours are nursed, and on whose bosoms we generally breathe our last.

"Ask the gray pilgrim, by the surges cast
On hostile shores, and numb'd beneath the blast—
Ask, who relieved him—who the hearth began
To kindle—who with spilling goblet ran—
Oh! he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his wither'd hands, and WOMAN name!"

CONFUSION OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

An itinerant preacher, when discoursing on the goodness of Providence, said, "But, my brethren, even death itself, which, for our many offences, we have all merited, Providence has wisely placed at the *end* of our lives: for oh, what would life be worth, were death at the *beginning?*" In another part he remarked *naïvely:*—"It is another instance of the goodness of Providence, that large rivers always flow by large towns!"

EARLY RISING.

"It is this habit," says a country paper, "which makes the working people so sturdy, and it is the sweltering in beds of down till noon of the rich aristocracy, that makes them so effeminate in mind and body, and so willing to be protected by standing armies and hereditary prerogatives." This is an error, at least as far as applies to our aristocracy. The pursuits in which they principally indulge, are those of the chase and sporting, which are incompatible with lazy habits. The very appearance of the English nobility and gentry disproves the allegation of the writer of the above extract. Health and freshness do not comport with indolent habits of body, and sluggishness of intellect generally accompanies an indulgence in late rising. No class of men in the world are more distinguished than the aristocracy of England for healthful looks, and the display of intellect; *ergo*—they do not patronize such habits as are destructive of these qualifications. Sweeping assertions, and general accusations, are usually faulty.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

You know my opinion (said John Randolph) of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children round him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

POLITICAL MAXIM.

After the revolution of the eighteenth Brumaire, Napoleon observed, "Something new must be done every three months to captivate the imagination of the French nation, with them whoever stands still is ruined."

CALAMITIES OF POETS.

There is not among all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets. In the comparative view of wretches, the criterion is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are doomed to bear. Take a being of our kind, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man, implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays, tracing the grashopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pool, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies—in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet.

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THE RECEIPT FOR MAKING SHERBET.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(Translated from the French, for the Parterre.)

A good old Persian, having reached the end of a long and blameless life, experienced in his last moments intense anxiety about the destiny of his two sons, whom he left without fortune, trade, or protection. The eldest, who was twenty years of age, was named Osman; the other was two years younger, and bore the name of Zambri.

The last moments of the old man at length drew nigh, and as he was thinking less of his own sufferings than of the fate betiding his children, his ear was agreeably roused by the accents of a soft, melodious voice, that said to him, "Fear nothing, good old man, I will watch over thy children; die in peace, as thou hast lived. I bring a present to each of thy sons; let them make a good use of it; one day, perhaps, they will meet each other again, and live in happiness." At these words a balsamic odour was diffused through the apartment, and a brilliant light, soft as a moonbeam, shewed to the old man the features of a youth, whose physiognomy had something celestial. It was a beneficent Genius, who, having deposited his gifts on the couch of the dying man, disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

The old Persian summoned his two sons to his bed-side; they came, hastily lighted a small lamp, and, approaching their father, heard the account of the vision with which he had just been honoured, and were shewn the presents of the Genius. On one side was a little box, covered with glittering spangles; on the other, a leaf of paper, carefully sealed. "Come, Osman, you are the eldest," said the father; "it is for you to choose."

Osman, enticed by the lustre of the box, eagerly seized it, and poor Zambri was obliged to be satisfied with the humble sheet of paper. The old man embraced and blessed his sons, and died

like one who sleeps in the arms of hope.

Having sincerely bewailed the loss of so kind a father, and having paid him the duties of an honourable sepulture, the two brothers were anxious to learn what assistance they might hope to derive from the presents of the Genius. Osman opened his little box, and found it filled with lozenges of different forms and colours. He was tempted to laugh at so miserable a donation, when he perceived these words written round the lid of the box:—*Every time thou shalt eat one of these lozenges, thy imagination shall produce a poem, perfect as a whole, and sublime or elegant in its details; such, in short, as shall surpass the works of the best poet of Persia.*

Osman was not wanting in vanity; the possession of so splendid a secret completely turned his head; myriads of illusions of glory and fortune overpowered him at once.

From the worth of the present the Genius had made to his brother, Zambri doubted not that his paper contained likewise some marvellous secret. He opened it, and read with surprise, not unmingled with grief—*New receipt for making sherbet.* A few lines only indicated the method of composing a liquor, of which a single drop in a bowl of sherbet would impart to it a flavour and perfume, until then unknown by the most luxurious Asiatics.

Osman was overjoyed, but Zambri was quite in despair. Osman did not wish to quit his brother, but the command of the Genius on this point was positive; so the two brothers affectionately embraced each other, and, shedding a few tears, separated. The elder took the road to Bagdad, where all the literati and poets of Asia were assembled to embellish the court of the Caliph. As to poor Zambri, he departed from the humble cottage of his father, taking with him only the poor *receipt for making sherbet;* leaving the direction of his path to chance, which often guides us as effectually as prudence.

Before his arrival at Bagdad, Osman had already eaten half-a-dozen lozenges, and consequently had produced half-a-dozen poems, before which the productions of the greatest oriental poets grew dim and insipid. But he soon learnt, it is not talent that leads to fortune, but patronage. He felt the necessity of connecting himself with men of letters and of the world; but he saw only men pre-occupied with their own concerns, their pleasures, or their pretensions. Under what title should he present himself? Under that of a poet? The palace and the city were overflowing with them; every avenue to fame was already choked up. To consult his colleagues was to advise with his rivals; to ask praise of them, was to ask a miser for the key of his money chest. The critics were afraid to be the first to applaud, lest they should compromise their reputation. The men of the world waited for the decision of the critics, and the ignorant fancied they gave more peculiar evidence of discernment and delicacy by contempt than approbation. Besides, so many new books were constantly appearing, that scarcely anything was read. Notwithstanding all this, the works of Osman found a publisher; but they were scarcely even noticed amidst the multitude of productions of the same sort.

Having existed for four or five years at Bagdad, without obtaining more than a whispered encouragement from some wise men, who were without credit, precisely because they were wise, poor Osman began to lose the brilliant hopes that had formerly dazzled him. Nevertheless, by dint of eating lozenges, he did at length attract some attention. If genius require a time to emerge from obscurity, scarcely is it known than it is repaid for that early injustice: it is run after, not for its own sake, but from vanity; envy will likewise sometimes seize upon it, as an instrument that may possibly serve its purposes. At length, however, nothing was talked of but the writings of Osman; they were read with avidity, and compared with those of esteemed poets, not to heighten Osman, but to humble men whose fame became importunate. At length, poor Osman, after languishing so long in oblivion, suddenly saw himself on a pinnacle, without having passed through the intermediate degrees between wretchedness and prosperity, obscurity and renown.

The Caliph desired to see so great a genius; he was anxious to ornament his court with him. Osman was cumbered with honours; he sang the praise of the Caliph with a refinement far beyond the power of other poets to imitate; and the Caliph delighted in this refined praise so much the more, as it was food not often to be met with at court.

So much merit, and such surpassing happiness in particular, soon excited the

jealousy of the other poets and courtiers. Those even who had avowed themselves the most enthusiastic admirers of Osman, fearing to be eclipsed by this new comer, resolved to overthrow the idol they had raised to a higher eminence than they had desired.

One of these poets, an enemy to Osman, was commissioned to compose a satire against the Caliph, and it was concerted for this production to be secretly circulated in the name of the favourite. From this moment the avenger of the common cause haunted Osman's footsteps like a shadow, incessantly bepraising and extolling him.

It chanced that as Osman, on some occasion, *improvised* a new poem before the Caliph, his rival, having given him an animated applause, accidentally cast his eyes to the ground, and saw one of the little glittering lozenges of Osman, who, carried away by the impetuosity of declamation, had chanced to let it drop on the carpet. The traitor picked it up, and mechanically put it to his mouth.

The lozenge produced its effect; the poet felt a sudden inspiration, and straitway retiring from the hall of audience, composed the projected satire. He was himself surprised at the wealth of his own imagination; the lines ready pointed flowed from his pen without effort; the most stinging expressions rose unsought to his invocation; in an instant, as it were, he had completed a master-piece of true malignity.

He remained a few seconds, entranced in ecstasy at his own performance; then carried it in triumph to his friends, or rather, his accomplices. The satire was received with shouts of applause: it was in the pure and energetic style of Osman. His hand-writing was imitated; and the libel was immediately circulated under his name.

Murmurs were heard in every direction against the ingratitude of Osman. The satire fell into the hands of the Caliph, who in the indignation of wounded self-esteem, ordered the unfortunate Osman to be stripped of his possessions, clothed in the rags and tatters of poverty, and forthwith ignominiously driven out from Bagdad. Osman, overwhelmed by this unforeseen blow, could not even find language to defend himself with.* How indeed could the voice of his innocence have been heard above the roar of calumny?

* Query — Why did he not eat another lozenge, and declaim against justice? &c. *Translator.*

Having wandered long, hither and thither, as chance directed him, imploring pity, sometimes received benevolently, but oftener selfishly repulsed, he arrived at nightfall at a beautiful country mansion magnificently illuminated. Here he heard the voice of joy blended with the brilliant tones of a multitude of instruments, and saw on every side preparations for a splendid entertainment. Meantime the thunder began to growl, the heavens darkened beneath a dense canopy of clouds, and the tattered garments of Osman were soon drenched with rain.

He approached the beautiful dwelling, in hope to find there, if not hospitality for the night, at least a shelter from the passing tempest. The slaves who perceived him, advanced and asked harshly what he wanted. "A humble shelter from the storm, a morsel of bread to appease my hunger, and a handful of straw whereon to rest my wearied limbs." —"There is nothing here for you."— "For Pity's sake." "Retire."—"See how it rains! — hear the thunder!" "Go and anchor elsewhere, but do not come to disturb with thy presence the festivities of our master."

Osman was obeying this rigorous order when the master of the house, who from the window had witnessed the whole scene, descended, summoned his slaves, and ordered them to take the unfortunate in, to give him clothing, a bed, and all he could stand in need of. "Woe!" said he, "woe be to the man who, in the midst of his enjoyment, can suffer the poor to approach and implore in vain! Woe to the rich man, who surfeited with his choice viands refuses a morsel of bread to a brother in distress! Poor traveller! go and repose thyself, and may the Prophet shed on thee a gentle sleep, in which thou mayst, if only for a moment, lose the remembrance of thy misfortunes!" "Heavens!" exclaimed Osman, "what voice do I hear! it is the voice of Zambri!"—"Zambri!" returned the other, "what! you know him then?"—"Do I know him? indeed, do I know my own brother!"— "You my brother!" exclaimed Zambri in his turn, surprised, "can it be true?— The voice—the features, though changed by grief and misery—ah! I remember them all! we meet again, my dear Osman!"—He could say no more: overcome with emotion, he essayed affectionately to embrace his brother, but Osman subdued by excess of joy, had fallen senseless at his feet.

'Osman was carried into the handsomest apartment in the house; every attention was lavished upon him, and in a short time he was restored to consciousness. Zambri gave him a magnificent change of dress; and taking him by the hand, led him into the festive hall, and introduced him to his friends. After the banquet, Osman related the vicissitudes of his fortune, his long misery, his rapid rise to eminence, the jealousy and perfidy of his enemies. "But thou," he added, "my dear Zambri, by what happy chance do I meet thee here? and this beautiful house, these numerous domestics, this sumptuous furniture, thou owest ——" "*To the receipt for making sherbet*," said Zambri smiling. "Listen to my story; it is a very simple one. Immediately on leaving you, I directed my steps towards Teflis; all I sought, was my daily bread. On my arrival I presented myself in the public squares frequented by the rich men, who resort thither to take ice and sherbet. I asked employment of the master of a divan, who harshly repulsed me: he is not the first person who has shut his door against his fortune.

"I presented myself at several other houses in rotation, and experienced the same reception. Not knowing what to do, and being without money wherewith to subsist, I at length repaired to the obscure coffee houses frequented by the humbler classes of society. I solicited employment, and a man named Mehdad, the owner of a miserable looking place, agreed to accept my services. I prepared a bottle of sherbet from the receipt of the beneficent Genius, but the ingredients of which, though very simple, I had till then been without, and in a short time the door of the coffee-house of Mehdad was constantly crowded: persons of distinction would drink no other than Mehdad's sherbet, and he prospered so much in his business, that he began to accumulate a fortune.

"He had an only child, a daughter; she was handsome, and was young; she pleased my fancy, and I solicited her hand. I had not divulged the secret of the receipt; Mehdad, ignorant that he was indebted to me for his fortune, was persuaded he owed it solely to his own ability. He contemptuously rejected my proposal, and dismissed me from his house. Poor man! he is not the first who has, unknown to himself, shut his door against his own good fortune.

"I had gained some money in his service, and made use of my economical savings to form on my own account an establishment in one of the public gardens of Teflis, on the delightful banks of the river Khur. I built a little booth in an elegant and simple style; there I sold my sherbet to those who visited the gardens. In a short time Mehdad and all the coffee houses in Teflis were deserted for my little tent. Nothing was talked of but the sherbet of Zambri; it was cried up in every circle, and introduced at every festivity. The garden of Zambri was thronged with company from the rising to the going down of the sun. The multitude gathered round my tent like swarms of flies around a drop of honey. I was obliged to erect a tent ten times larger than the first, and I ornamented it in a magnificent style.

"In less than a year I had already acquired a considerable fortune. I gave up my new establishment, and settled in the city, where I sold merchandise of all sorts. I prepared large quantities of this beneficent liquor, to which I was indebted for my wealth. I sent it to every city of Persia, and even exported it to remotest countries. Heaven seemed to prosper all my undertakings. A beautiful young woman, twenty years of age, the widow of a rich merchant, saw and loved me. I was not insensible to her charms, and my felicity was increased by one of the happiest of marriages.

"We have made the acquisition of this delightful dwelling; we live here in the pleasantest months of the year, with our true friends, who, by sharing our pleasures, add a new lustre to them.

"How many times, dear Osman, have my thoughts been occupied with thee! Often in the midst of my prosperity have I said to myself—'What is my brother doing? On what spot does Osmar reside? Doubtless the splendid secret he is possessor of, must already have procured him an immense fortune, and have raised him to great honour.' But I have learnt indeed to-day, that for a happy and peaceful life, and even for a substantially prosperous one, the humblest trade is more certain than brilliant talent. It is not that in the way of business I have experienced no vexations. I have had my enviers, but have been able to silence them. Sometimes my sherbet has been counterfeited; but the fraud has always been discovered, and the intrigues of my rivals have but served to increase my renown. I have found out in my day, that the palate of men is easier to satisfy than their imagination, and that those who cannot agree about

the merit of a good book, will more easily decide together upon the flavour of anything to eat or drink."

So said honest Zambri. He did every thing affection could devise for the consolation of Osman. The two brothers were not again separated; and thanks to the *Receipt for making Sherbet*, continued long to enjoy the varied pleasures of wealth, and the more real and durable pleasures of a quiet spirit and a friendly disposition. B. E. M.

Bedford, July 13, 1835.

THE SEASONS,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THOMSON.

BY W. COX.

AUTUMN.

MERRY, mellow, melancholy Autumn approaches, his countenance overshadowing and changing from "gay to grave," as he moves onward. He is like unto a tippling sentimentalist over his cups; riotously jolly at the outset—then quietly good-natured, meekly pleasant, until the liquor has thoroughly done its office, and a change ensues. The toper becomes all at once infected with pensive sadness—"he is melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe, or a melody of Moorditch:"—the flood-gates of sentiment are thrown open; he discourses of mutability and change; he hazards an opinion that all must die; his voice becomes tremulous with tenderness, and broken and disordered with hiccup; a Listonian plaintiveness overspreads his countenance, and large drops of sympathetic woe "course one another down his innocent nose;" in common parlance, he is "crying drunk." So it is with Autumn. Nothing can be more mirthful and hilarious than the early part of his career—nothing more dismally lugubrious than the close. In the former we have the perfection of all Spring planted and Summer ripened; fields of yellow grain, the stems trembling with their golden fruitage, and teeming orchards basking in the clear September sky: in the latter, the sickly fog—the dead, dull pattering of the rain—the fall of the withered leaf—the wail of the groves over their departing loveliness; coughs, colds, catarrhs, quinseys, together with hosts of intensely blue devils, that creep into your every thought, and incorporate themselves in your every action. 'T is a moping time, but let us not anticipate.

The harvest—the plenteous harvest is over. The produce of the stripped fields is securely lodged in the farmer's storehouse, and the hearts of the holders of bonded corn sink within them. Now comes the agricultural saturnalia—the appropriate season of rustic revelry. Now is the farmer's "harvest home," and jovial, mighty feasts in honour of the happy consummation of the labours of the year are rife in all the country round. The rafters of the huge barns shake again as the "fun grows fast and furious," and country swains and damsels trip it most vigorously on the "light fantastic toe," or, more correctly speaking, "solid foot." Heavens! what thews and sinews must compose those limbs that withstand the continuous succession of jolts, jerks, and dislocations which ensue when the Paganini of the district rattles away at "The corn-rigs are bonnie, o," or the still more boisterous "Wind that shakes the Barley." Little reck they for "the foreign aid of ornament;" all they want, like William Tell, is, "action, action, action!" and verily they get it; yet, thanks be to their sturdy frames, however plentiful bruises and flesh-wounds may be on those saltatory occasions, serious consequences but seldom ensue.

But the season creeps on, and nature sickens. Wan October is almost overpast.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the groves, the wither'd leaves lie dead—
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits' tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day."

I have a theory of marriages. There should be none—or few—in Autumn. Spring, when Nature puts on "her mantle green," trimmed with flowers, is the appropriate season for the youthful and romantic—the fresh in heart and hope; Summer for the more mature, worldly, and light-hearted; Winter for the cold and prudent—those who lack additional cash and comfort—from whose vocabulary "bliss" has long since been expunged, and "convenience" substituted in its place. But in the season of falling leaves and drooping flowers; when the bird has ceased its song; when the earth is filled with fading loveliness, and the sun is dimmer in heaven, none but the widow and the widower—those of blunted or blighted feelings and affec-

tions, on whom never more "the freshness of the heart shall fall like dew," should, as the lawyers say, "join issue" in the season of desolation and decay.

Some people, with heads of lead, and nerves of whipcord, pretend that the changes of season or atmosphere, or the scenes of physical renovation or decay with which they are alternately encompassed make no sort of difference with them; that they are just as elate in spirit, groping through a fog as basking in the sunshine; and that, with the exception of the mere animal sensations of cold, damp, etc., it is of little moment to them, whether they are saluted by the soft south-west or raw north-east; and as far as the different changes and shades of thought and feeling, called into action by the bursting beauty of Spring or the decaying glory of Autumn, that it is mere whim, fancy, imagination. This may be true, as regards their own petrified souls and cast-metal carcasses; otherwise it is thoroughly false. If the mind is involuntarily anticipative, and therefore cheerful, in Spring, it is just as naturally and involuntarily retrospective, and therefore melancholy, in Autumn. Did ever man catch himself chuckling over a by-past jest as he walked over the sere, brown fields; or humming a cheerful ditty as he trod the mazes of the withered wood towards the close of October? The moan of the wind, as it whirled the dry leaves from the tree, and the hollow echo of his footsteps as he stalked over them, would soon convince his heart and ear that there was a discord in the strain—that it was not in unison with the mournful melodies of the dying year. No: all that savours of "L'Allegro" seems light and vain—frivolous and heartless, at such a time, and in such a place. "Then comes the fit again," to which all are occasionally subject, when the mind turns distastefully from the future, to pertinaciously dwell upon the sorrow-checkered past. There are moments when the mists of memory are more welcome to the mind, than the most radiant visions of hope—when what is to be, no matter how full of promise, is vapid and impertinent, in comparison with what has been. Then we smile faintly and sadly over remembered joys, and more faintly and sadly still over remembered sorrows. But the mind cannot sustain itself in this mood. Cheerfulness will at length break in. We turn our steps again to the habitations of men. We agree with the poet, that—

> "'T is in vain
> To complain
> In a melancholy strain,
> Of the days that are gone and can never come again."

and we hasten homewards, where, if plump partridge, or delicate pheasant, or tender leveret, or other appropriate delicacy of the season await our coming, a visible change ensues. A mild cheerfulness irradiates the bosom, dispelling the tender melancholy that lately reigned paramount. Our animal—our carnivorous nature returns; the fumes from the savoury viands ascend to the brain, driving thence all thoughts of mortality or decay. A placid gladness steals over us, we eat, and are happy! "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason," etc.

WINTER.

> "The storm comes on apace."
> *From an unpublished Melodrama.*

Hark to the low muttering—the solemn sobbing of the coming tempest! Ay, the grim old tyrant, Winter, is with us again; not as we saw him last—weak, shrivelled, attenuated, and retreating—but strong, fierce, resistless, and advancing with giant strides and strength. Armed with the terrors of the elements—the bellowing wind, the piercing sleet, the blinding snow, and rattling hail—he rushes onward, scattering desolation and dismay in his terrific progress. Old Ocean hears him afar off, and the dull, black surge, already begins to chafe and mutiny, and leap instinctively towards the deck of the labouring vessel. The old weather-beaten sailor, with pipe in cheek, and one eye closed, cocks the other over the weather-bow, and oracularly announces that there is much "dirt" in the sky. Down comes every inch of superfluous canvass; sails are stowed—reefs taken in—the ship made "snug," (snug!) and then, imperturbable as the anchor, he awaits the coming shock. He is no hero; he dislikes death as much as a divine or a philosopher; grog is still pleasant to his palate, and the odoriferousness of tobacco has not yet departed; but custom has enabled him to meet calmly and coolly that which would turn the heart (and stomach) of a hero inland bred, to look upon. May he escape the fishes! though in truth they would have no great catch. He is altogether too tough and weather-beaten for pleasant mastication; and even the least particular of sharks would prefer an old tarpaulin. Meanwhile, onward

sweep the savage winds over the icy seas of the North, the boiling Atlantic, and limitless Pacific, seeking in every quarter their trembling prey, the frail and flying vessel. Ay—many a gallant spirit will be "quenched in waters cold," before their fury is again laid to rest, and they learn once more to murmur mildly o'er the summer sea.

But let us leave the grand and dreary —the dull and dreadful deep—and look landwards. Can this mass of mud and clay, and thorns and brambles, and barren hills and miry valleys, be our sweet earth that we have taken such delight in for the last nine months? Verily, as it is written in Irish, "she hath clothed herself in nakedness." The poor, forlorn groves, divested of all their gorgeous drapery, have not wherewithal left to make a decent appearance, and stand, like "unhousel'd" beggars, sighing and shaking in the unpitying wind, while their pretty tenantry flit uneasily about from bough to bough in search of their scanty fare. The melancholy cattle stand ruefully contemplating the foodless fields, doubtless

"Chewing the cud of sad and bitter fancy:"

for scanty are the materials for furnishing other cud to chew; and the mournful cry of the plover from the barren moors strikes desolately on the ear, mixed with the sullen sound of the swollen stream, and the fitful gusts of the damp raw wind. Starvation and desolation are all around. We sympathise with the forlorn condition of inanimate nature in every shape, but more particularly the poor trees. Can there be a more distressed, poverty-stricken object than a stripped tree, especially when one calls to mind "its high and palmy state" in the times that are past? Look at that solitary one, for instance, in the middle of the opposite field. A few short months ago, and it waved its verdant branches most musically in the summer wind, and threw them protectingly over the recumbent cattle, which, tired of cropping their flowery food, and plagued by the noontide heats, sought shelter beneath its grateful shade. Look at it now, without a rag to its back, as desolate-looking as a hungry man with his hands in his breeches pockets instinctively feeling for the sixpence which is not.

Without wishing to appear singular, I must own that I am one of those persons who have a strange antipathy to death. The nearer he approaches, the more odious he appears; and that shape is ever the most unamiable in which he advances slowest. True, in a misty afternoon, after a heavy dinner and a bottle of port, when one feels stupid and pathetic, I have caught myself repeating with the poet—

"There is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

And have even proceeded (heaven forgive me!) so far as to add—

I long to lay this aching head
And throbbing heart beneath the soil—
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

But only let me perceive the remotest chance of such a consummation, and what a revulsion of feeling immediately takes place! How soon a doctor becomes ennobled in my eyes, and even a quack is invested with a tinge of respectability. What a trifle is bleeding, blistering, or swallowing of the most nauseous substances in such a case! No more idle, *healthful* bravado about throwing "physic to the dogs." All sorts would be swallowed cheerfully, ay, even ipecacuanha, rather than quit this "vale of tears." This is not heroic, but it is true; and when I hear the sage, the philosopher, and the moralist, discoursing about death as calmly as about their dinner—when I hear the preacher eloquently laying down the law touching the nothingness of life, and the grave being without any terrors for the virtuous (amongst whom I presume myself included),—when I hear patriots—mushroom ones—mob-orators, fellows in the street, magnanimously roar out that it is a mere trifle when encountered for the public good, I really begin to think at times that mankind must have grown all valiant, and that this distaste of mine "for shuffling off my mortal coil," arises simply from some idiosyncrasy—some constitutional peculiarity which I am unable to account for. Be that as it may, at all times and in all seasons, the blithesome Spring, the blooming Summer, or temperate Autumn, I have always some reason or other for not wishing to die just then; but in Winter, the gloomy tyrant is my peculiar aversion. Oh, who can look at the dirty, dull, dreary, dismal church-yard, with its melancholy ranks of monumental stones, and fancy, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, that there will be "snug lying" in its precincts! I imagine a hole dug by the side of the dull, blank wall, through that

dank, cold soil, saturated four feet down by the dissolving snow. Really, Mr. Bryant, it is asking too much to require any person to think of approaching such a receptacle,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Such a thing is not to be thought of. Then imagine yourself left sticking in the mud, the gloomy night gathering in, and the driving sleet pattering on your "winter-quarters;" while all your friends, who stood shivering and crying (with cold) round your grave, are off to their warm, cheerful hearths, in order to enjoy a few additional comforts to compensate for their past sufferings. "Poor fellow!" exclaims your chief mourner, as he lights his cigar, places his feet upon the fender, and lolls back in his easy chair—"poor fellow! (puff) I wonder if he was much in debt?" Can there be any question which of the two has the best of it? True, your dealer in truisms gravely asserts that it makes no sort of difference; that you will sleep just as soundly and comfortably there, as if imbedded among rose-leaves or eider down. Most true, says reason; but I trust my imaginative faculties are of too respectable an order to give credence to such a story. I cannot divest myself of the idea of sensation. No—give me Summer, when earth is warm, and the kindly sun sheds a chastened cheerfulness on your last abiding place.

But to leave these doleful themes. Winter has its comforts. It is the most sociable of seasons. Man is more gregarious at this period than any other. Cut off from nearly all communion with nature, even the most unsociable of the species combine to eat and drink more in bodies. Now is the time for fun and frolic, and song and sentiment, and hot punch and foolish speeches, and "proudest moments of your life." Now is the time for the small quiet room, brisk fire, and favourite author. Now does the keen bracing north wind blow, and the glowing skater skim gracefully over the smooth black ice. Now tinkle the merry sleigh-bells over hill and dale, and shines the clear cold moon, as lads drive lasses in the unceremonious country, or beaux drive belles in the outskirts of the polished city—

O'er the pure virgin snows, themselves as pure;

or otherwise, just as it may happen. And now, O Winter! comes the especial season of feasting, of harmless relaxation, and joyous revelry—now comes merry Christmas and jolly New Year. These, Winter, are thine own. Oh, there is much to be enjoyed and be thankful for on this slandered earth of ours—at all times and at all seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—by the possessors of warm hearts, good tempers, sociable dispositions, clear consciences, and undebased animal functions. Health and happiness to all such! May they see many a bright revolving year, and e'en let the gloomy grumble and the ascetic sneer, to the end of the chapter, as best pleaseth them.

THE COUNTRY.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

I'd lead a country life!
But fools would fly from it;—for oh, 't is sweet!
It finds the heart out, be there one to find.
——————— It is to dwell
Mid smiles that are not neighbours to deceit,
Music whose melody is of the heart,
And gifts that are not made for interest,
Abundantly bestowed by nature's cheek,
And voice and hand! It is to live on life
And husband it! It is to constant scan
The handiwork of heaven!

MECCA.

(For the Parterre).

Translated from *Jules Planat's "Histoire de la Régénération de l'Egypt."* (*Paris*, 1830).

THE CITY.

Mecca, built on a narrow strip of ground, follows the sweep of a valley shut in between barren, rocky, and melancholy-looking mountains. Two gardens only are to be seen in the place; one belonging to the sheriff Said, and the other to the square Amina. You must be close to the gates of Mecca before you perceive the city; the houses of the principal street are lofty and well built.

The unfortunate pilgrims in rags (*hadjis*), who come from all points of Africa and Asia, to redeem themselves by a species of baptism from the sins of their past life, arrive there often at the point of death from fatigue and misery. Numbers succumb by the way, on the sea or in the deserts. The suburbs of Mecca swarm with these miserable creatures, sick and dying, and left to themselves. When they resort to the Caäba, whose gates open at noon, they are literally crushed by the crowds contending for the honour to be the first to enter there.

The environs of Mecca are celebrated as places consecrated by superstition to certain devotions, as happens in different countries of the earth. Such is the spot where the expiation is made, called *Mena*, distant about a two hours' journey: it is a rock cleft into several blocks, where Adam and Eve met for the first time. Such is likewise Mount Ararat, a pilgrimage of obligation described by Aly-Bey. In other places they shew the print of the heel of the prophet, and on a slab of marble in the form of a long square, that also of the feet of his gazelle; a fact certified with solemnity in one of the most ridiculous stories possible: this stone is hollowed, with nine holes on one side and eleven on the other.

It is a general belief in the East, that a Christian who should gaze upon Mecca would immediately lose his eyesight; and that should he enter within the city, he would suddenly die, at least unless grace did not work within, and prompt him to abjure his religion in favour of Islamism.

THE TEMPLE.

The gates of the Temple are reached by nineteen narrow irregular streets. These gates are forty-one in number.

The altar, or Caäba, standing in the middle of the temple, and over which is thrown the carpet brought annually from Cairo, contains a room entered only by a window placed at a considerable height from the ground, which requires a ladder to reach it. Above is inscribed:

"Whoever has entered here was a true believer."

On the interior walls are observed verses of the Koran. To the east of the altar, without, is affixed the celebrated black stone (*Hadjar el asoad*) which has the virtue to efface the stains of the soul. The faithful touch it with their hand, when the crowd does not permit them to kiss it, and afterwards rub their face and limbs: it is covered with a silver gauze. The angle to the north is called Irac; on this side is the stone of Ismael. The angle to the west is called Châma (Syria), and the angle to the south, Yemen. A colonnade of bronze describing an imperfect oval, encloses the Caäba at a radius of about ten yards, sustaining lamps of silver.

The monuments surrounding the Caäba within the temple are:

To the North, The Kanafi.
To the West, The Malek.
To the South, The Hanbali.
To the East, The Chafey and the Water gate of Zemzem.
To the East The monument of Ibrahim.
" " The ancient gate of Salvation.
" " The chair of the grand Sheriff.
" " The cupola of Abas.
" " The magazine of oil.
" " The house of the Jews.

The temple, of a long irregular square, presents round its interior walls four rows of columns, supporting arches surmounted by small cupolas, a hundred and thirty-three yards in length, and a hundred and fourteen in breadth. The Caäba is seven cubits on each side. The gates of the temple are three cubits each in width. These measurements give the differences of the interesting accounts of Mecca and the pilgrimage thither, by Niebuhr, and Aly Bey, as well as that of Burckhardt. The inhabitants of Mecca are peaceable speculators upon the caravans, and have no thought of joining the famous sectaries (*Islam protestants*) of Wahab; they would lose too much to drive away the Mussulmans from the Holy places, and to conquer their liberty; thus this population may rather be considered as making merchandize of the pilgrims, than as attracted to Mecca by devotion. ——— B. E. M.

NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS.

MY LIFE.

"My Life," by the author of "Stories of Waterloo," is one of a class of novels in which few efforts have been recently made, and fewer still successfully. It may be compared to those of the Fielding and Smollett school, with the necessary difference of time and personages, and the consequent alteration of manners and habits. It is vigorous, humorous, and pathetic, and the incidents portrayed are calculated to excite corresponding emotions.

The book opens with a gay and spirited introduction, which we give below, as a specimen of the author's style.

———

I had been delicate from infancy —and the enervating effects of an unhealthy climate, obliged me to retire upon half-pay, and quit Ceylon for England, to try if native air would restore a shattered constitution. I came to London for medical advice; and while my physician was anxious that I should continue immediately under his eye, he recommended me, for amusement and exercise, to make frequent excursions around the British capital.

No advice could be more congenial to "a truant disposition." I, who had been

buffeted about the world from my boyhood, willingly became a roamer after health; and in the vicinity of the metropolis, there were few spots unvisited in the course of my wanderings.

Every suburban retirement — every scene of holyday dissipation—every signboard which a cockney treasures up in the tablet of his memory, is familiar to me. I have spent weeks upon the river and the road, become resident in steamboats and stages, witnessed many an adventure, consorted with strange companions, and become extensively acquainted with the whole family of man.

It was a sultry day, and I was sitting in the bay-window of the Pier Hotel, at Gravesend, contemplating the unceasing bustle that Father Thames presented. The steamer was to return to town at five, and I rang the bell to order dinner, and thus fill up an interval of two mortal hours. The gentleman of the napkin appeared, produced his *carte*, and eulogized the contents of the larder—for there, as he averred, everything eatable in August would be found. He added, that dinner was just being served at the *table d' hôte* below; and probably rather than dine *tout seul*, I would prefer uniting myself to the party. Undoubtedly I would. I seized my hat and cane, and following as true a descendant of Hal's "Francis" as ever "served a long lease to the clinking of pewter," entered the public room and joined the company.

The party amounted to a dozen, of whom a moiety were of the gentler sex. All, with one exception, were denizens of Cockayne and inhabitants of the modern Babylon. They were all and every, no doubt, "good men and true;" of excellent reputation upon 'Change, and exemplary in their private relations; cherishing their wives, and correcting their children, as became citizens of character and credit. The ladies were fat and comely, and one of them positively handsome. She was a fine, joyous and laughter-loving dame, with teeth exquisitely white, and the blackest eyes in Bishopsgate-street. I saw her steal from beneath her pink silk bonnet an *espiègle* glance at the stranger; and then, probably checked by the proximity of her liege lord, she turned her eyes demurely on the table cloth.

Mr. Hopkins, when he espoused one so young and pretty as she of the pink bonnet, was certainly a bold man. He might easily have had an older daughter; and was moreover a short and bilious gentleman, neither in face nor figure designed by nature for a lady-killer.

I mentioned that one of the party was a stranger to the rest. He was a tall, stout, devil-may-care, dark-whiskered fellow: I never heard a more decided brogue—I never met a wilder-looking gentleman. He was fashionably dressed, apparently on excellent terms with himself, and dying to be very intimate with the rest of the company. He placed himself *vis-à-vis* to the fair citizen; and, more than once, I detected a furtive glance stealing underneath the pink bonnet, when Mr. Hopkins was otherwise engaged.

Dinner proceeded: the citizens ate gallantly — the stranger rattled on— graciously the pink dame smiled—and all were occupied according to their respective fancies. Mrs. Hopkins was indubitably "a fine animal;" but—may heaven pardon her! she used a knife with fish, and swilled "bottled stout" like a Life Guardsman.

When people are limited in time, it is marvellous how expeditiously they contrive to get on. I never met a company who drank fairer: sherry disappeared, brandy and *blue ruin* succeeded; the day was hot—the ladies thirsty: all had come out "on pleasure bent," and hilarity was the order of the day. Mr. Hopkins's cheek was losing its lemon tint insensibly, and acquiring the true *coleur de rose;* and I fancied that his wife's eyes every moment became blacker and brighter! Alas! it was a sun-gleam before a tempest. Suddenly, he bounded from his seat like a racket-ball, and, with a deep imprecation, declared vengeance against my next neighbour, the wild-looking gentleman.

Up the company rose *en masse*. They were all married, and therefore made common cause. There was a deceiver in the room—a Giovanni in the presence —for the stranger, not contented with looking "things unutterable," had actually attempted to establish a pedal communication with her of the pink bonnet; and, confound his awkwardness! he pressed the wrong foot.

It was unpardonable in the wild-looking gentleman. I felt for Mr. Hopkins. Had the delinquent trodden upon my toe, he would have been my destroyer; for I was afflicted with tight shoes and angry corns.

Never did a company appear more unanimous in denouncing a deceiver. At the audacious attempt the gentlemen were irate; and at the bungling execution the ladies were indignant—no wonder! If people will press feet, let them tread upon the right ones.

All and every assumed a hostile attitude, and assault and battery appeared to be the order of the day. An irritated drysalter from Tooley-street, commenced buttoning his coat—and the whole corps seemed to be combining their efforts for a general onslaught.

Nor was the wild-looking gentleman insensible to coming events. I never saw a person more disinclined to submit quietly to martyrdom; and, seizing the poker, he bade a bold defiance to his assailants. The thickest skull has but a sorry chance against "cold iron;" and none of the angry citizens, although doubtless men of approved courage, volunteered to lead the assault. I took advantage of the lull, offered my mediation, and the stranger was permitted to explain. The offence was perfectly accidental—a cramp caused the mischief—Mr. Hopkins was appeased, harmony restored, and a fresh supply of liquids promptly ordered and produced.

How long the armistice would continue unbroken, I did not pretend to guess. The steamer's bell sounded its note of preparation; cockneys by the dozen flocked on board; the paddles revolved briskly, and I went splashing up to town, leaving the wild-looking gentleman to "complete his destinies."

Months passed; autumn was over, and a murky atmosphere with drizzling rain told that it was a London November. I was returning from dinner to my lodgings, when, at the corner of a dark mews, I was hustled by several men, who commenced a simultaneous research into my pockets. Unluckily, I had that evening more cash upon my person than I felt inclined to part with, and accordingly offered a sturdy resistance. But it would have been unavailing, had not a stranger suddenly crossed the street and hurried to the rescue. He was indeed a powerful ally; down went a couple of the Philistines—off ran the rest, and I escaped spoliation. I turned to thank my deliverer, and in the stout stranger recognised my quandum friend, the wild-looking gentleman!

Nor had I been forgotten: he recognised my voice, tucked me under his arm, and we proceeded to a neighbouring tavern. We supped, and over a midnight glass, I recalled to his memory the dinner at Gravesend, and asked him how he had subsequently progressed.

We remained in conversation until a late hour. My friend was leaving London next day, but promised to find me out on his return. We separated, he having presented me with his card, on which was engraven "Captain John Blake."

Spring came, and I heard nothing of my deliverer, when one morning, in "The Times," I saw his marriage regularly gazetted; and, joyful intelligence! it was declared that the lady of his love was passing fair, and rich as an Israelite. After an elaborate account of the dresses and *déjeûner*, it was farther intimated, that the happy pair had returned to town, and were now resident at Ibbotson's. And had the wild-looking gentleman actually become a Benedict, and an heiress committed her happiness to his custody? My curiosity was roused—I longed to learn the history of his good fortune from himself; it would be but civil to offer my congratulations; and, next day, I drove to Vere-street, and sent up my card.

My friend was out, but the servant informed me that his lady was *visible*. I was paraded to the drawing-room, announced as an old acquaintance, and found myself in the presence of the loveliest girl that ever vowed obedience at the altar.

I have, during my march through life, gazed on many a beauty, but never did I view a sweeter expression of artless loveliness, than the bride's face presented when she blushingly received my congratulations. In conversation she was easy and intelligent, and before a quarter of an hour I came to a conclusion, that matrimony may be endured; and that, in the lottery of life, the wild-looking gentleman possessed, as they say in Connaught, "the luck of thousands."

Our *tête-à-tête* was so agreeable, that time slipped on unnoticed. I heard the door unclose, and observed the bride's eyes lighten, as she said, in a soft voice, "It is my husband." I sprang up to welcome my unfortunate friend; but, in a moment, started back in dismay—I had caught a stranger by the hand, and intruded, under false pretences, upon the privacy of a gentleman to whom I was unknown.

I never found myself in a more embarrassing situation, and attempted of course, a blundering apology, while the stranger politely requested me to sit down. It was, indeed, a ridiculous mistake. In name and rank there was certainly a strange coincidence; while, stranger still, in age and personal appearance, the Benedict of Ibbotson's might pass as twin brother to the admirer of Mrs. Hopkins.

I noticed this singularity.

"And may I ask," said the stranger, "where you met this duplicate of mine."

I told him.

"How might he have been engaged on these occasions?"

"On the first, in making love; on the second, in thrashing pick-pockets."

"I fancy I know your friend," said the stranger. "Would you favour me with the particulars of these adventures?"

I consented; and during the recital he laughed immoderately, while the bride appeared to be equally amused.

"Well, sir," he observed, when my narrative was ended, "your acquaintance is, in truth, my loving cousin, — one who, in name and resemblance, is said to be my counterpart, but whom, I suppose, either for sake of distinction, or from his superior vivacity, it has pleased his associates to designate as 'Jack the Devil.'"

I groaned; the identity was proven, and the *sobriquet* indubitably belonged to my worthy friend, the wild-looking gentleman.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "how stupid and unpardonable must this intrusion of mine appear!"

"Far from it," said the bridegroom; "I have heard of you repeatedly from my kinsman; and Colonel ——'s name is quite familiar to Emily and me. Will you waive ceremony, and break our matrimonial *tête-à-tête?* and after dinner I will give you the last intelligence which has reached me of our excellent countryman, 'Jack the Devil!'"

Little inducement was requisite to make me accept his invitation; and from that day, I date the commencement of a friendship that promises only to terminate with life.

THE GIPSIES.

The moon was shining bright and clear upon Morley Down, covering every rise on which its beams fell with soft and silvery light, and casting every dell and opposite slope into dark broad shadow. From that height, a slight degree of mistiness appeared, hanging over the scene in the valley; but above, all was clear; and the satellite of the earth was so bountiful of her reflected rays, that our fellow-stars could scarcely be seen in the sky, twinkling faintly, half-eclipsed by her excess of splendour. The scattered bushes and stunted hawthorns, and the tumulus, with its clump of towering beeches, caught the rays; but, with the peculiar effect of trees by moonlight, the latter seemed more to absorb than to reflect the light, while their long deep shadows cast upon the neighbouring ground, shewed, at least, that they served to intercept the beams. In many of the little pits and hollows of the ground, small pools of water had been formed; and so often did these appear, glistening in the moonshine, in situations otherwise dark, that it seemed as if the light sought out purposely the objects best calculated to reflect it, and, like active benevolence in search of humble merit, followed them into the dim and lowly abodes where they had made their dwelling.

From these pools, however, the sand-pit in which the gipsies had pitched their tents was free; and the only water it contained, was afforded by a small clear spring, which the labourers had cut through in digging for the produce of the pit; and which, welling from the bank, fell into a clear small basin of yellow sand, that would, in all probability, have absorbed it speedily, had it not found a sudden channel among some smooth stones and gravel, and thence wound away, forced into a thousand meanders by the irregularity of the ground, till, issuing forth upon the common, it pursued its course down the hill, and joined by several other brooks, poured no inconsiderable addition into the river in the valley below. It, too, caught the moon-beams and glanced brightly in them; but that was not the only light that shone upon it, as it trickled down the bank, and rested in its little basin below. A redder and less pure gleam was reflected from its waters, for at about twenty yards from the source, close under the shelter of the high bank and overhanging bushes, the gipsies had pitched their tents; and now, though the hour was nearly midnight, they were just in the midst of those revels that often rise up from many a moor, and many a planting throughout old England, while the rest of her denizens are fast asleep. The evening was as warm as if it had been far earlier in the year; and although the wind was high, it whistled sheer over the pit, without visiting with its rude search the corner thereof, in which the race of wanderers had nested their encampment. The very sound, however, and the freshness of the night air, rendered the idea of a fire anything but unpleasant; and in three different spots of the gipsy encampment,

the blaze rose up and the sticks crackled, while the pots, now withdrawn from the flame, the bottles of various shapes that lay round, and the cups, some of tin, some of horn, some of silver,* that circulated rapidly, told that the last and merriest meal of the day had commenced.

Three several groups had assembled round the three fires, and each had its peculiar character. At that which burned in the middle of the scene appeared Pharold, leaning upon the ground, with his elbow supported by a projection of the bank, with a middle-aged woman on one side, and the beautiful girl we have before mentioned on the other. Two or three stout men, of from forty to fifty years, surrounded him; and though joining boldly and freely in all that passed, it was evident that they listened to him when he spoke with the respect due to experience and command, and without any of that sullenness which we have noticed in some of the younger members of the tribe who were with him in the forest. Some more women completed that group; and, though merry enough, it was evident, by their demeanour, that there sat the elders of the tribe. The next fire, at the door of a tent farther up the pit, was surrounded by a different assemblage, though it was some degree mixed. At the entrance of the little hut itself appeared the beldam whom we have seen acting as cook in the forest, and who, on that occasion, had shewn some inclination toward a resistance of Pharold's authority. Round about her were five or six sturdy young men, from five-and-twenty to thirty, and five or six young women, two of whom did not appear to be more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, while the rest were fine lively brown dames of thirty-five or six. The worthy lady of the hut, however, seemed now to have lost her ascerbity, and in a gay and jovial mood, with many a quip and many a jest, kept all her younger auditors in a roar; though every now and then, with a curl of the lip, and a winking eye, she glanced toward the party at the other fire, as if their graver conversation was the subject of her merry sarcasm.

At the third fire appeared the younger part of the tribe, the boys and girls of all ages, except those, indeed, who rested sleeping in the huts; and this circle, the loud laughter and broad jokes of which, were sometimes checkered by the sounds of contention and affray, occasioned by an old pack of cards, was presided over by a strong handsome youth of about nineteen or twenty, whose proper place would have been apparently at the second fire. He was here, however, placed much nearer to the first group, and this proximity gave him, every now and then an opportunity, in the intervals, of teasing his younger comrades, of looking over his shoulder at the beautiful girl we have called Lena, who, as we have said, was leaning beside Pharold, and listening with seeming attention to his discourse.

The whole three fires had assembled round them a much greater number of the gipsy race than had been congregated in the wood where we first saw them; and, in truth, a very formidable party was there gathered together, who might have given not a little difficulty, and offered, should their need have required it, no insignificant resistance, either to gamekeepers, constables, or police-officers. Fourteen stout men, in their prime of strength, with nine or ten boys, capable of very efficient service, were there met together, as well as a number of women, whose arms were of no insignificant weight, and whose tongues might have been more formidable still.

As it may be necessary, for various reasons, to afford a sample of the sort of conversation which was taking place among the gipsies on that night, we shall begin, on many accounts, with the second fire, round which it appeared that a liquor, which smelt very like rum, had been circulating with no retarded movements.

"Take it easy, take it easy, Dickon, my chick," said the old dame of whom we have already spoken, addressing one of the sturdy young vagabonds by whom she was surrounded: "never let's kick up a row among ourselves, do you see. That's the right way to bring the beaks upon us. He's a king of a fellow, too, that Pharold, though he do sometimes look at one, when he's angry, as if the words were too big for his throat—just as I've seen a fat turkey-cock, when I've been nimming him off the perch, and got

* It is a peculiar trait in the character of the gipsies, remarked, I believe, in every country where they are to be found, that each individual strives to possess himself of something formed of one of the precious metals, denying himself even necessaries to procure it; and guarding it with a degree of care which the race extend to few other things. By some writers it is asserted that these cups or ornaments, or other articles formed of gold or silver, descend from generation to generation, and are never parted with, except under circumstances of great necessity.

him tight round the neck with both my hands to stop his gabbling." The simile seemed to tickle the fancy of her auditors, who interrupted her by a roar, which soon, however, died away, and she proceeded. "He's a king of a fellow, though, and it would'nt do to make a split; besides he knows more than common; and the law's again it, too: so take it easy, Dickon, and I'll put you up to a thing or two."

"Ay, do, mother, there's a good soul!" replied the young man. "Do you see, I don't want to split with Pharold; but hang me if I go out shooting at rabbits, and hares, and little devils like, if I am to give my word that I won't touch a deer if it comes across me."

"No, no, Dickon, never you meddle with nobody's deer," said the old woman; "though Bill there, at the other fire," she added, dropping her voice a little, and grinning significantly—"though Bill there, at the other fire, seems to have a great fancy for Pharold's own deer." A low laugh, whose suppressed tone argued that every one felt themselves on dangerous ground, followed her jest, and she went on; "But, howsomdever, Dick, never you meddle with nobody's deer, when you are bid not—till the person that bade you is out of the way—do you see? eh, Dicky, my boy?"

"Ay, that's something like now, Mother Gray," replied Dickon. "Do you see, to-morrow, it seems, we must troop, half one way and half t'other; and then, if I be not sent to a distance, and can get some good fellows to help me, I'll bet a bob that I bring home two or three as fat bucks as ever laid their haunches on the king's table—and that's a better night's work than ever Pharold will do."

"Well, well, Dickon, you shall do it," replied the old dame; "you wait quiet till to-morrow, and seem to think no more about it; and I will get Lena to wheedle Pharold out of the way, if some of his own strange jobs do not take him without; and you shall have free scope and fair play for a night, my boy, anyhow—so the keepers may count their deer the next morning, if they can."

"But suppose I am sent away," said the young man; "I would rather have gone to-night by half."

"But you know you can't, Dickon," she replied; "and it would only make a row to speak about it. We only go ten miles, any of us; and I will take care of your ten miles, my chick. So keep snug; and, do you see, there's no use of bringing up the deer to where we pitch. The shiners are what we want; and Harry Saxon, who bags the pheasants and hares, and who first gave me an inkling about the venison, will take the beasts of us for so much a head, and send them up to the lord-mayor in London. So to-morrow I'll be off early, and get the job arranged proper, and have a cart and horse ready, do you see, Dickon."

Dickon rubbed his hands with much glee; and as it would seem that some people are born to deer-stealing, he felt that satisfaction which all men must feel when a prospect opens before them of their talents at length having a free course. At that moment, however, two shots were heard at no very great distance, but in the direction of the little wooded promontory near Morley-house, and the sound called forth some symptoms of emotion in more than one of the party. Pharold listened, drew in his eyes, and knit his brows hard, while Dickon vowed, with an oath, "That fellow Hallet has gone down into Mrs. Falkland's preserves, and will blow us all with his cursed gun. He might have waited an hour or two."

Pharold listened still, but made no comment; and those by whom he was surrounded seemed to suspend their own observations on the sound till his were spoken. In the meantime, Dickon and the good dame, whom he termed Mother Gray, proceeded with the edifying arrangements they had been making, and had nearly completed their plan for getting Pharold out of the way, stealing two or three deer from some of the neighbouring grounds, and sending them up to the capital to supply his majesty's burgher lieges in their necessity for fat venison. The exact park which they were to plunder, and some other of the minor considerations, were undergoing discussion, in which the whole party round the fire took a friendly and zealous share; when one of Dickon's comrades, who had been keeping an eye on Pharold's circle, touched him on the shoulder, saying, "They are going to divide the money."

"They will not have so much to divide as we shall get to-morrow," said Dickon; "I will answer for that."

"I don't know, I don't know, my chick," rejoined the worthy beldam; "that Pharold is a knowing hand, and always gets more than any one else, work for it how they will. How he

gets it I am sure I don't know; and I often think he must coin his skin into guineas, for my part."

Now the complexion of the old dame herself, and of every one round her, was as yellow as any one could desire; but that did not prevent them all from enjoying the joke highly, simply, perhaps, because Pharold's countenance might be a little brighter in hue than their own. Several of them, however, now rose and approached the other fire, at which the proposed division of gains was about to take place; for it seemed that the tribe in question had retained many of the original habits of their people which have been lost among other hordes. One after another, till the turn came to Pharold, the several gipsies poured forth their acquisitions into this general fund. Silver and copper were the principal metals that appeared in the collection, though a few pieces of gold, consisting in general of coins of the value of seven shillings or half a guinea, sparkled between; the numbers who contributed, however, and the copious contributions of small coin that some of them poured forth, gave the whole sum an imposing amount; but when Pharold at length received the hat in which it was collected, and drawing forth an old purse added between thirty and forty golden pieces to the store, a murmur of joy and satisfaction ran through the assembled gipsies.—*From Mr. James's Novel, "The Gipsy."*

ANECDOTES FROM THE FRENCH.

AN EXTRAVAGANT ATTITUDE.

The Marquis de l' Etorrière, an officer in the French guards, and the handsomest man of his day in Paris, was once made a sad dupe to the good opinion he could not fail to entertain of himself, from the general admiration of which he was the object. Being in the crowd in the church of Quinze Vingts, at the noon-day mass, he felt himself so much pressed on one side as to make him turn hastily round to his neighbour. The man who had pushed against him said: "Sir, would you be so good as to turn in the other direction?"—"Why so, sir?"—"Since you oblige me to acknowledge sir, it is that I am an artist, and my coadjutor, who is in the gallery to the left, commissioned by a lady of distinction to take your portrait, has intimated to me the attitude in which he wishes to catch your likeness." M. de l' Etorrière the less suspected the truth of this assertion as he in fact perceived above, a man with his eyes fixed attentively upon him, and with apparently a pencil in his hand. Feeling considerably flattered, he was careful to maintain the position indicated. A few minutes afterwards his friend released him saying; "Sir, I am infinitely indebted to you, I will not detain you longer: it is done." —"Ah Sir, you are very polite." The pretended artist disappeared in the crowd, and M. de l' Etorrière, putting his hand in his pocket, discovered that the story of the portrait was a stratagem to rob him of his purse, watch, snuff-box, and whatever of value he had about him. [This fellow was a philosopher as well as a rogue.]

HOME TRAVELLERS.

Three young men of Saint Germain, in the days of Louis 15th, who had just finished their collegiate, not knowing any one about the Court, but having heard that strangers always met with a polite reception there, agreed to attire themselves completely as Armenians, and present themselves thus to see the grand ceremony of the installation of some knights of the order of the Holy Ghost. The stratagem succeeded to the best of their hopes. When the procession moved through the long-mirrored gallery, the Swiss guards gave them the first place, and desired all to pay every attention to the strangers; but they imprudently penetrated into a recess where were M. M. Cardonne and Ruffin, interpreters of of the Oriental languages. The three scholars were immediately accosted and questioned by these gentlemen, at first in modern Greek. Nothing daunted, they made a sign that they did not understand. They were then addressed in the Turkish, and Arabic languages; at length one of the interpreters, impatient, said, "Gentlemen, you must understand one of the languages that have been spoken to you; of what country are you?"—"Of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, Sir," replied the boldest; "this is the first time you have spoken to us in French." They acknowledged the motive for their disguise: the eldest of them was not more than eighteen. Louis laughed heartily at the adventure; and desired them to be dismissed after a few hours captivity, with an exhortation.

A POLITE WISH.

Count C—— a man of talent, was subject to a singular absence of mind, that occasionally led him into the commission

of awkward mistakes. He took a journey to Rome with intent to see all that was deserving of notice in that city: the Pope, informed of his design, desired every attention to be shewn him, with facilities for observing all that was most noble and interesting in Rome; he afterwards asked the Count if he were satisfied? "I have been abundantly gratified," he replied, "and nothing is wanting, Holy Father, but to see the ceremonies observed during the vacancy of the Holy Chair."—"Ah!" replied the Pope, "I shall make you wait for that as long as I can."

LEARNING—BY WEIGHT!

THE brother's Quarteron, booksellers at Lyons, had for sign a balance, in one of the scales of which were weights called *quart quarteron* (fourth part of a pound); and playing upon this word, their name and trade, they wrote under the sign for motto: *Les quarterons font les livres.*

B. E. M.

EXCERPTS,

FROM SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

PAINTING — MUSIC — POETRY. — It is a poor compliment to pay to a painter, to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvass, or that you start at the likeness of the portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvass, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and any one may take it for life. Or take one of Mrs. Salmon's wax-queens or generals, and you will very sensibly feel the difference between a copy, as they are, and an imitation of the human form, as a good portrait ought to be. Look at that flower-vase of Van Huysum, and at these wax or stone peaches and apricots! The last are likest to their original, but what pleasure do they give? None, except to children. Some music is above me; most music is beneath me. I like Beethoven and Mozart — or else some of the aëriel compositions of the elder Italians, as Palestrina and Carissimi. And I love Purcell. The best sort of music is what it should be—sacred; the next best, the military, has fallen to the lot of the devil. Good music never tires me, nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it as Milton says he did. I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonizing my thoughts, and in animating, and, as it were, incubrating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing Christabel, is not that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind; but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one. Besides, after this continuation of Faust, which they tell me is very poor, who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgment of all criticism against continuations? Let us except Don Quixote, however, although the second part of that transcendent work is not exactly *uno flatu* with the original conception.

GRACEFULNESS OF CHILDREN—DOGS. — How inimitably graceful children are in general before they learn to dance! There seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous dogs and little children. I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.

SHAKSPEARE. — In Shakspeare, one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun, after a great achievement of his highest genius.

CHARACTERISTIC TEMPERAMENT OF NATIONS. — The English affect stimulant nourishment — beef and beer. The French, excitants, irritants — nitrous oxyde, alcohol, champagne. The Austrians, sedatives — hyoscyamus. The Russians, narcotics — opium, tobacco, and beng.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE CAREER OF MAN AND WOMAN.

MAN lives in the contentious crowd; he struggles for the palm, that thousands may award, and far-speeding renown may rend the air with the loud huzza of praise. His is the strife of the theatre, where the world are spectators—and multitudes shall glorify his success, or lament his fall, or cheer him in the pangs of death. But woman—gentle, silent, sequestered—thy triumphs are only for the heart that loves thee—thy deepest griefs have no comforter but the secret communion of thine own pillow!

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THE MYSTERIES OF BONA DEA.

BY CHARLES STUART.

"Clodius, adolescens ad audendum projectissimus, in operta Bonæ Deæ muliebri habitu irrepsit."—*Cicero.*

Chapter I.

"I've sworn it, by Hercules!"

"An unfrequent circumstance, truly, with Clodius the phlegmatic!" replied his companion sarcastically; "why, man, have I not heard you swear, in a breath, by all the gods in the Fasti, and then repeat the list for want of variety?"

"May I be sunk to the lowest pit of Hades, if I make not the trial!" retorted Clodius.

"What think you of Cæsar's hooked nose?" cried a voice from a couch at the lower extremity of the table; "should you encounter it in the vestibule, or see it thrust into the chamber, your adventure would be told by deputy: confound it, the very thought makes me shiver."

"Ah! the reason is plain," rejoined Clodius, ironically. "Memmius can sympathise with me and himself together. How often have you been to the Via Sacra since the last kalends? Thya the divine has not been left to sigh in solitude! Yet, I fancy, you would not attempt her were she Cæsar's."

"A loud burst of laughter interrupted the speaker; and the discomfited Memmius turned for consolation to a dish of thrushes, deprived of their tails, and stuffed with garlic, a chef d'œuvre of Roman epicures.

"But, Clodius, are you in earnest?" said Caius Alfius, who reclined at his feet, whom congeniality of tastes united to Clodius, but who mingled a dash of prudence with the reckless villany of the latter.

"By the immortal Jupiter Tonans!" replied Clodius, starting from his couch, and eyeing the guests with a look of fiery determination, "ere this time to-morrow will I be in Cæsar's penetralia—will witness the mysterious rites of Bona Dea—and while the rhetoric general is studying style and tactics, in his night-cap, will out-manœuvre him in his very

entrenchments. While he plans expeditions against those poor devils, the Gauls, I'll make an invasion under his very nose!" And he glanced at his elegant form and patrician apparel.

"Success to Clodius!" bawled out Rufinus, a young Roman patrician, whose father, having amassed an overgrown fortune by provincial extortions, left his son to spend it faster than he had acquired it: "Fill with the Chian! here's to Clodius!"

The company echoed the cry, and the far-famed wines of Falernum, Massicus, and Setinum, sparkled with the varied hues of crimson, violet and topaz, in the upraised goblets.

"Thanks, friends and comrades all," replied the host, gracefully inclining his head in gratified acknowledgment, "this completes my assurance; but, Alfius, if thou doubtest, wilt wager thy Venus Anadyomene against my signet? 'tis a ruby—and was Catiline's. I bought it of a legionary who cut it from his finger as he lay on the field of Pistoria,"—and he sighed.

"Done!" cried Alfius.

"Done!" re-echoed his companion.

"And now, loving friends," exclaimed the elated Clodius, "all who are for enterprises beneath the veil of night—all votaries of Bacchus and Venus—who are willing to season their enjoyments with a sprinkling of adventure—follow your leader. I go to Fulvia's."

And the inebriated, riotous assemblage, with many a jovial shout and infinite disorder, sprang from their banqueting couches, snatched torches from the attendants, and rushed tumultuously into the adjacent Forum, after their mad-brained guide.

Chapter II.

Publius Clodius, the prominent character in the foregoing sketch, was one of those remarkable men, who, to commanding talents and the most lavish gifts of nature and fortune, joined a heart dyed black with corruption, and desires instinctively bent on evil. His models were Alcibiades and Catiline; and when the latter was crushed by the gigantic energies of Cicero, and his boldest partisans destroyed in the prison, and on the field of battle, it was Clodius who took advantage of the first abatement of popular enthusiasm to collect the scattered remnants of the party—to augment it by recruits from the patrician youth, and to organize that mighty mass of mischief, a profligate nobility; whose subsequent contentions, under the triumvirates, paralyzed the republic, and surrendered it powerless to despotism.

In accordance with the design just mentioned, he made his house—a splendid edifice fronting the Forum—a rallying point for the dissipated and abandoned youth of the city, whence they often would sally at night to the commission of those outrages mentioned by contemporary writers, outdoing in atrocity not only the fashionable riots of modern times, but even the exploits of confirmed highwaymen.

On an evening like this, a party had assembled, at the house of Clodius. Stretched out at length on the luxurious couches upon which the Roman nobles reclined at meals, they recounted the newest intrigues and floating scandals, dashed with political allusions: and, excited by mutual emulation and the fumes of wine, boasted of having achieved the most extravagant and hazardous enterprises.

"Did I not kiss Marcia the vestal, in the open street, as she was returning from the Circus, last night, and when the torch-bearer seized me, dash his torch in his face, and escape in the darkness?" said Sextus Atilius.

"The torch-bearer tells another story, and says he let you go, at her command, after you begged for life, and she finished a long moral lecture to you." said Rufinus. "Only fancy Atilius on his knees on the hard stones, blubbering his contrition to a girl! ha! ha! ha!"

"Thou liest!" cried Atilius, springing up, and hurling, in his wrath, an embossed goblet at the head of the other. The missile, directed by wine and passion, flew wide of the mark, and striking a slave who was entering at the moment with an immense dish of lampreys floating in shrimp sauce, prostrated him at length, while the precious contents inundated the apartment. Rufinus, endeavouring to rise, was withheld by his friends; but supplied by abuse and vociferation the want of more offensive weapons.

At length, Clodius, who had been watching with secret satisfaction the progress of the strife, arose, and waving his hand, for the riot drowned his voice, effected silence.

"Since Atilius has such a ready way of conquering in argument, it may not be safe for me to dwell on past adventures, but of those to come I may surely speak. We are all bound to secresy, which emboldens me to address you.

These skirmishes in the streets, and rencontres at night of which you boast, and which, in the telling, have nearly cost Rufinus his head, are too common and vulgar for a patrician. I long for more excitement—and, to obtain it, will behold to-morrow the undivulged mysteries of the Bona Dea. They are performed in Cæsar's house. I have secured access by bribing a slave. Meet me here, at this hour, the day after to-morrow, and I will tell of secrets no man hath seen, and into which even the Flamens, those reverend hypocrites, have not been able to penetrate. How now, comrades, is not this an object worth the endeavour?" And he looked proudly around.

But the guests were mute—the unheard audacity of profaning the sacred rites of the Bona Dea, on the due and uninterrupted performance of which the safety of the republic was believed to depend, struck even their lawless and corrupt hearts with an indefinable fear. So true it is, that superstition exerts the strongest influence over those who are most estranged from laws and moral restraint. Besides, death was the inevitable doom of the intruder, if discovered and seized, and the public ignominy proportioned to the enormity of the offence.

Their reckless leader smiled in scorn.

"Ye are as demure as a college of augurs—is this your daring? Atilius! where is the boiling indignation that, but a moment since, broke me a slave's head, and lost me a crystal charger? Art dumb?"

"Have you calculated the chances?" replied Atilius.

"Chances! what chances? are there no chances to be counted except when one goes among a few feeble women? are there none in the battle field? yet who shrinks from them? None on the sea? yet who, because the tempest *may* engulf him, refuses to abide the chances there? The danger is in our fears. For myself, having a burning curiosity to impel me to the attempt, I am resolved to meet the hazard."

The confidence and daring of Clodius gradually reanimated his associates.

"I confess, upon a second thought," said Rufinus, "it seems more easy of accomplishment; but Pompeia—is she apprised? or trust you to good fortune?—with her assistance"—

Clodius answered only with a smile.

"I comprehend," said his companion, "then good bye for Cæsar."

"Fortunate, by Castor," said another.

A second smile.

And the giddy, thoughtless patricians resumed their revelry with renewed ardour.

Chapter III.

"Could I but assure myself of her silence," said Clodius, throwing himself listlessly upon a bed, in his private chamber—"could I be certain of her acquiescence—then, I were safe—but, is she not a woman? Cæsar's wife! but then did she not press my hand, as I handed her from her sedan the evening before the Nones—and, when I ventured to clasp her waist, under pretence of assisting her to surmount the circus steps—did she resent it? Then Cæsar neglects her—so much for his speculations and machinations; her slave told me he had passed the last ten days in his study all night, and in the senate all day, and had not seen her once. If she have spirit, this should be the test of it."

A slave entered with a box, deposited it, and retired.

"This should be the disguise; ha! a matron's stole—this covers the entire body, and this purple-edged pallium shall modestly be gathered in folds around my waist—now for the binding zone."

A female form glided noiselessly into the apartment, and, with a low bow of humble deference, stood motionless beside him.

"Ha! Maia! this is well! Is the secret entrance open? will the rites commence soon? am I disguised sufficiently?" The slave of Pompeia bowed assent to each rapid question—at the last she approached him, and began to adjust his female disguise, the more effectually to conceal his person; as she arranged it, something vibrated beneath it with a ringing sound. She looked at him inquiringly.

"'T is my sword!" muttered Clodius, impatiently.

"It must not be," timidly remonstrated Maia.

"I 'll not part with it."

"You will be discovered."

"Then one good friend like it, were *worth* a host of enemies."

The slave seemed about to sink to the floor with excess of terror.

"Thou hast nought to dread—whether I live or die, thy freedom is secured to thee for thy fidelity, and my steward has orders to pay thee a thousand sesterces, after to-morrow's morn."

"Thy sword will betray thee"—and she wept a torrent.

"Lead on!"

A deprecating gesture.

"Lead on!"

Chapter IV.

It was night—still, solemn night; and, though no moon walked in silver radiance through the dark-blue depths, the multitude of lesser lights sparkled as in emulation, and the evening star seemed to linger in its descent as loth to quit the heavenly company; it rested for a moment over the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, that crowned the citadel—then sunk beneath the extended mantle of the Father of the Gods.

"Hail! genial goddess! 'Tis Venus' self that ushers me to joy—as when she shone o'er Ida, and wooed the Phrygian boy. Haste, laggard slave, the moments fly unheeded. On, I say."

And the fiery youth dragged along in his rapid course the unresisting guide. They came to a garden wall overhung with weeping foliage. The slave pressed an unseen spring; a door gave way, and shewed a long passage into the darkness beyond.

"Beware!" muttered Clodius.

Maia inclined her head, and the portal closed on them.

Deep silence invested the seven-hilled city. Tumultuous throngs were accustomed to crowd the avenues to the capitol, enjoying the coolness of the night from the dread eminence of the Tarpeian rock, and the hundred steps of the pillared abode of Jupiter Stator, and filling the echoing space with sounds of joyous hilarity; but, on this night of the sacred mysteries, the senate had enclosed the house of Cæsar and the adjoining edifices with a guard of the city cohorts, and death was the punishment of the unlicensed intruder. The college of Haruspices sat in full conclave in the temple of Fortune, awaiting the annunciation of the sacred omens from the priestess of the Bona Dea. The sentinels held their breath as they traversed the guarded precincts, and the whole city seemed bound with indefinable awe.

They emerged into a dimly-lighted antechamber.

"Thee! Maia! and so late! and who is thy companion?" said a voice in solemn, yet sweet tones, that thrilled through the startled Clodius.

"The wife of Metellus, the senator," whispered Maia.

"Cæsonina! this is well. They told me she was in Calabria; but I see it was false: these Greek slaves are not over chary of truth—and her's is a Cretan. Maia, summon the matrons, I attend them at the altar: lead Cæsonina to them."

The wife of Cæsar left the apartment.

"Ye gods! how love"—

"Silence! on your life!" said the slave, pointing with her finger.

A long train of matrons came sweeping by in trailing robes of white, and covered with floating veils: they crossed the chamber, and began to enter the hall of sacrifice. The slave and Clodius closed the rear.

Chapter V.

It was a spacious hall, whose arched roof pressed on shadowy columns that stretched dimly into the obscurity. In the centre was a circular altar begirt with lofty steps, that rose with gradual ascent till the base of the shrine seemed almost level with the summit of the Corinthian capitals. The priestess stood beside it crowned with evergreen, and the wife of Cæsar knelt as in secret prayer at the foot of the ascent. As the matrons entered, she rose, and inclined herself with a gesture of graceful acknowledgment. Then she bowed again with her face to the altar, and her companions, arranging themselves in a circle, followed her example.

Clodius knelt by Pompeia.

The priestess threw the salted cake upon the flames.

A loud crackling—and a blue light glared amid the darkness, shewing, in strong relief, the suppliant circle, and the receding columns with their black masses of shadow.

"Hail! Cybele, mother of the gods!" cried the priestess, singing the sacred hymn of ascription.

And the chorus responded, "Hail, turret-crowned Cybele, descend in thy lion-drawn chariot."

The flame subsided, and darkness resumed its reign.

"Pompeia!" whispered the excited Clodius.

He could no more, for Maia closed his lips as with a grasp of iron.

"Hence! ye profane! hence, ere the rites be consummated, and the goddess visit the impious in her wrath," shouted the priestess from amid the gloom.

"Pompeia!" murmured again the maddened Clodius.

"Bring the victim!" shouted the voice from the darkness.

Suddenly a blaze of light shone with noon-day clearness throughout the hall. A secret door opened, and a second procession of veiled matrons appeared, conducting the victim bound with snow-white fillets.

The prostrate group sprang instantly to their feet. A loud ringing sound echoed through the apartment. Clodius, in rising, had stumbled against his sword —in recovering his balance he displaced his veil. The dark hue of his beard and his flushed countenance betrayed him. Pompeia looked, shrieked, and fell senseless.

"Ha! a man!" almost yelled the priestess. "Seize the intruder—cover the consecrated emblems—bar the avenues—extinguish the lights!"—

Clodius raised Pompeia.

"Fly, madman! remember the secret portal," ejaculated the slave; then, as the matrons rushed to seize him, she cried with frantic energy, "touch him not; 'tis Clod—"

"Die, traitress," said he, plunging the fatal sword to the hilt in her bosom.

She fell on the altar steps, and expired instantly.

To gain the entrance, ere the intimidated matrons could recover from their terror at the sight of an armed man; and to thread the passage to the vestibule, leaving behind the cries and shrieks of the incensed assemblage, was the act of a moment; but his further progress was stayed: the door of the vestibule was barred, and shook without yielding to his furious efforts.

A sound of approaching footsteps was heard; nearer, and yet nearer: he hid himself in despair behind a huge amphora that stood in a recess of the vestibule.

A man entered with a lamp in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. It was Cæsar: his face was flushed, and his eyes, though bedimmed with recent intense study, gleamed with impatient ire. He surveyed with a hasty glance the narrow entrance.

"He has fled by the garden," muttered he, and, unclosing the vestibule door by a concealed spring, he rushed out.

"Fortune, I owe thee a statue!" silently ejaculated Clodius, following him at a distance, then plunging into a thicket, he attained the postern.

Chapter VI.

The city, so silent an hour ago, was roused: it was as if a calm sea were lashed in an instant into a wrathful storm. Some said a conspiracy had burst out; some that an enemy had entered the city, though whom, none could tell; and the moving mass of living beings grew more and more excited by the uncertainty and the multiplied rumours.

"On! on! my faithful steeds," cried the maddened Clodius, as the city, with its gathering tumult, dancing torches, and hurrying multitudes, was left far behind by his rattling chariot; "ha! ha! ha!"

A sound of mingled shouts boomed heavily along the Appian Way.

The charioteer checked his horses; and bending his head anxiously, as if to ascertain the direction of the pursuit, "It is the mounted cohorts. I hear the clattering of their hoofs. If we turn not, we shall be overtaken."

"To the right, then, to Interamna."

Hardly had he turned into a sinuous side-path in the forest, ere a torrent of cavalry came sweeping down the Appian Way, their swords rattling against their armour, and the fire flashing from the flinty pavement; an instant, and they were beyond hearing.

"A second gift! Diva Fortuna!"

They noiselessly and rapidly threaded the devious way. But the exultation was premature: at a sudden turn another chariot, driven with like rapidity, came in violent collision: a crash—and the wheel of Clodius's chariot flew from the axle, while the luckless charioteer was thrown precipitate on his head to the earth; the brains bestrewed the ground, and were trodden into the soil by the frightened steeds.

Clodius was saved by falling upon the body of his attendant; but lay stunned by the shock of the concussion.

"Bring hither the flambeau!" said a commanding voice from the opposite chariot.

"Ha! Clodius! what mad-brained freak is this?"

Clodius turned a wildered look; but shrank instinctively from that resistless, piercing gaze—which had awed the boldest conspirator in the zenith of his audacity—when 'Quousque tandem!' rang on his ear like the burst of a thunderbolt.

It was Cicero.

The father of his country bent a searching eye on the cowering form at his feet.

"The city is in commotion," interrupted his guide.

"True, I must on to the senate; but, Clodius, more of this."

And the reckless youth stood alone by

the wreck of his chariot, with a crushed corpse at his feet, and the stillness of midnight around him.

Chapter VII.

It was high noon, and the senate sat in the Capitol, while the hundred steps to the fane of Jupiter were animate with a troubled mass of life. The college of Augurs were apprised of the interrupted rites the night preceding; and the consuls had convoked the senate to investigate the dreadful secret. As yet no clue was found, though the whole energy of the republic had been put in requisition.

"The slave died then, without disclosure?" asked the consul Messala of the Pontifex Maximus.

"The villain stabbed her to the heart; she died instantly."

"But Pompeia, knows she not?"

"She fainted before she could distinguish his features."

Here a noise was heard, and two lictors appeared, leading a young man in disordered apparel, and flushed with the excess his slumbers had not been able to dissipate. It was Rufinus. The consul Piso followed him. He addressed his colleague.

This degraded youth was overheard boasting, to a comrade, of his acquaintance with the mysteries. He said, when arrested, he got it of Clodius."

"I said nothing," sullenly muttered Rufinus.

"Clodius!" the word spread like lightning throughout the assemblage. The senators seemed to speak as if the name alone carried conviction with it stronger than any argument.

"Search his house!"

But he was not to be found.

In the midst of the excitement, he was seized by a patrol while entering the city gates, as from his villa. The guards left him at the entrance of the senate-chamber.

Striding haughtily across the floor, he approached his usual seat; but the mass of the senate, in silent abhorrence, shrunk from his vicinity, as they had before done from Catiline, and gathered in a body on the opposite side of the hall. He rose as if to speak.

"Clodius!" said the severe, solemn voice of Messala, "thou art charged with sacrilege."

"Who are my accusers? ha! Rufinus!"

"Does the sight of thy accomplice startle thee?"

"This mummery is vain," said Clodius, reassured, and comprehending the uncertain nature of the testimony, "the sight of a friend in custody of the senate may well startle me; 't is for him, not for myself, I dread."

"Where were you the past night?" interrogated the consul.

"At Interamna," firmly answered Clodius. "Can Rufinus deny it?"

Rufinus, being questioned closely, testified that he had not seen Clodius since the night preceding the last.

"When went you to Interamna?" continued the consul.

"An hour after noon," answered the unabashed Clodius.

The fancied clue was broken, and the perplexed senate began to divide into parties, many of the younger declaring in favour of Clodius. He himself appeared to watch their confusion with scornful indifference; at length, he leisurely adjusted his toga, gave an insulting look of acknowledgment to several of his enemies, and prepared to leave the assembly.

"Am I now free to depart? or shall I wait till more ingenious charges are hatched? truly, the subject is fruitful. Rufinus, meet me this night at my house," and he opened the senate portal.

But a sound of dread thrilled through his veins: it was the voice of Cicero, who entered the apartment from an opposite door, at a moment when the effrontery of Clodius, and the want of positive testimony against him, had nearly secured his acquittal.

Clodius staggered to his seat, and the chill sweat stood in drops on his forehead; yet did he not entirely lose his lofty bearing, but regarded his accuser with a look of wild defiance.

Cicero took his seat among the consulars, who rose respectfully to receive him: then, rising, gave to the astonished senate a lucid, succinct statement of facts which we have from contemporary historians, the knowledge of which seemed miraculous, and which from the mouth of any other than he who had fathomed the designs of a Catiline, would have been regarded as an idle dream. As he proceeded, Clodius was more and more overcome, till, upon an imperceptible sign from the consul, a secret door opened, and Atilius, Alfius, and the rest of the banqueting guests entered in succession, guarded by lictors, and manacled.

He uttered a loud groan, and sunk at full length on the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

HISTORY, that motley record of deeds good and evil, tells of his subsequent condemnation, and escape from merited death, by means of the prevalent corruption, which even Cicero and Cato could not remedy, though they perished in the attempt.

But Cicero was the evil genius of Clodius; and the latter, after years of bitter enmity, originating in the testimony of the former before the senate on the eventful day commemorated above, fell into a snare laid by himself for Cicero's intimate friend, the celebrated Milo, and died an ignominious death, like a public highwayman. These consequences, with others still more important, may be traced by the philosophic student of history to the audacious attempt of Clodius, and the constant succession of disasters which ensued, until the subversion of the republic confirmed the superstitious belief, which attributed them all to the violation of the mysteries of Bona Dea. HERMES.

PASSAGES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY A QUIET MAN.

I think it was Franklin who recommended young men to keep a book in which to enter their most striking adventures and reflections. If a volume of this kind be well managed, it will in time be invested with a strong and peculiar interest, and the effect of a reading, after the lapse of fifteen or twenty years, will surprise you. A singular mass of materials will accumulate on your hands, and you will make observations on yourself which, but for this, would never have entered your mind. It is also a wonderful strengthener of the memory, and has been, I believe, more or less practised by most great men. By this simple habit I suspect I have obtained a greater insight into my character than I should otherwise ever have possessed, and I find a multiplicity of little silly caprices and ridiculous meditations, which I can scarcely now credit as the offspring of my brain. There are a great number of excellent resolutions, which I have since not only broken, but absolutely forgotten; and the plans of life, herein set down with a most amusing gravity, are so utterly at variance with the present reality, that, although in perusing them I cannot help laughing, I am grieved at finding how completely I am the creature of chance circumstances. The book which has elicited these reflections, I drew forth last night on entering new lodgings, and while arranging my papers. It is an old, torn, odd-looking affair, filled with a most miscellaneous variety of material, and scribbled and blotted from beginning to end, so that I am ashamed of my carelessness, and inwardly resolved to take more pains now that I have arrived at the dignity of manhood. Of the notes which crowd every page, some are too hieroglyphical even for me to decipher, and others curious for their want of system and for the strange contrasts they form with each other. In one place are memoranda to procure a "vial of tooth-ache drops," and Hale's "History of the Common Law:" beneath there is a likeness, from memory, of my schoolmaster—and a resolution to rise every morning with the sun; a part of which latter is hidden by a dried rose-leaf—the gift, I suppose, of some object of my exclusive and eternal love, although I cannot remember which one—and an emblem, apt enough, of youth's fragile hope and transitory passion.

I furnish a specimen of this journal. It embraces the period of a week, and shews what a medley of stuff sometimes gets possession of our minds, and may at least satisfy the young woman whom I detected this morning peeping into it, regardless of the word "private" marked on the cover, in letters nearly large enough for the figures on a town clock; and I have omitted the dates, in order to shew by a closer contrast the variety of moods to which young people are exposed in the course of a week.

"I am very unhappy to-day. I have no joy but in forgetfulness. This existence is overloaded with pain. If death were to come to me now, I should greet him as a gentle friend—this world to *me* is as a prison, and I look through grated windows upon blissful scenes in which I am never to participate. It is a sublime and noble thought, that we shall one day escape from 'the infinite doings of the world,' and be at rest."

"I am now sitting in my room—*alone*. It is a lovely summer night. On my table lies a volume of Robertson, which I have just finished. Nothing is heard but the click of an old fashioned clock on the mantel-piece, and the scraping of my own pen as I note down these minute details, to recall more forcibly to my recollection at some future

period this quiet, peaceful scene, when I shall perhaps be whirling in the vortex of some exciting adventure, or writhing beneath anguish, or thrilling with rapture yet to come. I am delighted with Robertson's View of Europe. It is full of philosophical observation. The more I read, the more I am impressed with the necessity of reading. I regret to have wasted so much of life in frivolous pleasures or weak despondency, but I hate and despise the world."

"The *o* in *extol* is pronounced like the *o* in *not*."

"Stopped at a cobbler's shop this afternoon. Think of a man, born with capacities for intellectual improvement and pleasure—lofty, lordly man—wasting his whole existence in a room—a filthy, small room—bending from morning till night over a lapstone and a piece of leather! While the glorious sun is rolling on his golden course, and the wind is wafting onward the winged ship, like an eagle, over the ocean, and nature lies in most gorgeous and superb scenery, wooing the gaze and filling the gazer with noble feelings, this man sits perpetually straining his eyes to poke a hog's bristle through a little hole! I spoke to him kindly. I asked him if he was happy, and he answered, 'Yes, as the day is long.' 'What!' I continued, thinking over my own sleepless nights, 'have you no bad dreams—no anxieties—no cares, gnawing within you—stealing away gradually the light from your eyes, the strength from your heart? No pangs for yesterday? No fears for to-morrow?'—He stared at me a moment. Then he laughed, and said, 'No, none.' When I thought more of this man, I was surprised at my great error. This man, this very ignorant labourer, whom I had at first selected from all the world as a wretch, is in truth the *happy man*. I am not happy. Rich men, great men, are not happy. I have watched them, and questioned them, and I know they are not; but here is one who is. He possesses the precious jewel for which all on earth waste their lives in slavish toil. The luxurious lord is writhing in tortures—the malefactor is trembling on the scaffold—the affrighted crew are going down with the wrecked ship—the prisoner is languishing in his dungeon—hundreds, thousands, millions, hundreds of millions of my fellow-creatures are struggling, shrinking, weeping, despairing, playing with dangerous passions; following paths beset with snares for soul and body! Affection weeps over the new mound—disappointed ambition beats his breast in anguish—sensibility recoils from the inexorable realities of life—and here my little cobbler sits and sings—safe in body, free in mind. I will seek out some business, peaceful as his, and never strive with the rest for fame or wealth."

"When I meet a stranger who loves music, and has read poetry (Burns for instance) with any warmth of admiration, I feel as if I had found a friend."

"A Mr. E. said he had travelled all over Europe, and a great part of Flanders!"

"Accident renders many marriages unhappy; carelessness others; natural bad disposition others. Some rush into matrimony in the hopes of revenging themselves on another, who has slighted their love. Some for the mere excitement and desire of change, without any love at all. Some fall blindly off the precipice. Some leap desperately. Many are drawn off by the delusive lapse of irresistible passion."

"A lover is a drunken man. Time makes him sober, and he wonders at the mistakes of his reeling imagination."

"Which was the true philosopher, Democritus or Heraclitus? Who can tell? Not I."

"Upon the sandy beach I stood,
List'ning the mighty Ocean's roar,
And marked the ceaseless, giant flood,
Wash every footstep from the shore.

"And many a heart receives, like this,
The image of the passing day,
And many a scene of love and bliss
Time's ceaseless current wears away.

"Not so with mine"—

"Called to supper—finish these lines to-morrow."

"Poor Charles is in love. All the triumphs of life to a high-spirited boy are dim and insipid compared with the bliss of this wonderful yet ridiculous passion. It *is* ridiculous; for what can be more absurd than for one person to fall into such a violent partiality for another person, as to make the society of each other necessary to happiness—sometimes to existence? What woman is so fair, that another may not be as fair? What one speaks so well, but another may equal her? Suppose I should determine never to be happy unless I could possess myself of a certain house; and if I could

not obtain it, suppose I should pine and languish and die away into a consumption. Would not this be madness? Is not love madness? The humour of it is, that to-day you pine for one; next year you pine for another, and some other is pining for the first. And yet, madness or not, what a pre-eminent joy it is to the young and sanguine? That nature should ever have gifted such a mean material as dust with such a capacity for rapture! Now the heart goes on with its quiet and regular pulsations, and then, after an image is pictured by light on the brain, the same peaceful heart is awakened to ecstasies, and swells, and burns, and thrills, and covers the cheeks with crimson, and fills the eyes with fire, and the current of electric bliss runs like lightning through the soul; and a few years, perhaps a few hours, finds him who is thus played on by feeling—ashes."

"This is a most pleasant evening. Notwithstanding the approach of winter, the air is bland and delightful, roses are blossoming in the garden, and bees are humming around them. At sunset a mellow, golden richness overspreads the heavens. 'An eager and a nipping frost' has already touched the forest trees, whose many colours beautifully vary the aspect of the dying branches."

"I asked Monsieur Fevrier, this morning, if he liked music? He replied, 'No, monsieur. I have no ears!'"

If these few idle scraps, Messrs. Editors, are good enough to appear in your paper, publish them with this confession from me to the reader—namely, that I have lately changed many of my opinions. I have ceased to *hate* the world as I have become better acquainted with it; and I am not particularly anxious for death, whom I find I have termed a 'gentle friend!' As to love (I have been married twenty years), it is not altogether a delirium, I am certain. The journal which I now keep, contains altogether much more matter and less art.

History.—If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes; and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!—*Coleridge.*

A FORTNIGHT IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM PROSPER DE LAGARDE.

(For the Parterre.)

Chapter I.

Departure from Toulouse—Auch—Pau—Orthez—Château de Moncade.

I chanced to be at Toulouse in the month of July last. The atmosphere of the place was suffocating, and society had completely deserted the city to seek a little fresh air in the country, or on the coast. Having a fortnight to myself, I determined to have my excursion with the rest, and to profit by my days of leisure to pay a visit to that remote little quarter of the department of the Lower Pyrenees, named the Basque Country; a district little known and explored, and which I had long wished to traverse.

I left Toulouse on a splendid summer evening, and having journeyed twelve weary mountain leagues in an ill-appointed diligence, arrived at Auch early in the morning.

Apart from historical remembrances, there is nothing very interesting to say about this town, unless it be that it possesses an admirable, a sublime cathedral of the middle ages, and an excellent prefect of 1830; two things not to be met with every where, and of which the department of Gers may justly be proud.

The cathedral of Auch certainly deserves to be placed in the first class of the ancient basilicas of France. The elegance of its construction, its interior workmanship, the richness and splendour of its glass windows, its towers, and particularly the choir with its sculptured tracery, admirably wrought in wood, with a thousand minute details, combine to make it one of the most remarkable monuments of its kind.

As to the prefect, a sincere admirer of M. d'Etigny, formerly intendant of Gascony, who did so much good to that province during his administration, particularly in forming fine roads there at a period when France was so deficient in them, he endeavours to follow in the same course.

The gratitude of the Gascons has raised to M. d'Etigny a statue that handsomely ornaments the public square, and proves to the censors of the human race, that it is not always forgetful of experienced benefits.

There is, likewise, I was told, a kind

of *salle* at Auch, decorated with the name of theatre. I rapidly passed through Mirande and Rabastens. Shortly after quitting the latter town, and in the midst of the noble plain four leagues in width, separating it from Tarbes, an immense avenue of poplars attracts the attention of the traveller. It leads to the chateau of Tostat, where I stopped a few days; a beautiful ancient feudal abode, on the banks of the Adour, surrounded by woods and rich meadows, and where the not far distant Pyrenees, rising one above the other in admirable arrangement, form really, in the language of Fenelon, *an horizon such as fancy would make for the pleasure of the eyes.* At chateau Tostat, a graceful and beneficent hospitality still heightened for me the charms of family friendship. I was, however, compelled, for the accomplishment of my projected journey, to leave this agreeable dwelling, and resume my route to Tarbes.

This pretty little town, buried in verdant foliage, and watered by the Adour, flowing in a double rivulet through the squares and streets, is delightfully fresh and clean.

I reached it on market-day, and there first met with the head-dress characterizing the inhabitants of Bearn and Bigorre. The *bèret* of blue wool for the men, and the *capulet* for the women; a kind of cap or hood of red cloth, that, as worn by some of the village belles, is both piquant and becoming. Madame de Motteville, a court beauty of the reign of Louis XIV., wrote thus of this mountain district:—

"Amongst these high and enormous mountains, from distance to distance beautiful valleys intervene, where, besides the lovely green of the herbage, we see corn, vines, flax, and all the necessaries of life. On one side is a lofty mountain, rising high towards heaven, whose summit is wrapped in snow, whilst clouds encompass the half of its ascent; and on the other are eminences of a lower range, cultivated and planted like the hills round Paris. Other mountains, again, are perfectly barren, adorned only by rocks of terrific aspect, that inspire the mind with a kind of dread, yet powerful admiration of the omnipotence of the Creator of all things. From these mountains, particularly from the wildest, roll down torrents, that, falling from the summit of the jagged rocks, dash over the black stones of the heights in beautiful cascades, with pleasing and yet startling noise.

"Pretty villages and populous hamlets are scattered amongst these valleys. The churches in them are well filled, and the priests numerous."

From Tarbes to Pau we cross a rather wild country. The road winds through the broad and well filled pasturages of the Landes. Cultivations that have been made in several places, and where good meadows, and fine Turkey wheat are to be seen, attest the use that might be made of the soil, were it devoted to agriculture.

The situation of Pau is transcendently lovely. The beauty of the scenery attracts thither crowds of foreigners, especially the English, many of whom fix their residences there. The hills of Gélos and Ivrançon, the *Pic du Midi* rising majestically in the horizon, like the monarch of the Pyrenees, the Gave, animating the scene as it sweeps with its foaming waves through a mountain amphitheatre, form together one of the prettiest landscapes imaginable.

Travellers who come to Pau generally visit first the chateau of Henry IV., and the tortoise-shell that served him for a cradle. But the castle and town of Pau and surrounding country have been so often described, that it would be difficult to say any thing new on the subject. Besides, Pau was not the object of my journey. I was still amongst the *Bearnese*, whose *patois* I partially understood, like all those of the south, with the help of Latin and Italian. It was the Basques I wished to see. I was impatient to hear the Basque spoken, sure as I was beforehand, and for the very reason, that I should not understand a word of that language (for it is one), which offers no analogy with any European tongue. Thus it was a real pleasure to me to step into the vehicle that was to take me to Bayonne.

About a league to the right, we perceive, at a little distance from the road, a village containing buildings of rather handsome appearance. It is Lesia, formerly the seat of a bishopric, and which before the year 845, was created a city, since it is mentioned in a map amongst the cities of Gascony ruined about this time by the Normans. Marca, the historian, asserts *Lesca*, or *Lasca*, to have been formerly the capital of Bearn. Orthez, which we crossed a few hours afterwards, claims the same honour, and perhaps with better title. It is certain that the sovereign princes of Bearn made their residence in this latter town during the space of two hundred years, from the time when Gaston IV. built the castle of Moncade in 1240, and transported his

abode thither, until 1460, when Gaston of Navarre definitely settled in the chateau of Pau.

The chateau de Moncade, from its magnificence surnamed *the Noble Castle*, and which Froissart speaks of *beholding* with admiration, is similar in its plan and situation to the castle of the same name in Catalonia, of which this Gaston IV. was proprietor, as well as William his father, and William Raymond de Moncade his grandfather. This is the same William Raymond, viscount de Moncade, who, having assassinated in revenge Bérenger, bishop of Tarragonia, from the complaints of the family to Pope Celestine II. underwent for it a severe penance, that was "long noised abroad," says the chronicle, "throughout all the province, and even beyond."

Orthez, from being the brillant metropolis of Bearn, is now but a humble sub-prefecture. I shall only observe in regard to Orthez, that it appeared to me to contain a great many pretty women. The noise of a vehicle on the pavement suddenly drew from the windows a number of pretty faces, with splendid black eyes, merry and expressive. Some of these young girls laughed at you jeeringly with the lively and silly way of most of the young girls of the south; others were contented to smile with an air rather engaging than scornful.

In spite of their attentions we did not deem it expedient to halt, and after journeying all night reached Bayonne by day-break. The first beams of the sun were glittering over the green fields surrounding the city; it was to me the sunrise so admirably described by that single line: "*Man recognises his dwelling, and finds it adorned.*" For this territory appeared to me more fresh and lovely than that left behind, and yet I came from Pau!

Rapidly crossing a dull suburb called the hamlet of Saint Esprit, we reached the gates of the city, where our pasports were demanded. The recent arrival of Don Carlos in Spain had increased the severity towards travellers.

At length being found duly within rules, we were permitted to enter Bayonne, where I proceeded forthwith to the hotel Saint Etienne.

END OF CHAPTER I.

Bedford. B. E. M.

THE LITTLE HARD-FACED OLD GENTLEMAN.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN EDITOR.

I was passing from my office one day, to indulge myself with a walk, when a little hard-faced old man, with a black coat, broad-brimmed hat, velvet breeches, shoes and buckles, and gold-headed cane, stopped me, standing directly in my path. I looked at him. He looked at me. I crossed my hands before me patiently, forced my features into a civil smile, and waited the development of his intentions; not being distinctly certain, from his firm, determined expression, whether he was "a spirit of health or goblin damned," and whether his intents were "wicked or charitable"—that is, whether he came to discontinue or subscribe, to pay a bill or present one, to offer a communication or a pistol, to shake me by the hand or pull me by the nose. Editors now-a-days must always be on their guard. For my part, I am peaceable, and much attached to life, and should esteem it exceedingly disagreeable to be either shot or horsewhipped. I am not built for action, but love to sail in quiet waters; cordially eschewing gales, waves, and water-spouts, sea-serpents, earthquakes, tornadoes, and all such matters, both on sea and land. My antipathy to a horeswhip is an inheritance from boyhood. It carried me across Cæsar's bridge, and through Virgil and Horace. I am indebted to it for a tolerable understanding of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and other occult sciences. It enlightened me not a little upon many algebraic processes, which, to speak truth, presented otherwise but slender claims to my consideration. It disciplined me into an uniform propriety of manners, and instilled into my bosom early rudiments of wisdom and principles of virtue. In my maturer years, the contingencies of life have thrust me, rather abruptly; if not reluctantly, into the editorial fraternity, (heaven bless them, I mean them no disrespect), and, in the same candour which distinguishes my former acknowledgments, I confess that visions of this instrument have occasionally obtruded themselves somewhat forcibly upon my fancy, in the paroxysms of an article, dampening the glow of composition, and causing certain qualifying interlineations and prudent erasures, prompted by the representations of memory or the whispers of prudence. The reader must not fancy, from the form of my expression, that I have ever been horsewhipped. I

have hitherto escaped, (for which, heaven be praised!) although my horizon has been darkened by many a cloudy threat and thundering denunciation.

Nose-pulling is another disagreeable branch of the editorial business. To have any part of one pulled is annoying; but there is a dignity about the nose impatient even of observation or remark; while the act of taking hold of it with the thumb and finger, is worse than murder, and can only be washed out with blood. Kicking, cuffing, being turned out of doors, being abused in the papers, &c., are bad, but these are mere minor considerations. Indeed many of my brother editors rather pique themselves upon some of them, as a soldier does on the scars obtained in fighting the battles of his country. They fancy that, thereby, they are invested with claims upon their party, and suffer indefinite dreams of political eminence to be awakened in their bosoms. I have seen a fellow draw his hat fiercely down over his brow, and strut about with insufferable importance, on the strength of having been thoroughly kicked by the enemy.

This is a long digression, but it passed rapidly through my mind, as the little, hard-faced old gentleman stood before me, looking at me with a piercing glance and resolute air. At length he spoke first, like a ghost:

"You are the editor?"—&c.

A slight motion of acquiescence with my head, and an affirmative wave of my hand, a little leaning toward the majestic, announced to my unknown friend the accuracy of his conjecture.

The little old gentleman's face relaxed—he took off his broad-brimmed hat and laid it down with his cane carefully on the table, then seized my hand and shook it heartily. People are so polite and friendly when about to ask a favour.

"My dear sir," said he, "this is a pleasure I have long sought vainly. You must know, sir, I am the editor of a theatrical weekly—a neat thing in its way—here's the last number." He fumbled about in his pocket, and produced a red covered pamphlet. "I have been some time publishing it, and though it is admitted by all acquainted with its merits, to be clearly the best thing of the kind ever started, yet people do not seem to take much notice of it. Indeed, my friends tell me, that the public are not fully aware of its existence. Pray let me be indebted to you for a notice. I wish to get fairly afloat. You see, I have been too diffident about it. *We* modest fellows allow our inferiors to pass us often. I will leave this number with you. Pray, pray give it a *good* notice."

He placed in my hands the eleventh number of the "Thespian Magazine," devoted to the drama, and also to literature, science, history, and the arts. On reading over the prospectus, I found it vastly comprehensive, embracing pretty much every subject in the world. If so extensive a plan were decently filled up in the details, the "Thespian Magazine" was certainly worth the annual subscription money, which was only one dollar. I said so under my "literary notices," in the next impression of my journal; and although I had not actually read the work, yet it sparkled so with asterisks, dashes, and notes of admiration, that it looked interesting. I added, in my critique, that it was elegantly got up, that its typographical execution reflected credit on the publishers, that its failure would be a grievous reproach to the city, that its editor was a scholar, a writer, and a gentleman, and was favourably known to the literary circles by the eloquence, wit, and feeling of his former productions. What those productions were, I should have been rather puzzled to say, never having read, or even heard of them. This, however, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally cast in one mould, that I was in some tribulation, on reading over the article in print, to find that I had omitted the words "native genius," which possess a kind of common-law right to a place in all articles on literary productions. Forth, however, it went to the world, and I experienced a philanthropic emotion in fancying how pleased the little, hard-faced old gentleman would be, with these flattering encomiums on his "Thespian Magazine."

The very day my paper was out, as I was sitting "full fathom five" deep in an article on "the advantages of virtue," (an interesting theme, upon my views of which I rather flattered myself), I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my "come in" exhibited to view, the broad-brimmed hat of the hard-faced old gentleman, with his breeches, buckles, gold-headed cane, and all. He laid aside his hat and cane with the air of a man who has walked a great way, and means to rest himself awhile. I was very busy. It was one of my inspired moments. Half of a brilliant idea was already committed to paper. There it lay—a frag-

ment—a flower cut off in the bud—a mere outline—an embryo; and my imagination cooling like a piece of red-hot iron in the open air. I raised my eyes to the old gentleman, with a look of solemn silence, retaining my pen ready for action, with my little finger extended, and hinting, in every way, that I was "not i' the vein." I kept my lips closed. I dipped the pen in the inkstand several times, and held it hovering over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman was not to be driven off his ground by shakes of the pen, ink-drops, or little fingers. He fumbled about in his pockets, and drew forth the red-covered "Thespian Magazine," devoted to the drama, &c., number twelve. He wanted "a *good* notice. The last was rather general. I had not specified its peculiar claims upon the public. I had *copied* nothing. That sort of critique did no good. He begged me to *read* this *carefully*—to *analyze* it—to give it a *candid* examination." I was borne down by his emphatic manner; and being naturally of a civil deportment, as well as, at that particular moment, in an impatient, feverish hurry to get on with my treatise on the "advantages of virtue," which I felt now oozing out of my subsiding brain with alarming rapidity, I promised to read, notice, investigate, analyze to the uttermost extent of his wishes, or at least of my ability.

I could scarcely keep myself screwed down to common courtesy till the moment of his departure; a proceeding which he accomplished with a most commendable self-possession and deliberate politeness. When he was fairly gone, I poked my head out, and called my boy.

"Peter."

"Sir."

"Did you see that little, old gentleman, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Should you know him again, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if he ever come here again, Peter, tell him I am not in."

"Yes, sir."

I re-entered my little study, and closed the door after me with a slam, which could only have been perceptible to those who knew my ordinary still and mild manner. There might have been also a slight accent in my way of turning the key, and (candour is a merit!) I could not repress a brief exclamation of displeasure at the little old gentleman with his magazine, who had broken in so provokingly upon my "essay on virtue." "Virtue or no virtue," I thought, "I wish him to the d——."

My room is on the ground-floor, and a window adjoining the street lets in upon me the light and air through a heavy crimson curtain, near which I sit and scribble. I was just enlarging upon the necessity of resignation, while the frown yet lingered on my brow, and was writing myself into a more calm and complacent mood, when—another knock at the door. As I opened it, I heard Peter's voice asserting, sturdily, that I had "gone out." Never dreaming of my old enemy, I had betrayed too much of my person to withdraw, and I was recognized, and pounced upon by the little old gentleman, who had come back to inform me, that he intended, as soon as the increase of his subscription would permit, to enlarge and improve the "Thespian Magazine," and to employ all the writers in town. "I intend also," —said he, and he was in the act of again laying aside that everlasting hat and cane, when a cry of fire in the neighbourhood, and the smell of the burning rafters attracted him into the street, where, as I feared, he escaped unhurt. In many respects fires are calamities, but I never saw a more forcible exemplification of Shakspeare's remark, "there is some spirit of good in things evil," than in the relief afforded me on the present occasion. I wrote, after that, with my door locked. This, I knew, was, from the confined air, prejudicial to my health; but what was dyspepsy or consumption to that little, hard-faced old gentleman — to those breeches—to that broad-brimmed hat—those buckles—that gold-headed cane?

"Remember, Peter," said I, the second morning after the foregoing, "I have gone out."

"Where have you gone?" inquired Peter, with grave simplicity. "They always ask me where you have gone, sir. The little man with the hat was here last night, and wanted to go after you."

"Forbid it, heaven! I have gone to Albany, Peter, on business."

I can hear in my room pretty much what passes in the adjoining one where visitors first enter from the street. I had scarcely got comfortably seated, in a rare mood for poetry, giving the last touches to a poem, which, whatever might be the merits of Byron and Moore, I did not think altogether indifferent, when I heard the little, old gentleman's voice, inquiring for me.

"I *must* see him; I have important business," it said.

"He has gone out," replied Peter, in an under tone, in which I could detect the consciousness that he was uttering a bouncer.

"But I *must* see him," said the voice.

"The scoundrel!" muttered I.

"He is not in town, sir," said Peter.

"I will not detain him a single minute. It is of the greatest importance. He would be very sorry, *very*, should he miss me."

I held my breath—there was a pause—I gave myself up for lost, when Peter replied firmly,

"He is in Albany, sir. Went off at five o'clock this morning."

"Be back soon?"

"Don't know."

"Where does he stay?"

"Don't know."

"I 'll call to-morrow."

I heard his retreating footsteps, and inwardly resolved to give Peter a half-dollar, although he deserved to be horse-whipped for his readiness at deception. I laughed aloud triumphantly, and slapped my hand down upon my knee with the feeling of a fugitive debtor, who, hotly pursued by a sheriff's officer, escapes over the line into another county, and snaps his fingers at Monsieur Bailiff. I was aroused from my merry mood of reverie by a touch on my shoulder. I turned suddenly. It was the hard-faced, little old gentleman, peeping in from the street. His broad-brimmed hat and two-thirds of his face were just lifted up above the window-sill. He was evidently standing on tiptoe, and the window being open, he had put aside the curtain, and was soliciting my attention with the end of his cane.

"Ah!" said he, "is it you? Well, I *thought* it was you. Though I wasn't sure. I won't interrupt you. Here are the proofs of number thirteen—you'll find something glorious in that—just the thing for you—don't forget me next week—good-bye. I'll see you again in a day or two."

I shall not cast a gloom over my readers by dwelling upon my feelings. Surely there are sympathetic bosoms among them. To them I appeal. I said nothing. Few could have detected any thing violent or extraordinary in my manner, as I took the proofs from the end of the little old gentleman's cane, and laid them calmly on the table. I did not write any more about "virtue" that morning. It was out of the question. Indeed my mind scarcely recovered from the shock for several days.

When my nerves are, in any way, irritated, I find a walk in the woods a soothing and agreeable sedative. Accordingly, the next afternoon, I wound up the affairs of the day earlier than usual, and set out for a ramble through the groves and along the shore of Hoboken. I was soon on one of the abrupt acclivities, where, through the deep, rich foliage of the intertwining branches, I overlooked the Hudson, the wide bay, and the superb, steepled city, stretched in a level line of magnificence upon the shining water, softened with an over-hanging canopy of thin haze. I gazed at the picture, and contemplated the rivalry of nature with art, striving which could most delight. As my eye moved from ship to ship, from island to island, and from shore to shore—now reposing on the distant blue, then revelling in the nearer luxuriance of the forest green, I heard a step in the grass, and a little ragged fellow came up, and asked me if I was the editor of the ——. I was about replying to him affirmatively, when his words arrested my attention. "A little gentleman with a hat and cane," he said, "had been inquiring for the editor, &c. at the adjoining hotel, and had given him sixpence to run up into the woods and find him." I rushed precipitately, as I thought, into the thickest recesses of the wood. The path, however, being very circuitous, I suddenly came into it, and nearly ran against a person whom it needed no second glance to recognize, although his back was luckily toward me. The hat, the breeches, the cane, were enough. If not, part of a red-covered pamphlet, sticking out of the coat pocket, was. "It must be number fourteen!" I exclaimed; and as the little old gentleman was sauntering north, I shaped my course with all possible celerity in a southerly direction.

In order to protect myself for the future, I took precautionary measures, and in addition to having myself denied, I kept the window down, and made my egress and ingress through a door round the corner, as Peter told me he had several times seen the little old gentleman, with a package in his hand, standing opposite the one through which we usually entered, and looking at the office wistfully.

By means of these arrangements I succeeded in preserving my solitude inviolate, when, to my indignation, I received several letters, from different parts of the country, written by my

friends, and pressing upon me, at the solicitation of the little old gentleman, the propriety of giving the "Thespian Magazine" a good notice. I tore the letters, each one as I read them, into three pieces, and dropped them under the table. Business calling me, soon after, to Philadelphia, I stepped on board the steamboat, exhilarated with the idea that I was to have, at least, two or three weeks respite. I reached the place of my destination about five o'clock in the afternoon. It was lovely weather. The water spread out like unrippled glass, and the sky was painted with a thousand varying shadows of crimson and gold. The boat touched the shore, and while I was watching the change of a lovely cloud, I heard the splash of a heavy body plunged into the water. A sudden sensation ran along the crowd, which rushed from all quarters towards the spot, the ladies shrieked, and turned away their heads, and I perceived that a man had fallen from the wharf, and was struggling in the tide, with only one hand held convulsively above the surface. Being a practised swimmer, I hesitated not a moment, but flung off my hat and coat, and sprang to his rescue. With some difficulty I succeeded in bearing him to a boat and dragging him from the stream. I had no sooner done so, than to my horror and astonishment, I found I had saved the little hard-faced old gentleman. His snuff-coloured breeches were dripping before me—his broad-brimmed hat floated on the current—but his cane (thank heaven!) had sunk for ever. He suffered no other ill consequences from the catastrophe than some injury to his garments and the loss of his stick. His gratitude for my exertions knew no bounds. He assured me of his conviction that the slight acquaintance previously existing between us, would now be ripened into intimacy, and informed me of his intention to lodge at the same hotel with me. He had come to Philadelphia to see about a plate for his sixteenth number, which was to surpass all its predecessors, and of which he would let me have an early copy, that I might *notice* it as it deserved.—*New York Mirror.*

A COGENT ARGUMENT.

KING James held a convocation at Perth, and demanded of the Scotch barons that they should produce the charters by which they held their lands; they all, with one simultaneous movement, rose up and drew their swords.

FRAGMENTS ON EGYPT.

Translated from Jules Planat.
(For the Parterre.)

THE CONSCRIPTION.

AT the period of the expedition of the Morea, the viceroy ordered the formation of the 10th, 11th, and 12th regiments. The officers were drawn partly from Turks voluntarily enrolled, and partially instructed, and partly from the old regiments.

The recruits arrived in crowds from the remotest extremities of Egypt. About 12,000 men were required. I shall endeavour to give an idea of the enormity of the abuse occasioned at each summons, by the customary mode of recruiting.

In the most fatal years of our late wars, the conscription appeared a sanguinary decree, and many distressed families exclaimed against its tyranny; they were certainly entitled to complain; but if they had witnessed the heart-breaking scenes presented to us, in what language would they have expressed their grief!

The population of Egypt scarcely amounts to 2,500,000 souls, and it had already furnished within the four preceding years 50,000 men, for the composition of the Nizam.* It is then an army in proportion to double the French army, if the latter amounted to 400,000 men. Could it be imagined that to raise 12,000 men a mass of individuals six times that number were obliged to repair to the camp at Khanga! They may be classed thus:

Recruits who repaired to the camp, not accepted, and sent back . . .	36,000
Recruits accepted	12,000
Women, children, and old people, of whom a third part remained at the camp	24,000
Total . . .	72,000

Thus taking the inhabitants from the points farthest from the camp, as Assouan, they would require twenty days to come and as many to return. The fields of these unfortunate persons were thus abandoned for forty days; their harvests, perhaps, lost; their existence compromised. How could the imposts due from these families be obtained? The roads are covered with prisoners, naked, a rope round their necks, linked two and two by the hands, and carrying sometimes round the throat, or the wrist, heavy shackles of wood. Horsemen, har-

* *Nizam Guédite*—new organization.

dened in this species of gendarmerie, drive back the wives and children of these poor wretches. These men, scarcely covered by rags, are extenuated with fatigue and hunger: their journeys alone are enough to unfit them for the service; they however appear resigned; it is, perhaps, from the excess of misery, or it may be the effect of fatalism, or of servitude.

If this were a general measure in time of war only, it would be less objectionable, but it is the result of the most frightful despotism, since the Egyptians do not all participate equally in it. The village chiefs, and the Turkish governors, fearing no control, and instigated either by caprice, avarice, or personal predilection, plunge whole families in desolation, by seizing upon the men, who drag after them their women and children; so that these families are in a manner extinguished, swept out from the district they inhabit, while the favoured families have not been meddled with since the enrolling of the troops. One would think that it would be enough for the government, if the authorities furnished only the required number of recruits. Another abuse equally revolting is, that a man not accepted at the camp as disqualified for the service, is nevertheless recalled at each new levy, as if to make up the number; the man may be one-eyed, lame, or diseased, and his physical condition has not changed: is it not the very height of inhumanity thus to withdraw him year by year from his industry, for this idle muster, that may cost him his life?

INSTALLATION OF SOLYMAN TO THE PACHALIC OF CANDIA.

This ceremony took place at Cairo, March 2, 1827. Mehemet Ali endeavoured to render it worthy of his renown and magnificence; and wished it, perhaps, to conceal the public misery from the eyes of this stranger. A brilliant retinue composed of the first dignitaries of Egypt, a field-day for the troops, the sound of warlike music, and public rejoicings, effected quite a general metamorphosis.

The twenty-second of March a new spectacle was presented to Solyman; that of a war in miniature. The army arrived from Dgiaad-Abad in the night, and by early dawn was drawn up in order of battle, in the broad and illustrious plain of Heliopolis, between the mosque of Coubbé and the chains of Mokkatam. The artillery reached the ground at the same time, and were duly posted.

The tents of the pacha pitched in an amphitheatre, on an adjacent hill, were surrounded by more than twenty thousand spectators, attracted from the walls of the capital. The troops manœuvred so excellently that the Pacha of Candia and his court were surprised. Solyman could not understand the rapid and complicated evolutions of the masses in closely serried columns, and the re-forming again of the same body in long lines of infantry without confusion or noise.

The view on either side was most imposing, a painter might have been embarrassed in the choice of his subject from the actors or the spectators. Imagine a broad, even desert, with high minarets and the ruins of antique mosques; in the centre two armies engaging in close combat, amidst whirlwinds of dust and beneath the fire of thundering artillery; and yonder on the heights a motionless assemblage of spectators, the thousand colours of their glittering attire presenting an infinite variety. From amongst these dense crowds rose lofty tents, surmounted by balls of gold. In every direction tramping steeds were held waiting in readiness, their rich harness radiant in the distance; at the base of the hill were to be seen the irregular cavalry of the Deftardar-bey, their disorder forming an animated contrast to the precision of the evolutions of the Nizams.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT AND HIS NAVY.

Mehemet Ali by his vigorous decisions in regard to his navy had already produced good effect: the European officers did justice, and with admiration, to these changes and their results. The Pacha one day invited the commander of an English frigate to come out into the roads with the Egyptian sloops, upon the deck of one of which he was in person. The vessels manœuvred against the wind. The Pacha made a signal to tack about; the English frigate took only *two* minutes for it, and his sloops *six*. Mehemet Ali watch in hand, said to the naval officers around him, "We are still but children; do you not see that in a fight these men would send us three broadsides for our one?"

———— E. E. M.

INTOLERANCE OF NEW CONVERTS.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

THE PARTERRE

OF FICTION, POETRY, HISTORY, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. 70. SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 31, 1835. Price Two-Pence.

THE REFORMER OF 1527.

BY CHARLES STUART.

"Hier stehe ich—ich kan nicht anders—Gott helfe mir! amen!"

Luther before the Diet of Worms.

Chapter I.

A prolonged, multitudinous shout reverberated from the immense concave of St. Peter's, and swept like a rushing torrent through its mazy labyrinth of aisles and porticoes.

"Venite, exultemus Domino"—

And the assembled thousands joined with the swelling choir.

Beneath that gorgeous dome—encompassed by the sublimest trophies of art and science—with a spirit absorbed in the united aspirations of congregated myriads, how insignificant, yet how exalted—how abased, yet how penetrated with the liveliest emotions of unutterable love—felt a simple student of theology.

"If this be not heaven, for what beatitude are the saints reserved?" murmured he in involuntary self-communion.

And he bowed his head, overwhelmed by conflicting emotions.

The solemn service proceeded, with the imposing ceremonials of the church of Rome. Its white-robed apostles surrounded the altar—and the crucified Saviour seemed, in the wondrous tablet of the prince of painters, to be present in body, and to doubly hallow the consecrated rites. The most apathetic were enkindled—the most worldly enchained by the resistless, yet ennobling enthusiasm.

What was the torrent of sensibility that swept through the mind of the untravelled, guileless student!

But when the cardinals, with their wide-spreading hats of brightest scarlet, with their interlaced bands of net-work, and glittering tassels depending, rose in their many folded robes, and made obeisance to the vicar of Christ on earth—and when Leo himself, with severe yet graceful dignity, gave to the prostrate multitude his paternal benediction and absolution, then—fervently wished the student for death.

"Must I mingle again with the world? O that he who gave my spirit, would here, in this his sanctuary, before these his holy ministers, resume the gracious gift!"

"Nunc dimittis Domine"—

The flood of moving beings rolled on

slowly and majestically, with the gradual yet unopposable might of an immense, spring-swoln river—but when they passed the porticoes, its concentrated force was expanded, and the area before the cathedral allowed the exertion of individual motion.

"Luther!" cried a voice at the foot of the towering obelisk, the trophy of imperial Rome from conquered Egypt—that seems to emulate the opposing mountain of architecture.

The student, for it was he who was addressed, turned his eyes in the direction of the sound.

"Ha! Melancthon!" cried he in return, as he struggled through the still compact crowd, to reach his companion.

"Leo! Is it not a noble dome? and the high altar. I,"—but he stopped as he caught a glimpse of the abstracted look of his friend.

Luther silently embraced his companion's arm, and they turned together down a narrow street to their obscure hostel.

Chapter II.

"So the list is completed for Tetzel?" said Cardinal Cajetan to a prelate at his side, as they sate in high conclave, in a private apartment of the Vatican.

"'Fore God, an extensive jurisdiction," replied his neighbour sarcastically; and unfolding a roll of parchment, he read—

"'Mentz, Halberstadt, Magdeburg, Brandenburgh,' and this monk is to have the saving of all the souls in these limits, at a ducat a piece! How much does his holiness realize from his spiritual dispensation?"

"It is reported that Tetzel offered fifty thousand ducats in behalf of his patron, Archbishop Albert."

"A timely supply. Leo can now finish his chapel al fresco; the scaffolding has long been a scandal to the church; whom will he employ? Bramante?"

"No—Michael Angelo."

"Have you seen the new pontifical button by Cellini?"

"Ha! Benvenuto at work again? I thought him food for the crows ere this. Was not the murder proved on him?"

"Well—but his holiness pithily observed, 'where can I get such another workman? anybody else, but I cannot hang Cellini.'"

"And so the button was the peace-offering?"

"Yes! is is whispered that his holiness fell into a towering rage at the intrusion of the condemned braggadocio, the guards rushed in, and his life in every body's view was as surely forfeited as if he had been extended on the block of the executioner. 'Away with the reprobate—pollute not my presence! to death with him instantly,' cried Leo."

"And how 'scaped he?"

"The crafty dissembler then drew from beneath his cloak the glittering button, and knelt with it, in his extended hand, at the feet of the pontiff."

"And what ensued?"

"Oh, a change—a most marvellous change—the frown relaxed—the voice grew mild—the hand waved the guards away—the erring son was received into the bosom of the church, and is now closeted with Leo to adopt a design for the pontifical signet—some of Tetzel's money will doubtless go away in his purse—but did you not observe the button in the tiara, before the second crown?—It is splendid—the toes of the saints project in such admirable relievo—it made me quite devotional."

"I was looking at the new eyebrows of the Charity—San Iachimo! but that Raphael has the gusto."

"And so," said Arcemboldo of Genoa, who had come to Rome to farm the expected indulgences, "this huffing, swaggering, bewhiskered Cellini is at liberty to strut about the streets with a four-feet Toledo, and arms a-kimbo, provided he spend his spare hours in his work-shop, making Venuses and Bacchuses for his holiness's most Christian taste. I crossed him yesterday—my blood ran cold at the sight of the bravaccio."

"Tut, no moralizing," said Cajetan, "now that the indulgences are off our hands, let's to supper—'t is laid in the eastern hall."

And the reverend dignitaries of that church, whose foot was upon every neck in christendom, descended to the repast.

Chapter III.

The supremacy of the pope was acknowledged by every crowned head of every christian people—and Rome in her old age, seemed, by a power differently exerted, though equally controlling—to rival the glories of her maturity. She *had* enchained the body—*now* she led captive the mind. Her 'senatus consultum' *had* made the remotest barbarian chief tremble for his rule—*now* the pontifical bull of excommunication drew reluctng monarchs in low abasement to the foot-stool of the Vicar of God on earth, or with its blighting curse of interdiction desolated the kingdoms with pestilence and famine.

But the end was at hand.

In the hour of her pride and exultation, when she was parcelling out heaven and selling it for a price, and trafficking in the souls of men like vile merchandise—when guilt walked unabashed in the garb of sanctity—and the foulest crimes in her ministers were but badges of distinction and notoriety—then was a mine silently digged beneath her feet, the explosion of which was to astound the nations, and verify the prophetic denunciations of the recluse of Patmos—"Alas! that great city Babylon—that mighty city—in one hour is thy judgment come!"

The instruments of Providence are not less wonderful than the end accomplished. No refractory monarch, or potent vassal was to effect a moral change through the civilized world. It was an obscure student from scholastic seclusion, with a few ardent but humble partizans; and he cautiously and fearfully approached the imposing structure of errors and sophisms, that was destined to totter to its base under his vigorous assault.

He came to Rome an ardent enthusiast, alive to every impression, and enraptured with the gorgeous displays of pontifical grandeur; but his penetrating and observing mind could not overlook the glaring abuses that lurked beneath the mantle of religion—while the scandalous lives of the clergy contrasted hideously with their sacred functions. His ardour gradually cooled—disgust supervened—then indifference—but his noble nature soon shook off paralyzing apathy. He resolved in the secret recesses of his heart, to create what he despaired of finding—from the unfathomed depths of intellect, to reproduce the model of that religion, a long series of abuses had defaced; and by arguments drawn from holy writ, to oppose the categories and absurd postulates of the schoolmen.

He left Rome an altered man—the fervid glow of youth was abated, and years of experience seemed to have concentrated their maturing influence within the brief compass of his transient stay.

He betook himself to Wittemberg, and in the cloisters and secluded halls of that celebrated university, applied himself to intense and unremitting study.

His learning soon elevated him to the theological chair.

Chapter IV.

"Await my summons in the ante-chamber."

The secretary bowed and retired.

"Curse that fool Tetzel," ejaculated Leo, passing his hand impatiently across his brow, "or rather my own folly, in permitting an important trust to a lack-brained, noisy declaimer"—

And the excited pontiff measured the apartment with impatient strides.

"This Luther too, with his ninety-five theses, and Tetzel must needs increase the flame by senseless opposition—Eccius too, and Prierias, could they not abide the orders of the church! an inquisitor-general demean himself to an obscure monk!—ha! what is this?"

His eye caught the name of Frederic.

"Protected by the elector of Saxony! he dare not—this bodes evil—ho there!"

The secretary re-entered.

"Write a summons to convoke the council."

"The signature of your holiness," said the scribe, on completing the paper—the bold hand of Leo made it imperative.

In an hour the assembly was convened, and amid the zealous anathemas of the members, a bull of excommunication was unanimously resolved upon. After long deliberation, in order to prepare it with due formality, it was issued.

This was a death-blow to the church.

The denouncing instrument of wrath no longer swept with resistless energy over the suppliant nations—it was met with equal violence: tumults, rumours, loud shouts of defiance, and the ignominious flames, every where encountered it. It seemed as if the world had awaked from the lethargy of ages.

A corner of the veil was lifted. A glimpse of the enshrouded demon thus imperfectly seen, impelled the intruders with an uncontrollable curiosity to explore the secrets still hid from the vulgar gaze, and lay bare the concealed springs that held captive the nations. The people too, whose vanity was flattered by the unaccustomed appeal to their reason, readily espoused the cause of Luther, till, more and more enraged at the artifices and absurdities constantly developed, they rose with the might of a swollen torrent, and threatened every vestige of the papal authority with destruction.

As in every ebullition of popular sentiment, whether in defence of truth or error, this violent revolution, and adoption of new modes of worship and motives of action, was attended with consequences which have been subjects of lasting regret to all true Christians, and served to bring the new tenets into discredit with many distinguished men, who would otherwise have been their most ardent advocates.

Churches, the models of architectural grandeur, were levelled to the ground, for the sin of their officiating priests. Paintings, which succeeding ages have in vain endeavoured to equal, were destroyed by the same insane fury; and excess grew upon excess, till the reproaches of the civilised world united to arrest the infuriated reformers, and the secular arm had a just excuse for interfering to prevent the spread of that religion, it otherwise would have been forced to witness without interruption. It is but a short time since the world were taught by sad experience, the inefficiency of brute force as an argument for moral conviction, and the present pacific international policy, and salutary dread of war, is the consequence of the accumulated precedents of ages, proving how worse than useless is force even on the side of truth, and that both in civil and religious government, the only effectual way of controlling the body, is to subdue the mind. Thus, the excesses which sullied the earliest period of the reformation, arose from the partial mental illumination of the people, joined with a total want of civil restraint.

Chapter V.

"Down with the Dagon of idolatry!" cried Kurt Lederstein, the cobbler.

"Ay, ay! so say I; down with him, root and branch," replied Hans Vanderspiegel, the joiner.

And a heterogeneous mass of artisans, apprentices, and disbanded soldiers, shouted, "To the ground with the cathedral! down with the sin of Nuremberg!"

"Didn't Doctor Luther call upon us in his last sermon to pull down all high places, with their abominations? and is not this a high place?" said the butcher Karl Fleischer, eyeing the massive and towering walls of the cathedral as he spoke, to confirm his argument.

"He's right," shouted the cobbler; "there's not so high a place twenty miles about."

"And those windows, with their ungodly devices, and those idols on the corners and pinnacles, what are they but so many snares for the temptation of believers?" added Musterschnitt, a diminutive tailor, who had crept among the throng.

"Bravo!" said the butcher, slapping on the shoulder the quaking brandisher of shears. "They say the devil is so well pleased with them that he comes every Sunday eve to give them a look. My grandmother Lotte saw him, one night, fly out of the belfry with a crucifix in his mouth, then stand trimming his wings cheek by jowl with Saint Peter, on the north-east turret! To be sure," added he in a lower tone, "she is purblind, and it was twilight, but she has told it so often it must be true! So, I again say, down with the house of Satan!" and he swung round his head the massive, long-handled mace of his calling.

An immense mob had now filled the great square of Nuremberg, and surrounded the towering pile of architecture which occupies its centre. The most active among them assembled in front of the great entrance, and began to assail it with axes, bars, stones, and such miscellaneous weapons as chance supplied to their furious, misdirected efforts.

But it was all in vain; the massive portals stood unmoved, and seemed in conscious stability to mock their puny assaults.

"A petard were well applied," muttered old Dolf Wildenstein, a gruff, one-eyed arquebusier, who stood surveying the scene, and leaning on a rusty partisan. "I saw the Emperor Max, when he made the gates of Terouene fly apart with one, after the battle of Spurs."

"Well said, old campaigner!" cried out a young man, in a dress betokening high rank, who appeared as if from the earth, and took the command of the multitude. "Hollo, there! torches, and a petard! or—this may suffice."

A tumult was heard in the distance—and a dozen men appeared waving their caps, and rolling a cask of powder—

"Nuremberg is famed for inventions," bitterly exclaimed the youth; "we shall see if she disdains to profit by those of others! now, haughty prelate, think on Drachenfels."

He was forcibly withdrawn beyond the reach of the anticipated explosion.

The ignited train ran like a fiery serpent to the fatal spot, and the carved portal burst asunder in fragments beneath the force of the shock.

The sound had hardly died away on the ear before the stranger youth, followed by an immense crowd, rushed over the scorched and splintered panels, and with a vengeful cry of exultation entered the body of the church.

"Down with the Virgin Mary!" shouted Fleischer the butcher, upheaving his mace at the word.

The furious blow divided the base of a silver crucifix, which tottered and fell

among the eager multitude, who scrambled in heaps to secure the precious fragments. "Would that he who last sat here were present to witness this," cried the youth as the mob rushed eagerly to the gorgeously ornamented seat of the bishop, with its gold-wrought canopy and silken hangings: "ha! and this too!" as they tore and trampled under foot the consecrated vesture found in the private wardrobe of the church.

The old arquebusier Wildenstein had laden himself with the consecrated plate —the pictures drawn from sacred history were contemptuously pierced through and trodden upon—the spacious gothic windows, with their curiously stained glass and armorial compartments, shattered from within and without with every missile chance could offer, or rage employ—the aspiring turrets, with their tapering peaks, like needles against the sky, thrown down—and nothing seemed wanting to complete the destruction of the chef d'œuvre of gothic architecture but the devouring flames.

And they were at hand.

The fragments of the front portal were collected in the chancel, beneath the superintendence of the unknown youth—his hand applied the fire—and the slow rising smoke, curling upwards in languid spirals, the precursors of a rapid conflagration, soon filled the upper concave of the church, and wound slowly from the windows, amid the repeated shouts of the mob assembled without, who welcomed the grateful sight.

The youth, at the head of the crowd within, busily supplied the flame with fuel from the torn-up benches, and altar ornaments.

"Cursed be the day I first beheld these walls, but blessed, more than blessed the hour of revenge!"

And he crushed with his iron heel a crucifix and chancel picture into the flaming pile.

By this time the spreading conflagration had forced the multitude from the higher part of the cathedral, and the wooden carved work of the ceiling taking fire, the blazing fragments rendered a stay in the body of the church hazardous, still the youth was indefatigable in his exertions, till a falling rafter compelled him to retire to the porch.

A statue of St. Paul, the last of the external decorations yet undestroyed, came to the ground with a crash. "Am I under the ban of the empire, proud Albert! look to thy home, thou'lt wander further yet than I."

And the youth, with a glassy look of unnatural hatred, threw himself among the crowd and was lost to view.

His work was accomplished; his revenge complete; and rushing to a neighbouring hostel, he mounted a steed which stood in attendance, then left the city with frantic speed. His name was unknown to any, but his dress and bearing indicated high rank, and it was rumoured the day following, that he was a leader of Free Companions, whose castle on the Rhine had been razed, and himself declared an outlaw, by the League, of which Archbishop Albert was a prominent and active member.

Be that as it may, the pages of history teem with actions proceeding from dissembled motives; and religion, above all, has ever been a cloak to hide them, and doubtless, for one disinterested shout of joy at the downfall of superstition, many rose from a restless love of excitement, or the still baser feeling of gratified revenge.

But the flames soon sallied, instinct with wrath, from portal and window—while the gathering mass of beings looked in stupefied amazement upon the conflagration they themselves had raised. After many hours the oaken roof gave way, and precipitated itself into the chancel. But the massive stonework, with its pyramidal buttresses and arched supports, resisted the utmost violence of the flames, and Nuremberg signalized its early accession to the reformed religion by the blackened and fire-scathed walls of its cathedral, which stood a monument of misdirected religious zeal, till, rebuilt in later days, it effaced by its renewed architectural beauty, the remembrance of its former destruction.

Chapter VI.

It was a small study in the university of Wittemberg. A circular table occupied the centre, around which a number of professors and divines were seated in earnest debate. The sombre hue of their academic gowns, and dark, angular caps, contrasted strongly with the glittering cuirasses and polished greaves of some noblemen apparently high in military command, who mingled promiscuously in the circle, and engaged in the discussion. At length, one who, by his bearing, seemed the chief, arose, and strode across the room with a gesture of impatience.

"Are you bent on self-destruction?"

"Will your highness but hear me?"

"Hear you? shall I suffer myself to be cheated by argument out of what my

reason assures me is right? and, still more, shall I lose you for a false whim, a—but I cannot, will not allow it" — and he resumed his walk with increased agitation.

"Nay, Luther," added the gentle, insinuating Melancthon, who sat by him, "his highness, Frederic, means it for your welfare. Would you trust to the Diet before him? they have every reason to wish your ruin, he every reason to preserve you."

"My honour is in question," sharply replied Luther.

"So said John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, when called before the council of Constance—they too had a safe-conduct from an emperor, yet did not that prevent the chain from girding them to the stake, or their ashes from being scattered to the winds," said Melancthon.

Luther rose and cast his eyes around, then uttered the energetic saying recorded in his life, "I am cited before the Diet—and I will attend it, were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house-tops!"

His friends, with reluctance and sorrowful forebodings, submitted to his unalterable determination.

It was a bright summer's morning, and thousands had assembled at the small city of Worms, to behold the man who, by the innate power of mind, had effected a revolution that threw into the shade the unsubstantial triumphs of conquerors, and the petty intrigues of statesmen. In a few years, the lowly student who bent, in the unconscious simplicity of his heart, at the shrine of superstition, had grown a giant in intellect, and was himself the centre to which were paid admiration and devotedness of heart exceeding what the proudest pontiff had ever received at the zenith of his power.

The contrast was the greater, when we consider that military renown was, at that time, the only avenue to distinction, except ecclesiastical preferment, and that Luther had, by the course of life prescribed to himself, not only been debarred from all eminence in that quarter, but had been forced to encounter the virulent opposition of the church, which had, until then, crushed with overwhelming weight every one who had the presumption to resist it. Till then the influence of brute force was indirectly felt in all matters of judgment in religion and politics. Compulsion followed so close upon instruction, that the alternative left no room for reasoning, and the infallibility of the church was a dictum which many admitted with a tacit mental reservation, rather than submit to the flames. But with Luther and the early reformers began the reign of that moral influence, which, with its gentle yet controlling power, is destined to consolidate the world in harmony—that potent charm, which is daily and hourly softening the asperities of human nature, and levelling the arbitrary and artificial barriers of nationality and prejudice, till "the sword shall be changed into the pruning hook, and the nations learn war no more."

No wonder that the wise and noble, the soldier and the scholar crowded around, to behold him who had given this mighty impulse to the world, and, from the humblest condition, raised himself above the privileged of the earth. And their wonder might well increase at the sight of him, since the effects were all they could appreciate, while the causes of the mighty change lay deep, and hid from their superficial observation.

He entered Worms in the midst of a crowd so numerous that his onward motion was hardly perceptible—the roofs of the houses, the windows, and even the steeples were black with spectators, anxious to get a glimpse of the Apostle of Reformation. When he alighted at his inn, he found in attendance the most distinguished men, both military and learned, awaiting his arrival, to obtain the honour of his acquaintance; and Luther received more courteous attentions from the wise and noble than the Emperor Charles V. himself. With the inherent politeness and modesty which seems ever to attend true greatness, he was not abashed by the unaccustomed sight of a court paying him homage, neither insolently puffed up by his sudden elevation, but demeaned himself with all humility and dignity.

The following day he attended the Diet—the most august body at that time ever convened in Germany, in which history recounts the names of seven electors, twenty-four dukes, eight margraves, thirty-five bishops and prelates, and five royal ambassadors, besides many other personages of distinction. He entered the assembly with dignity and composure, and took his place near his patron, the Elector of Saxony. Cardinal Cajetan, the pope's legate, then rose and read a long list of charges against him, in which the most opprobrious personalities were mixed with sophistical

assumptions of papal authority, and concluded with demanding an unconditional recantation.

After the cardinal had finished, the eyes of the Diet were turned on Luther. He rose and advanced to the table in the hall—then taking in his hands a copy of the scriptures, he replied in the memorable saying prefixed to this hasty sketch, and which is usually found beneath his portrait, "Here I stand—I cannot alter —so help me God—Amen."

His opponents were struck dumb with astonishment—he hastily left the Diet.

Chapter VII.

The eyes of the world were now fixed upon Luther; he had not shrunk from the ordeal which his enemies fondly hoped would annihilate his influence, but came out from the trial unscathed and confirmed in resolution. His success only served to increase the malevolence of his opponents, and the emperor was beset with ecclesiastics, endeavouring to procure an annulment of the safe conduct, which alone shielded him from the arm of secular violence. Charles resisted their dishonourable requests, and they determined by private means to accomplish what they could not effect by open solicitation. In accordance with this design, they stationed a body of soldiers in ambuscade, near the road which Luther was to take on his return from Worms, with orders to grant no quarter to him or his escort. They trusted, in the event of the success of the stratagem, to make it appear that he had fallen by the hands of a band of robbers, many of whom, at that time, infested Western Germany. But providence overruled their nefarious design. A retainer of the elector of Saxony overhearing them while exulting in the prospect of its certain accomplishment, informed his master, and Frederic, disguising himself and a chosen number of friends in masks, followed after Luther and his company, who had departed a few hours before. They came up with them a short distance from the place of the enemies' ambush, and rushing from a wood that skirted the road, took the whole party prisoners. After many rude interrogatories, and studied insults and injuries, in order to deceive his companions, they dismissed the remainder of his attendants, and taking with them Luther and one friend, conducted them to the castle of Wartburg, a secluded fortress of the Elector.

There the mask was removed, and the true reason of the procedure made known to Luther.

In this quiet retreat he remained undiscovered, while Germany resounded with his fame, and his doctrines were taking fast root in the affections of the people. There he employed his time in composing homilies, and in the great work of translating the Bible into German, which herculean task he accomplished alone; and, by so doing, gave a fatal blow to the papal supremacy, which suffered none but the Latin vulgate, and thus kept the mass of the people in abject ignorance of the Scriptures.

A SKETCH OF PARIS.

To those of our readers who have not visited Paris, the following fragment may be interesting.

The Paris houses are four, five, six, seven stories high. Then there are elegantly furnished rooms "*plus haut!*" up stairs.

The *entresol* is a division between the stories; a low, dark, horrid place. So a regular Paris hotel may be said to be fourteen or sixteen stories high. The steps and halls are either of polished bricks or of marble, tesselated by squares of black and white. You must commence the ascent slowly.

The *concierge*, or porter, is a person who, with his family, lives in a box of a room at the entrance, by the front door (a huge, double gate, like that of a walled town) to answer strangers, receive cards, etc. There he is, all day and night, watching through a hole in the wall, like the aperture through which the ticket vender sells tickets at the theatre. You enter the hotel from the street by an immense gate, which also admits carriages into the *court*, and generally there is a gutter pouring out through the entry. Inquiring for a friend, the *concierge* directs you to his division of the house, and up you mount, with aching knees and panting breast, wandering about and bewildered in a wilderness of halls, and apartments, soon losing the account of each *stage* or *entresol*, and sometimes when you fancy yourself in the fifth, amazed to find yourself only *au second!* It is an odd piece of extravagance, a Paris hotel.

The Rue Rivoli, Place Vendôme and Boulevards, are the inhabitable parts of Paris, all the rest is frightful; or, at the least, can be reached only through almost impenetrable avenues of mud. Some of the streets are so narrow as to

be in fact but alleys. Then the immense height of the walls on each side of the eternally overshadowed streets, which by some mysterious influence are perpetually inundated with a black, thick, sloppy, slimy substance, between mud, water, and offals. The pavement slopes down each side to the centre, along which a gutter, broad and noisome, for ever stagnates, except when the wheels or hoofs of the ever-flowing tide of vehicles and beasts, carriages, cabs, diligences, asses, horses, etc. etc., disturb and distribute upon unwary passengers and upon the sides of the dwellings, their offensive waters. You enter the Palais Royal through such a place. On all sides it is flanked by scenes of repulsive misery, damps, filth and gloom, which cause the amazed stranger to recoil. In many of these dens of beggary and disease, people are born, live and die, almost without beholding the sunshine and the sky, or feeling the balmy blessing of the fresh air. Here also are thousands of shops, some of only sufficient dimensions to admit the single person of the keeper, others ample and elegant. The mighty mass of human beings are ever swarming and clustering like bees—countless throngs of women without hat or mantle, neatly, and some beautifully attired, with caps of snowy white, and the snowy stocking unsoiled amid the filth. Here, too, are seen forms of another sort, gaunt, ragged wretches; crippled, starved, and every way blasted with time and chance; half clad, and horrid creatures, whom water has not visited, nor the sweet breeze of heaven touched for years. Among them now lightly rolls the superb equipage of a noble, the lovely mistress reclining upon velvet, with a well-fed lap-dog by her side. Now the ponderous diligence or omnibus thunders and splashes among the shrinking crowd; and again a military horseman, on some message of haste, dashes through, his burnished arms glancing in the shadows. On the side walks (which when there are any at all, are scarcely wide enough for two persons) ever and anon paces a stern sentinel, the bayonet glittering at his shoulder, the silent representative of the present powers till Louis Philippe is swept away, with Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and Napoleon, among the rubbish of the past.

At length we reached the *grande poste*, and entered the court amid a world of diligences, passing in and out, and a crowd of heavily-booted postilions, with whip in hand, ready to start with new mails, or resting after a night's ride. The good gentlemen who attend in the little office of the *Poste Restante*, are fair specimens of the French people in any authority, whom I had met with from Marseilles or Geneva to Nantes. All the diligence-office keepers, the *maîtres d'hôtel*, the *conducteurs*, etc. etc. etc., being peculiarly cross, rude and disobliging. After a longer subsequent residence in Paris, I was absolutely obliged to have my letters directed to my banker. The worthy official was snappy, and snarling at a pretty girl with a journal in his hand—*angry* at being interrupted in a paragraph. He assured me very rudely that there was nothing for me, but upon my *insisting* on an examination, he looked grumblingly and *found one!* The French politeness as a national characteristic, like the horizon, has always receded from my approach. But there is a vast deal of manner. A shopkeeper will overwhelm you with bows and smiles, but their solicitations are often intrusive, and sometimes *impertinent*. T. S. F.

NOTES OF A READER.

We have received a few sheets of a work shortly to be published, entitled "Ship and Shore, or Journal of a cruise to the Levant;" from which we take the following extract, descriptive of a lady of Malaga:—

"Before leaving this ancient town of Spain, I must pause a moment at the Alemeda, the most attractive spot in Malaga. This green promenade, shaded with orange and oleander trees, occupies a spacious place, in the most elegant portion of the city. It is ornamented with a superb fountain, overshowering its refreshing waters among groups of marble statues, which have all the frolic and garmentless glee of the bath! This fountain was a present, from the republic of Genoa, to the emperor Charles the fifth; and after having passed through the vicissitudes of being captured by an Algerine corsair, and of fortunately being retaken, was brought to this port, and finally placed where it now stands. But the Alemeda, at the purpling twilight, has a still lovelier sight than this. It is not beauty in the changeless representations of marble, but in the full pulse and play of real life. At this mellowing hour, the fair Malaguena may be seen, gliding away with the family group, from the restricted corridor, to this more ample and animating promenade. Her mantilla falls in light flowing folds over the glossy clusters of her raven locks,

and seems so attracted by the charms which it half conceals, that it scarcely needs even the delicate confinement of the jewelled hand, that now and then adjusts its condition. Her basquinia, with its deep tasseled festoons, falls from the cincture of the slight waist, in spreading adaptation to the fuller developments of her form, down to an ancle, over which it scarcely consents to extend the obscuring veil of its drapery. Her small, round foot, which seems at every moment in the act of leaping from its little slipper, leaves the earth, and lights upon it again, with most exquisite grace and precision. Her countenance, ever partaking more of thoughtfulness than mirth, has the carnation melting through the transparent cheek—the slumber of a smile around the lip; and the tender light of a full, black, overpowering eye.

"As she floats along, she casts upon you, if an intimate, a look of the most glad and sparkling recognition; if a stranger, a look that lingers on your heart long after the beautiful being herself may have passed away. It is precisely such a look as one would wear, who is pleased that there is just such a being as yourself in the world, and is happy in passing you this once, though she may never meet you again. It may, perhaps, be owing to my unfamiliarity with the world; but I did not suppose it possible for a person to find, in a land of strangers, that which could so allure him to the spot, and strike to his inmost sensibilities—as what one must experience who puts his foot within the sweet environs of Malaga.

"But there are other engaging objects at sunset in this Alemeda. Groups of sweetly-clad children frolic hand in hand, up and down its floating area: while the little miss of ten, under a less reserve than her senior sister, smiles up to you, with a countenance full of light and gladness. You feel half disposed to recognize this infantine pleasure, in the liberties of a kiss, but not venturing so far, you pass on, only to encounter again the same captivating scene. You meet also, at every turn, a cleanly clad individual, ready to help you to a glass of fresh water, a rich ice cream, or one ready with his little flambeau, to light your cigar. Under the shade of the orange and oleander, you pass social groups, on their circling chairs, holding their free tertulia, where every topic takes its light and transient turn. From everything that you see, your impression is, that the little embarrassments imposed by adventitious superiority are here laid aside—that artificial restraints are forgotten—that heart meets heart, and that many, without being the less wise, are rendered the more happy by such pastimes.

"We had taken leave of these gay groups, and turned to depart to our boats, which were waiting at the beach, when another scene, and one that strangely contrasted with those around, arrested our steps. It would seem as if it had come only to remind us of the fleeting nature of the objects that we had been admiring, to tell us that all this brightness and beauty, which our feelings had almost exempted from tears and decay, must pass down under the cloud of the grave. It came nearer, and now with a step mournful and slow entered the Alemeda; this place, but a moment since so full of life, voices and mirth, was now hushed, while every ear was turned to the low anthem of the dead. The youth and drapery of those who numerously followed the bier, told that it was to a sister's worth, that they were paying these last sad rites. It seemed as if I had known that young being—as if I had often encountered her youthful face, heard her voice, and seen her die!

"But yesterday and thou wert bright,
As rays that fringe the early cloud;
Now lost to life, to love and light,
Wrapt in the winding-sheet and shroud;
And darkly o'er thee, broods the pall,
While faint and low thy dirge is sung;
And warm and fast around thee fall,
Tears of the beautiful and young.

"No more, sweet one! on thee, no more
Will break the day-dawn fresh and fair;
No more the purple twilight pour
Its softness round thy raven hair;
No more beneath thy magic hand,
Will wake the lyre's responsive lay;
Or round its rings the wreath expand,
To crown a sister's natal day.

"Yet as the sweet surviving vine
Around the bough that buds no more,
Will still its tender leaves entwine,
And bloom as freshly as before;
So fond affection still will shed
The light on thee it used to wear,
And plant its roses round thy bed,
To breathe in fragrant beauty there."

Time.—Time is the cradle of hope, and the grave of existence. It deprives beauty of its charms, while it transfers them to her picture.

The Italians were the first of the moderns to attempt canals. The grand canal at Milan was made navigable in 1271.

A FORTNIGHT IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM PROSPER DE LAGARDE.

(Continued from page 267.)

Chapter II.

The Basques—Antiquity of their civilization—Language and manners—Character.

It is singular that amongst the numerous travellers who have written about the Pyrenees, and the mineral springs abounding in these mountains, with their scenery and natural beauties, so few are to be found who have been tempted to visit that remote corner of the Lower Pyrenees, called the Basque Country; or at least, who have given a description of it in their books. And yet the Basques, to the number of about seven or eight hundred thousand (including the Spanish Basques) are a distinct little race, well deserving some attention.

Not that their manners and customs are now absolutely local, at least as regards the French part, or that the Basques decidedly differ in any thing from the Bearnese, and the neighbouring Gascons, unless it be in their passion for the game of tennis. But their language, the formation of which is unknown, and the antiquity beyond calculation, and that, a fact almost incredible, has preserved its purity from all mixture with that of their neighbours; this kind of isolation of language in the midst of a civilization pressing round them on every side; the vivacity peculiar to them; even the style of their physiognomy, that has kept its originality almost as uncontaminated as their idiom; their ancient bravery; the part they formerly filled when they occupied a large territory, all that relates to them, is calculated to excite interest and curiosity.

The origin of the Basques is lost in the shadows of time. Historians have formed a thousand conjectures in regard to them. All that is known positively about it is, that the Basques of to-day are descended from the ancient inhabitants of the Peninsular of Hispaniola. They are the posterity of those wild Cantabrians, who before they became the allies of the Romans, had long fought against them, and so valiantly, that the latter were unable completely to subjugate them, even when the whole of Europe was under their yoke. In after times, pursued and on every side surrounded by the innumerable tribes of Goths and Saracens who had invaded Spain, defending themselves foot by foot without ever consenting to be conquered, they were reduced to retreat to their possessions in the mountains which they still inhabit. There they entrenched themselves, as behind impregnable ramparts.

It was about this period that they left the name of Cantabrians for that of *Escualdurac*, their true Basque name, and whence their language has taken the denomination of *Escuara*.

But whence came these ancient Cantabrians themselves, who were evidently the ancestors of the present Basques? It is here that the question becomes more obscure. The Romans knew them such as we now see their descendants; without precise ideas of their origin, without monuments, history, or traditions, and having nothing in common with their neighbours. They found them as in our days, forming a race unique and separate, speaking a language unknown to the rest of the world; a language reduced to the slender vocabulary required by their simple and modest life, yet preserving in its mechanism incontestable, though weakened traces of a highly advanced anterior civilization.

M. de Humboldt considers the Basque language as of the highest antiquity. He relates on this subject, that in conversations with Indians sheltering in the Cordilleras, as to whether they considered themselves the ancient inhabitants of that country, he was answered no, that they had been preceded by another race name *Astegui;* now this is a Basque name signifying *the first.*

The learned have discovered in the Hebrew, Basque radicals, particularly in the names of the countries and mountains of Asia, and have hence supposed the origin of this nation to be mingled with that of the Hebrews. There are indeed, on this subject singular analogies. Thus Mount *Ararat*, where the ark rested after the flood, is a Basque word signifying, *there it is, let us go there. Armenia* is another Basque word signifying, *within reach.* The eldest son of Noah was called *Shem:* in the Basque, Shem means *son, issue of. Amona*, a town of the tribe of Reuben, is composed of two Basque words, meaning *good mother, am* mother, and *ona* good.

It would be easy to multiply citations, did I not fear to make of this chapter a fragment of a dictionary; the above are sufficient to explain to a certain point, the assertion of the erudite, that the formation of the Basque language goes

back to the origin of languages and societies.

The Basques formerly pretended to be *all noble*, having received they said, letters of nobility from Julius Cæsar, afterwards confirmed by Caracalla. However, as where every one is noble, no one can be so, since noble, *nobilis notabilis*, means distinguished from the rest, some distinctions they were obliged to have.

The registered distinctions of nobility belonged to the possession of certain houses, named *Infanzones*, to which attached the privilege of admission into the States. These were transmitted from male to male by primogeniture, as did the entails formerly in France, with this difference, that they could be alienated. But, as much importance in regard to social position was connected with their proprietorship, it is not probable that a family would decide upon selling them, unless reduced to the most complete destitution. Some engraved their names on the door-way. It was doubtless a house of this sort that I afterwards saw near the Bidassoa, in the village of Hendage, which I shall presently notice. This house, falling in ruins, like the half of those of Hendage, appeared to have been considerable. A part of the front was preserved, and above the entrance door we saw these names engraved on stone: *Guillaume d' Harrismendy, Marie de Larraista.* 1679.

The French Basque country is composed of three little districts, designated by the names of Labour, Soule, and Lower Navarre, forming now the arrondissement of Bayonne, and a part of that of Mauléon.

In several statistic and geographical works, this territory is described as sterile, but this opinion is not well founded. If we except a few localities, and a narrow sandy belt along the sea-shore, the soil is favourable to general cultivation. It produces good corn and fine fruits. The vines thrive well there, and would produce good wine, if the inhabitants cultivated them judiciously. But the love of pleasure, of the chase, of smuggling, and in addition their attachment to old methods, are so many obstacles to their agricultural improvement.

It is however true, that in these mountainous regions, the atmospheric influences are often prejudicial to the harvests, and that abrupt variations of temperature will occasionally destroy the hopes raised by a forward vegetation.

The aspect of this country is picturesque and agreeable. Many natural meadows are to be seen there. Turkey corn is cultivated there largely. This grain forms the principal food of the poorer Basques. They make a kind of thin cake of the farina, which they call *artoa*,* like the grain itself, and in the patois of Bearn *méture*. The méture is to the Basques, what the chestnut and buck-wheat are to the Limousins.

The Basques are particularly alert and flexible. Their agility is unequalled, but what will most surprise a stranger visiting their territory, is their light and elegant *tournure*. No French peasant can in this respect be compared to them. The habit of running on the hills, early develops their figure, and makes them great walkers. The game of cricket, to which they are addicted from infancy, opens the chest, and makes the body upright. They have in general regular features, and the complexion lighter than that of their French and Spanish neighbours; to these advantages they add a simple but graceful costume; the *béret* over the ear, linen very white, *espardilles*† decorated with red or blue ribbon, and a *ceinture* of red wool, that they are perpetually adjusting with a peculiar grace. Then the staff—that indispensable article to a Basque, a staff of the medlar-tree, the large end below bound with brass, the other end fastened to the wrist with a cord, the wood painted a fine red brown; this is a rather dangerous weapon in their hands, for they are irascible, and the quarrels of the game or the table sometimes end in bloodshed.

Ancient writers said, speaking of the Cantabrians, that there was no nation whose troops were more ready with a blow. Thus Hannibal, who was well skilled in character, made this propensity available in his wars with the Romans. The Basques have a wandering disposition that scatters them over the different quarters of the globe, and yet they are exclusively attached to their native tongue; preserving, in their most adventurous excursions, a lively desire to revisit their native land; they delight to live only amongst their countrymen, and to speak together their individual language.

The Basques have written very little about matters concerning their nation, and the events of their history. Their records still continue to be verbal traditions.

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* In Basque *Artoa*, in Bearnese *Millor*, in the rest of Gascony and in Languedoc *Millet*.

† A kind of shoe of twisted cord, fastened to the foot, and decorated by the gayer peasants with many coloured ribbons.

The Basques are ignorant even of what exists in many ancient books on the subject of their ancestors. Few amongst them are aware, that in the middle ages the most esteemed light infantry was composed of Basques, as the heavy infantry was composed of the natives of Brabant and Flanders. The Basques and the Navarrois formed, with the Brabantese and Flemings, large free companies, who entered the service of the prince or nobleman whose pay was the highest. It was chiefly the petty sovereigns of the south, the counts of Toulouse and Provence, and the kings of England, as dukes of Guyenne and Aquitaine, who employed the Basques most frequently in their wars. They were long in the service of Richard the first (to whom they were much attached), against Philip Augustus: when Richard was killed by a shaft from a cross-bow before the castle of Chalus in Limousin, there was near him a Basque chief named Marcadey, who flayed the soldier alive that had killed the king, after the taking of the castle.

In general the Basques and Navarrois were the terror of the country into which they carried the war; but they have so lost their warlike disposition, that there are cantons now that never will furnish even their contingent to the annual levies; they emigrate, and prefer an independent but miserable vagabond life to the thraldom of military service.

The Basques are strongly addicted to the trade of smuggling, in which they display wonderful agility. Every one has a share in it, and to be swift footed is of no little use to them, as they carry on the traffic rather by running than fighting. Occasionally, though, when surprised by the custom-house officers, they are compelled to exchange a few shots with them; but a Basque smuggler is a very different personage to a brigand; he is a brave, careless, wine-drinking fellow, a gambler, and idle in every thing, unless the question be to cross hill and dale in the most inaccessible places, which is to a true Basque rather a pleasure than a fatigue.

Another dominant passion with them is the love of the game of tennis, which they call *pelote* (*pilota*), and in which they may truly be said to excel; it is the favourite employment of the whole population. This predilection is early manifested, and it would be as rare to meet a little Basque boy without a tennis ball in his waistcoat pocket as a Norman without his apple, or a young Italian without his rosary. In the Spanish part of the Basque country, even the women join in this amusement. This rage for tennis, commencing with childhood, and lasting as long as the strength of the man, produces players of remarkable ability. Every village has its square appropriated to the game. Some of them have very handsome tennis-courts, and in Biscay and Guipuscoa several of these arenas are completely paved, that the exercise may be resumed immediately after a fall of rain. Games are often held between famed players, not only amongst parties in the French Basque Country, but also between them and the Spanish Basques. It would scarcely be believed with what enthusiasm and lively interest these important negotiations are carried on. Messengers come and go, as if the question were the formation of a ministry; and as soon as the conventions are made, and the day fixed, in both territories journeys are planned to the spot where the combat is to be held.

When I passed through Saint Jean de Luz, a magnificent game of tennis was still talked of, that had taken place in that town on the fête of the patron saint, between the most celebrated players of the two nations, and amongst whom figured nobly, the organist of Tron, of renowned ability as a tennis player. In combats of this kind, very high bets are made, some amounting to two thousand pounds. The Basques are so devoted to this game, that they often risk in these bets very considerable sums relative to their fortunes; for in general, fortunes in the Basque Country are not large.

A uniform costume is usual with the players, whatever may be their rank. They all wear a handkerchief round the head, and elastic gloves of a new invention; their other attire being white trowsers, a shirt likewise of dazzling whiteness, ornamented with a border in the fashion of the country, and a red girdle. Thus habited they present themselves in the arena, and name a *jury of the games*, to pronounce as absolute and sovereign judge. A dense hedge of spectators, many of whom are personally interested in the bets, surround the square. The garden walls, the windows and roofs of the highest houses, and the trees in the vicinity of the scene, are thronged with the curious.

At length when the lot has decided the bound, or rather the rebound, *botia edo arafela*, the game begins. The champions long contend like heroes, agitated by hope and fear. At length when skill

or chance (always more or less concerned in events of this kind), has decided the victory, the losers, instead of holding themselves beaten, think only of a revenge that leaves them the hope of gloriously repairing their defeat.

Note—Almost all the Basque names have some signification. *Salaberry*, new hall; *Elicagaray*, dear to the church, *Etcheberry*, new house; *Etchecahar*, old house; *Jaurguiberry*, new castle; *Iturbide*, road to the fountain; *Larreguy*, border of a wood, &c.

The Basque language possesses an abundance and flexibility of which our modern languages offer no example. Thus the verbs in it are conjugated as far as twenty-six times with considerable variations, replacing the addition of the pronouns we are obliged to add to the verbs. The words change also according to whether we are speaking to a child, an equal, a person to whom we owe respect, or a woman. Thus we might almost say, the Basque comprises four different languages. To say to a child, "I give it to you," *Emaiten dauchut*; to an equal, *Emaiten dayat*; to a superior, *Emaiten dautzut*; to a woman, *Emaiten daunat*. Even the adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, are declined and modified according to the circumstances to which they relate. Thus, for example, to-day, *egun*; from to-day, *egundie*; to to-day, *egunera*; for to-day, *egungocat*; as far as to-day, *egunaraïno*. To-morrow, *bihar*; from to-morrow, *biharco*; to to-morrow, *biharera*; for to-morrow, *bihurcocat*; as far as to-morrow, *biharartino*. The single French word *bon*, takes in the Basque more than thirty modifications, according to whether it is in the singular or plural, or joined to the words *with*, *for*, *as far as*, &c. *on*, *ona*, *onac*, *onarecquin*, *onaganaïno*, &c. It is the same with the other adjectives.

This language, like the Greek, admits the formation of compound words almost to infinity. *Handitiarra*, who is much with the great. *Makilacaria*, a man who strikes with his staff. *Adinguidea*, who is of the same age. *Diruguitaria*, a person who carries money. *Belharguiro*, the time for the hay harvest. *Mahasguiro*, the time for the vintage. From this faculty often result, as may be easily imagined, words of extreme length. But the rapidity of the pronunciation of the Basques abbreviates them; hence Scaliger said, "These people pretend to understand each other, but I do not believe that they do."

Chapter III.

Bayonne—The Cacolets—Baths of Biaritz.

Bayonne was formerly the capital of the province of Labour, stretching from the ocean to the Bidassoa. Its primitive name was *Lapurdum*, or *Lapurdi*. Its present name is composed of two Basque words, *baia ona*, signifying, good bay, or port.

This town, situated on two rivers, the Adour and the Nive, has a gay and brisk appearance, pleasing at the first glance. The Adour, here near its mouth, is broad and noble. This little port, with its dockyard for ship-building, the vessels ploughing the Adour in every direction, and the business-like personages who come and go, give to Bayonne an animation superior to that of many cities more considerable.

Unfortunately the mouth of the river is not of sufficient depth to admit large vessels, being obstructed by the sands the sea continually carries thither. During the consulate and the empire, works of great interest were executed there, to drive back the sand by narrowing the bed of the river. But they did not fulfil the expectations raised, and for a vessel of any size to enter or leave the port, a very high tide must be waited for.

In traversing the city, I had a foretaste of Spain. On the door of my hotel I read—*Possada de san Esteban*, and over the different shops, several other Spanish signs. Whilst at breakfast, a young man entered the room in a vest of green velvet with silk frogs, resembling the attire of Figaro at the Italian opera, who asked for *agua caliente* (hot water), rubbing his chin as he spake. In fact, the foreign aspect of every thing, announced our approach to the frontiers.

I was told that one of the first things for a stranger reaching Bayonne on a fine Sunday in July, is to pay a visit to Biaritz. A journey to Biaritz is delightful at this season. But you must not suppose we go there either on foot, horseback, or in a carriage; it is too common. The Bayonnese, weary of the *cacolet*, may indeed choose one of these modes of transport, but the perfection of the thing for a stranger is to go thither in a *cacolet*. Perhaps you do not know what a *cacolet* is? It is a double elbow-chair, or rather a double basket furnished with cushions, placed on a horse; you sit in one, and your cacoletière in the other, and thus you journey side by side in the pleasantest manner. Your conductress holds the bridle in one hand, and her little whip in the other; this does not at

all prevent your entering into conversation with her, should you be so disposed, and the stranger travelling in a cacolet is always so disposed. Chance befriended me on this occasion. I repaired to the Spanish gate, as directed; there I found in circular arrangement, twenty or thirty horses ready equipped, like the donkeys at Montmorency. A cacoletière approaching, tendered her services, and the bargain was soon concluded. I learnt afterwards that her name was Catherine. I recommend her to all travellers to Bayonne. She seemed to have numbered twenty-four or five years of age, but modestly contented herself with claiming only twenty. A pretty figure, fine eyes, very dark hair, and a little *foulard* arranged with Bayonnese elegance, the ends tied over the ear, and surmounted by a man's hat of grey beaver,—such was Catherine, beyond controversy one of the best cacoletières of the place. She is pure Basque, from Guettary, three leagues from Bayonne, and a league and a half from St. Jean-de-Luz, and from her habits can have contracted none of the corruptions of the city. Every morning at daybreak she leaves the paternal roof, with her faithful companion *Glorieux*, and takes her place at the Spanish gate, where she proffers the services of herself and her horse to travellers, for excursions to the vicinity. Every evening she returns to Guettary with her earnings to her parents, reserving to herself only an *etrenne*, to defray her personal expenses. She speaks French very well, and has a gay and inexhaustible fund of conversation to beguile the tediousness of the way. She relates her travels to you, which have not always been restricted to the suburbs of Bayonne; it has chanced that travellers have engaged her and Glorieux to go as far as Galicia and Navarre; she has courageously conducted them, everywhere gaining, as you may suppose, by her distant excursions, experience and intrepidity. She will cross the Pyrenees day or night, as quietly as the Parisians would return from Neuilly, or from Vincennes.

Being duly installed upon Glorieux, we directed our course towards Biaritz, following the high road to Spain, as far as Anglet, a small village a league from Bayonne. There, we turned to the right through a sandy cross-way, and after half an hour's journey came in sight of the sea, and reached Biaritz.

A traveller in Switzerland has compared Fribourg to a town built on the points of rocks; the same might be said of Biaritz, on a smaller scale; its aspect is agreeable and picturesque. A number of white houses with green shutters are scattered upon the rocks, and the inequalities of the ground. People ascend and descend, appear and disappear in the many paths winding round these pretty little dwellings, so white and clean.

From the highest points you have the ocean as far as you can see, and at your feet several little bays; in one the fishermen and their families wash and prepare the fish; in another the baths are taken. The boldest of the bathers will go out to a distance in the sea, others more prudent, keep near the shore, within four or five feet depth of water, and the sound of laugh and song is heard in every direction.

A singular spectacle is formed by the rising tide over an infinite number of rocks, scattered here and there on the shore, and that are left bare at low water. The waves break against them with the multitudinous clamour of a thousand sounding voices. Some of these rocks are so perforated by the repeated beating of the waves, that the water rushes through them with a roar like that of wild beasts, dashing up on high a thousand jets of white and foamy water.

Let the worthy Parisians who crowd to Versailles to see the *waters play*, and who are in ecstasies before the *hundred pipes*, or the *baths of Apollo*;—let them come hither and behold this splendid scene! How small would the works of Louis XIV. appear to them by the side of the marvels of nature!

In addition to the rocks and the baths of Biaritz, I had also to see the *Grotto of Love*. This is a grotto on the sea side, in a recess of the rocks, at some distance from this village. It has derived its name from the tradition that two lovers, of unfortunate destiny, were surprised in the cavern by a tide of unusual height; they struggled in vain against the force of the waters, and were found the next morning dead on the beach, locked in each other's arms. Whatever may be the authenticity of this story, the *Grotto of Love*, though much less deserving notice than Biaritz, continues to figure in the number of the curiosities of the place. I would not, of course, pass it by, without also paying my homage to it.

I rejoined Catherine, whom I had left at the entrance of the village, and seating ourselves once more in the *cacolet*, we commenced our pilgrimage to the Grotto. Leaving Biaritz behind, and turning to the north, we followed for nearly an hour,

almost untrodden paths in the sands, where *Glorieux* sank at every step up to her knees, to her exceeding dissatisfaction.

In one place, the path became dangerous. To the right was a rock, to the left a pit twenty feet deep, and between them a narrow stony road a foot broad. All this was not very inviting. I was strongly tempted to alight from the cacolet; but Catherine seemed so bold, and so confident in the sure tread of her steed, that I thought it would be unjust to her to manifest any anxiety: so I summarised my fears by observing in a careless tone that the road seemed rather narrow. "Oh! it is nothing," said Catherine, "are you afraid?"—"I? O not in the least!"

We passed the chasm without accident, but not on my part without a certain throbbing of the heart, at the possible chance of rolling down the precipice in company with Catherine and Glorieux.

Leaving to the left a noble Pharos of recent construction, at which the workmen were still employed when we passed by, we reached a miserable little hamlet named Bourdeille. There, two or three young urchins were amusing themselves with bathing. Catherine summoning one of them, commissioned him to conduct me to the *Grotto of Love*.

I followed my young guide through sandy ways, plunging knee-deep in them as Glorieux had recently done. At length, we came in front of an immense rock, at the base of which I perceived an opening of about a foot high, and twenty or thirty feet broad. My guide stopped, and pointed to this opening with his finger. "Well!" said I to him, looking round as I spoke, "where is the *Grotto of Love?*"—"There it is: you must slide along on your face, over the sand. When you are once in, you will be able to stand up, and will be quite at your ease. The entrance is from time to time widened, for the accommodation of travellers, but the sea continually washing up the sand, it is presently again as you now see it."

The sea came indeed driving up most furiously to within a hundred feet of us: it was a spring tide, July 20, 1834,—(you can look at your almanack). I thought of the fate of the two victims of love whose sad story I had just heard. Not being in the least enamoured of my guide, I had no ambition to be found the next morning dead, and clasped like the lovers in each other's arms. I was however, unwilling to go away without seeing the grotto, having come so far. I communicated my perplexity to my little cicerone. "Make yourself easy, sir; the sea never comes as far as the grotto; even at the highest tides like this, it stops at fifty feet, or more, from it."—"But you have just said that the sea is continually filling up the mouth of the grotto with sand?"—"The sea washes the sands on shore, but they are drifted hither by the wind."

I was somewhat appeased by this explanation; and besides, I considered that my little friend, however small his allotted portion of the good things of this world might be, was not yet touched by the monomania of suicide, and therefore not more anxious than myself to be swallowed up by the tide; so I decided to penetrate into the grotto.

What will we not do in journeys of curiosity? Imagine a Parisian, whose toilette had been made with peculiar attention, to prove to the Bayonnese the superior elegance of the metropolitans in that particular, to the provincials of Labour; white trowsers, tafeta waistcoat, checked cravat, tied *à l'anglaise*, and all this in two minutes to be polluted, rent, and daubed by the dirty sand of the grotto; the Parisian manœuvring under orders from a little Basque boy of ten, who had nothing to risk himself, in his tattered shirt, and canvass trowsers for sole attire. "Now, sir, throw yourself on your face, your whole length on the ground, your feet towards the grotto, and creep backwards, as I do; but take care not to lift your head up, for you would dash it against the rock." I executed the mandate with tolerable grace, having first ascertained that no one on the beach witnessed my genuflexion. We thus descended a dozen feet, fighting our way through the sand, after which we could tread on the ground and stand up.

I then perceived that we had committed a great error; we had forgotten to supply ourselves with lights, to explore the various windings of the grotto; the daylight admitted through the entrance is but obscure, and only enabled us to see objects very confusedly.

There is nothing, however, extraordinary in the *Grotto of Love*. In different remote corners towards which I advanced with precaution, not having brought even a stick with me to try the ground, we heard a noise like a light plashing of water, against the walls of the rock. I suppose it came from cavities communicating with the sea, where the water follows the oscillations of the tide.

But I leave it to the learned to decide the probability of this explanation.

Having groped our way for some time through this cavern, which appeared to me to be nearly of a circular form, from fifty to sixty feet in diameter, and about twelve or fifteen in height, as it was well authenticated that I had seen the Grotto of Love, I meditated my retreat. We emerged from the cavern in the same agreeable way we had entered it; and when again in broad daylight, I was aware of the sad necessity of returning forthwith to the Hotel-St.-Etienne, to repair the blemishes inflicted on my attire by our subterranean visit.

I rejoined Catherine, who had patiently waited for me as sentinel, and who could not refrain from a burst of laughter when she saw my piteous condition. I was ill-tempered enough on the occasion, but could not be affronted with Catherine, who is one of those women who do every thing with such natural grace, that one cannot quarrel with them.

I resumed my place by her side; and finished my excursions for that day. An hour afterwards we re-entered Bayonne through the Spanish gate, and there I separated from Catherine and Glorieux, probably never to see them again.

At the evening promenade on the Glacis, I found all the beauty of the city assembled, and was not a little surprised to see most of the ladies walking about without anything on their hair, according to the mode of the country. They looked like parties taking a turn before going to a ball; and well suited to adorn a ball room, seemed indeed those young girls, with their splendid eyes, dark hair, brunette but fresh and florid complexions, and gay and laughing air. A ball at Bayonne must be delightful.

The next morning, at daybreak, I went to see the Citadel, on the other side of the Adour. It is a building of Vauban's; this is to say at once that it is a fine work. I examined the bastions and half-moons, but like a true Parisian cockney, understanding nothing of such matters, soon finished my inspection. But what attracted my incessant admiration, was the lovely landscape visible from the ascent of this fortress, and which was at that time inundated with the pure and brilliant light of the rising sun. The magnificence of the scenery tempted the genius of Vernet, who has taken it for the subject of one of his finest marine views.

MODES OF PAYMENT.

"For modes of payment creditors may bawl,
His can't be wrong who never pays at all."

A Jackson paper in Connecticut, gives the following extract from the minutes of one of its collecting agents:—"Mr. —," says he, "agreed to pay in his way, and refuses to pay cash. J— S— has gone to the West, and they say he can't pay. B— K— has failed, pays two cents on the dollar. L— M— PAID, *but wants the paper stopped, because you charged him more than the price agreed.* G— L—, good for nothing. M— W—, very poor, but promises to pay when gets able. S— D—, his wife just put to bed of her fifteenth, can't afford to pay this quarter."

A distinguished German entomologist has calculated that a single square inch of the wing of a peacock butterfly, as seen through a powerful microscope, contains no less than 100,735 scales.

FOREIGN PHRASES IN WRITING AND CONVERSATION.—It is a piece of pedantry to introduce foreign words into our language, when we have terms of legitimate English origin that express all that these exotics convey, with the advantage of being intelligible to every one. For foreign sounds, like foreign servants, ought not to be introduced to the disadvantage of the natives, until these are found unworthy of trust.

THE MOST PERFECT BEAUTY.

That is not the most perfect beauty which in public would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay, kneaded up with blood. But that is true beauty, which has not only a substance, but a spirit; a beauty that we must intimately know, justly to appreciate; a beauty lighted up in conversasation, where the mind shines as it were through its casket, where, in the language of the poet, "the eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that we might almost say her body thought." An order and a mode of beauty which, the more we know, the more we accuse ourselves for not having before discovered those thousand graces which bespeak that their owner has a soul. This is that beauty which never cloys, possessing charms as resistless as the fascinating Egyptian, for which Antony wisely paid the bauble of the world—a beauty like the rising of his own Italian suns, always enchanting, never the same.

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ADVENTURE AT THE ST. CROIX BLUFF.

Chapter I.

The sun was shining with tropical splendour through the casement of my chamber, by the very intensity of its rays forbidding the sluggard to enjoy his stolen repose, and calling him forth to breathe the pure morning air. Yet how delicious to one far away from friends and home, are those imperfect visions that flit so rapidly across the mind, at the time when deep sleep has just ceased to bury memory in forgetfulness, and when wakeful consciousness, not fully aroused, recalls not the sober realities of existence to dispel our visions of bliss. Where is the man, where is the stoic or philosopher, who has not enjoyed these morning and evening dreams, and yielded himself to their untiring fruition? If one can be found, though I admire his resolution, I envy him not his plain, practical existence.

From such a state of listlessness, protracted beyond its ordinary limits, I was now aroused by the shrill tones of the negro boy, who officiated as groom to the little pony, which this morning seemed destined to a reprieve from its usual task. The little urchin, holding the reins in his hand, lay basking in the sunbeams, singing at the pitch of his voice some favourite negro air, to while away the time, or perhaps to quicken the movements of his master.

I hastened to prepare for my ride, and seek my companion, who usually anticipated me in my movements, but who this morning seemed for once to have yielded himself to the enjoyment in favour of which I have already said so much. I found him yet apparently buried in sleep, with his face concealed upon the pillow.

"Roswell, Roswell! arouse, and boast not for a week, at least, of your early rising."

"I feel little inclined to boast of anything, except that my eyes have been suddenly changed from blue to black; which you know is my favourite colour."

"The change appears not to be confined to your eyes, but to have extended over your cheeks and face; and I must

say, that in appearance you are by no means improved, notwithstanding your opinion to the contrary."

"I think I must set up as an author. Just feel how very prominent the bump of imagination has become. Ah! and memory too; why, as sure as fate, I am a mathematician and a linguist. Just feel my head."

"You have all the bumps a phrenologist could desire. But, jesting aside, have you been dissipating, you dog? '*Facilis decensus averni.*'"

"Well said, well said! I have had a 'practical' demonstration of your learned quotation, as my old schoolmaster, whom we wickedly called 'Jack,' used to say, when applying a certain 'instrument' to our shoulders. Having travelled toward the lower regions, no later than last night, as fast as the attraction of gravitation, diminished only by the friction of a few rocks, and the resistance of some bushes and briars, could carry me."

"Come, come! Explain or I ride."

"Were you ever at the Bluff?"

"Certainly."

"What kind of a place, think you, is it?"

"A rough, wild, romantic spot, fit only for runaway negroes and madmen, like yourself. Have you wandered there, to be robbed and beaten?"

"Yes my good fellow, as you say, robbed, and of a treasure most inestimable—to wit, my heart—and beaten most abominably; that is, in a foot-race, with one of the loveliest angels man ever beheld. Look here! a shawl she dropped. See! it is rich and costly. It must belong to some lady of wealth, and as for beauty, I can attest——Nonsense, my bruises are trifles!"

It would be too tedious to narrate the long conversation that followed; the amount of it may briefly be told in another chapter.

Chapter II.

The preceding evening had been one of remarkable brilliancy, and, seduced by its beauty, he had wandered far among the wild and barren rocks, to a point at the extremity of the island, usually denominated the Bluff. This spot is remarkable for its wild, uncultivated appearance, and for the high mountains which rise abruptly from out the sea. At this point, the ocean around, even in the mildest weather, is agitated and rough, and the waves dash wildly and tumultuously among the sunken reefs, and in a storm are thrown high upon the sides of the mountains. And the air of loneliness and solitude is increased by the ruins of a once noble mansion, and its adjoining works now scattered in gloomy confusion upon the spot where they once stood. Here he had wandered to indulge his romantic dreams, and enjoy the truly noble scenery the place afforded. There in the bright moonbeams, far over the glassy ocean, lay St. John's Tartola, and St. Thomas in the distance; and above and around him, impended the steep and broken mountains, overgrown with bushes and thorns, save where here and there some loose rock, driven from its place by the hurricane, had furrowed a path along the side of the mountain.

He had abandoned his horse, and clambered along the side of the cliff to the farthest accessible point, where, throwing himself upon a rock, he soon became entirely absorbed in his own reflections. Here he had lain for some time unconscious, when, aroused to his situation by the falling of a stone, and looking upward in the direction, he beheld to his astonishment a being scarcely discernible in the dizzy height, leaping from stone to stone, along the sides of the cliff, with an agility scarcely credible. As the object descended and approached, the form and figure of a female, tall, graceful, and exquisitely formed, became distinctly visible. She was entirely robed in white! A white veil was thrown about her head; her gown, too, as it floated in the breeze, the bright moonbeams shining upon it, seemed also of dazzling whiteness. White slippers covered her most beautiful feet, and a light shawl was thrown over her shoulders. She descended near the spot where my companion had concealed himself behind a projecting rock, breathless in wonder and admiration, and seating herself on a rock, and drawing her white shawl close around her, sat motionless as the rock itself, apparently contemplating the soft, blue ocean before her, or seeking some object upon its surface. It was long before a sound escaped her, then merely a sigh, followed by a sob and an exclamation of disappointment.

My companion could no longer contain his impatience, but springing from his place of concealment, commenced an address somewhat as follows:

"Fair lady! you behold before you one ready at any time, place, and under any circumstances to defend you, while a drop of blood———"

The fair one waited not to hear the

completion of the address of her volunteer champion, but springing from her place, bounded like a doe up the sides of the mountain.

"Adored! beloved! leave me not. Hear me! hear me! I follow."

He did follow, indeed; but his course was short; for, poor fellow, missing his foothold, after rolling among rocks and briars, he fortunately for the entire safety of his bones, lodged in a soft bed of sand on the shore.

Chapter III.

The next evening found us mounted on our ponies, and on our way to the spot, which, in addition to its natural attractions, had become invested with the charms of romance. Our little animals paced rapidly along; small in size, but monsters in wickedness. Who, that has ever been to St. Croix, will forget its ponies! their divers tricks and caprices, and sometimes, their sheer, unprovoked wickedness. After numberless trials, I finally procured one to my liking—she was a pretty specimen of a horse in miniature—a complete coquette, dancing and tripping along with all the airs of a boarding-school girl, when exhibiting before her admirers. And when a branch from one of the lofty cocoa-nut trees, with which the road is bordered, fell across the path, dislodged from its place by the wind, it was amusing to behold with what assumed terror she would shy across the road, as though it was an unaccustomed sight, and then, timidly advancing, cautiously step over the same. My companion, however, was less fortunately mounted, on a shaggy little beast, ugly to the eye, and without a single trait in its disposition to redeem its external deformity, and possessing all the evil qualities that horseflesh is heir to. At times it would start, and neither curb nor bridle would restrain it; and then as suddenly come to a full stand, and neither whip nor spur could move it. It had also a provoking practice of throwing both its hind legs simultaneously in the air, to the imminent danger of the rider; and, when the whip in punishment was applied, would twist around its little neck, and throw up its wicked eye in the face of the rider, with an air of the greatest contempt imaginable.

The road from Frederickstadt to the Bluff on the western point of the island is one of peculiar beauty, winding along the shore of the ocean, and bordered with a range of lofty cocoa-nut trees, interspersed here and there with the orange, the Otaheite, and the fragrant oleander. The rich fields of sugar-cane cover the country as far as the eye can reach, even to the summits of the highest mountains, which, with their conical tops towering one above the other, rise in the background with strange regularity; and the noble mansions on their sides and at their bases, "La Grange," "Prosperity," "Sprat Hall," and "Mount Washington" surrounded with their orange-groves and neat negro villages. As we approached the Bluff, however, all traces of cultivation gradually disappeared, and finally, its wild, unbroken scenery burst upon us.

Chapter IV.

Having pursued a broken path as far as possible, we had just dismounted, and were fastening our ponies to a stunted tree, in order to creep our way on foot along the cliffs to the beach, where we proposed to lie in ambush, when a dark object was seen advancing from the very direction in which lay our course. To meet any one in this secluded spot was of itself a wonder. Who could it be? what object? why here? were thoughts which naturally occurred to us, alone as we were, in this desolate spot.

As the object advanced from under the shade of the cliffs, the person of a negro man became distinct in the bright moonlight. He was apparently a runaway slave. His person unusually tall and erect, and his limbs, being entirely exposed from the belt around his waist upward, admirably formed, and his chest bold and expanded. His countenance, save for its sable hue, would have been called beautiful. In fine, he was one of those negroes not frequently met with in the West Indies, who seem entirely to have lost the characteristics of the African race; and who, but for their degradation, might, by their personal appearance, command respect.

"Good night, massa."

"Well, boy, what news?"

"Massa, dis place no good."

"Well, what brings you here, then?"

"Me seek fagot, massa. But de jumbie here, dis place no good."

"Jumbies never touch buckra boy, only bad negroes."

"Ha, ha, massa, no for true; catch poor nigger and buckra, too. Go home, massa. De storm come, de wind blow, and massa fall in de water. Go home, massa."

"Come, come, boy, enough of this nonsense. Clear the way, and out about

your business. Here's five stivers; go, buy grog, or tobacco if you prefer it."

With African submission, he quietly relinquished the path, yet shewing, in his anxious countenance, as I thought, a deeper interest in what lay beyond than he was willing to acknowledge.

After a variety of mishaps, we, at length, attained the beach; and, concealed beneath the point of a projecting rock, in breathless silence, each became soon absorbed in his own contemplations, or wrapt in admiration at the view before him. Time passed rapidly on. The moon was now high in the heavens, and the midnight hour approaching. The early part of the evening had been remarkably mild and serene. But now the bright surface of the heavens was occasionally obscured by passing clouds, which drove rapidly across the sky, indicating, as the negro had foretold, a coming storm. The waves, as they dashed among the reefs, were capped with foam; and the wind bore the spray high against the sides of the adjacent mountains. Our situation had, in fact, become exceedingly uncomfortable, if not dangerous, for the sea had risen, and was still rising rapidly; and, unless the winds ceased soon, our retreat might be cut off. As for myself, the wet spray had much damped my ardour; and, for some time, I had been sighing for the repose of my couch. My companion, too, began to exhibit various signs of impatience and uneasiness. Now humming a low tune, presently buttoning his coat tight around his neck, and shifting his place, with a suppressed "confound it."

Chapter V.

The object of our search soon appeared from above the brow of the highest cliff, standing on one of the uttermost ledges at a dizzy height. Her loose garments flapped wildly in the wind; and as she leaned forward, apparently endeavouring to penetrate the vale below, her situation seemed dangerous in the extreme. My companion seized my arm in terror Soon she disappeared, but presently again became visible, on one of the wild tracks cleared by the rolling rocks. Her figure was light, and she leaped, with astonishing agility, from rock to rock along the side of the steep mountain—pausing, however, every now and then, listening intently, and gazing earnestly into the darker space beneath. She had now descended more than half way down the mountain, and her beautiful form was becoming more distinctly visible. Her robes were, as on the preceding evening, of the purest white, and her dress, save a loose mantle thrown around her shoulders, in every respect the same. At this spot she paused, in apparent incertitude, now advancing and now retreating, and then, again, pausing in meditation. At this moment, a clap of thunder was heard; and a few drops of rain, the precursors of a shower, fell. Her resolution was taken—she leaped into the path, toward the very spot where we lay concealed. Our curiosity was then to be gratified.

"Halloo, dere. Halloo, massa."

On turning round, upon the brow of the opposite hill, on which we had met on the preceding part of the evening, we beheld the negro; his arms were now throwing wildly around him, as he raised his shrill voice to its highest pitch. There was an inexpressible wildness in his manner; and as his voice was borne upon the blast from his distorted person, it seemed as if some spirit had been suddenly summoned from the lower world.

"Dog! scoundrel! What means he? what does he want?"

"It little matters now what he wants, our night's work is done. There flies your incognita—already on the top of the mountain—now, she is gone. Come, now let's make the best of our way home."

"I'll flog the dog."

"Keep cool; keep cool. Better say nothing."

"As to keeping cool—it were difficult, with this wet jacket and these winds, to be otherwise."

We now joined the negro, who informed us that our ponies had loosened themselves from their fastenings; and that, having chased them over the hills, he had finally secured them; for which service he hoped we would reward him with an additional five stivers.

The rain poured in torrents, as our horses quietly ambled along; their riders, completely drenched, felt little inclined to observation; occasionally, however, a dialogue like the following would occur:

"Strange."

"Cannot comprehend it."

"Nor I."

"Wish we had remained at home."

"And I."

Thus we jogged along till we arrived in sight of Frederickstadt, and the cheering sight of a burning lamp in our bedroom-window, before us. Wet and fatigued, we were already, in anticipation, enjoying the shelter of home. But trou-

bles never come alone; we were now crossing a bridge, over a lagoon, when my pony suddenly shying, to my surprise I found myself quietly stretched in the soft mud of the road. At the same moment, hearing a splash, on looking around I beheld my companion's pony; his legs elevated high in the air, so as to render his body nearly perpendicular to the earth, and Roswell, poor fellow, up to his neck in the lagoon. This, however, was but a trifling accident—inasmuch as we were both before thoroughly drenched by the rain—merely subjecting us to the necessity of footing our way home; as the sagacious little beasts, finding themselves at liberty, claimed certain inalienable privileges appertaining thereto: to wit, the government of their own motions, food, and the pursuit of shelter.

Before retiring for the night, we mutually promised to keep quiet on the subject of our adventure until time or farther investigation should disclose its nature. But we were not long doomed to suffer the torture of uncertainty; the next day, the government newspaper was published, and the following advertisement appeared both in Danish and English:—

"Five hundred pieces of eight reward!!!—Ran away from me, manager of 'Orange Grove,' Sally, a likely negro wench, about twenty years of age, tall, slender, and of rather a handsome person. When the said Sally absconded, she took with her a variety of dresses and ornaments of the daughters of Mr. Van Boskirk, proprietor; for the recovery of which an additional reward will be given. When last heard of, she had been seen in the vicinity of the Bluff, where she is believed to be lurking, aided by one 'Bill,' a runaway from the 'Taney.'

Michael M'Sluney, Manager of 'Orange Grove.'"

THE FRENCH THEATRE,

AS REPRESENTED BEFORE THE EMPERORS AND KINGS AT ERFURT.

Translated from Madame J. Scopenhaner.

What an extraordinary movement existed in the year 1808, in the contracted limits of this ancient city of Erfurt, which is now so dull and deserted! What a period was that, when the omnipotent will of the wonderful man, who has now for many years reposed on the rock of St. Helena from the astonishing dream of his life, concentrated in this spot, as by the stroke of a magician's wand, emperors, kings, and all that was renowned and illustrious among mankind! What a tumult of brilliant equipages with six and eight horses, among which thronged the crowd of spectators, eager to indulge their curiosity, although at the imminent peril of being crushed or trodden under foot! Citizens and rustics, strangers from all countries, courtiers in their richly-embroidered costumes, whose antique form, now recalled into use, appeared almost ridiculous to the children of a new generation. Polish Jews, statesmen, and officers covered with ribbons and crosses, the wives of citizens, and ladies exquisitely apparelled, porters, and female peasants with their paniers at their backs, all crowded together, and endeavoured to make their way through the motley group. From time to time the French soldiers, marching to exercise with military music, added to the confusion of the thoroughfares. The street of Anger, however extensive, all the other streets, in fact the entire city, was insufficient to accommodate the strangers who had flocked to Erfurt. The principal inhabitants were driven out of their apartments, and took refuge in the garrets of their domestics, to make room for the train of the emperor of the French; and in the streets which were remote from the centre of the city, the proprietors of houses were rejoiced at the harvest of gold which they reaped from the letting of their lodgings. The hotels were crowded to the very roofs.

Napoleon had brought in his train to Erfurt, the principal performers of the French theatre. Talma, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Mars, the exquisite Georges, and the beautiful Burgoing, appeared several times each week to play their finest pieces before the august assemblage; and for this purpose, a small theatre, which was discovered in the old college of the Jesuits, had been arranged with a truly French promptitude and elegance.

For each representation tickets of admission to the boxes were distributed among the foreign and native ladies; but it was no easy matter to obtain them. It was necessary to enter into a long, tedious and ceremonious correspondence with our friends, who were in the *suite* of the grand-duke of Weimar; it occasioned them much trouble, and they had to make interest with the state footman up to M. de Champagny, before my fair friends and myself could obtain tickets to witness the representation of the tragedy of Œdipus, in which Talma

and Mademoiselle Raucourt were to play. Our party arrived at Erfurt, from Weimar, separated in several carriages; we deposited our precious tickets in the apartments which we had engaged at the hotel, and made an attempt to walk in the streets; but the shocking confusion and crowd in every part of the city, compelled us to return to our rooms. We counted our tickets, and were thunderstruck, when we perceived that two of them were missing. It was in vain that we searched everywhere in the room, had the carpets taken up, and examined every piece of furniture—the tickets had disappeared. One of the waiters had, most probably, made something by them; for these tickets of admission were great articles of traffic at that time, and strangers arriving at Erfurt, without any acquaintances there, frequently paid more than a *louis d'or* for one.

"Ah! if we had but one or two young officers with us now," sighed the youngest and fairest of our party; "for an epaulet or a decoration are equivalent to a ticket here." The idea was an excellent one. Among our friends at Erfurt, we soon discovered some cavaliers of the right sort, and it was under their escort and protection that we bent our steps toward the theatre, through the awful crowd by which its avenues were besieged. At the top of the staircase we were received by an officer of the guard, who distributed our party into several boxes of the theatre, which was still almost empty.

I was fortunate enough, with two of my friends, to be placed in the front seat of a box close to the stage, from whence we could observe everything that took place in the house. We congratulated ourselves on being so comfortably accommodated, but our joy did not continue long. The boxes near ours were soon filled to overflowing, and the door of the one we occupied was hastily opened.

"What!" said the soldier or gendarme, I know not which, under whose superintendence we were placed—"what! three women occupying three chairs! There's room for six, at least!" and so saying, he introduced between us two ladies, with whom fortunately we were well acquainted.

All the boxes, as well as ours, became more and more crowded; we were mercilessly squeezed; we could scarcely move, and almost fainted with the heat, but we had no time to be ill; the importance of the grand spectacle, which was beginning to arrange itself under our eyes in the pit, so absorbed our attention, to the exclusion of everything else, that we forgot all the inconveniences of our position.

Immediately in front of the stage, two arm-chairs were placed for the two emperors, and on each side of these were ranged common chairs for the kings and reigning princes. The space behind these seats began to be filled. We saw the statesmen and generals of the greatest powers of Europe enter—men with whose names the world then rang, and which have now become a part and parcel of history. Their uniforms stiffened with gold-lace, and their air of vivacity and assurance distinguished the French from the more staid and serious Germans. There were Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lasnes, Duroc, and many others equally illustrious; and it seemed as if the grandeur of their master was reflected upon the features of each. We saw Goethe, with his calm and dignified physiognomy; and the venerable Wieland, whom the grand-duke of Weimar had brought with him to Erfurt. The duke of Gotha, and many German princes, who were either sovereigns or allied to reigning houses, were grouped around the two patriarchs of German literature.

The rolling of drums was now heard outside.

"It is the emperor!" exclaimed every voice in the theatre.

"Fools and imbeciles! what are you about?" shouted forth the commanding officer in a rage to the drummers. "It is only a king!"

And in fact a German king was ushered into the theatre; and three other monarchs appeared shortly afterward. Without ceremony, and without salute, the kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemburgh made their appearance. The king of Westphalia, who arrived later, eclipsed them all by the splendour of his rich embroidery, and the brilliancy of his jewels. The emperor Alexander, distinguished by his majestic stature, next seated himself in his arm-chair. The large box exactly opposite the centre of the stage dazzled all eyes, by the bursts of splendour which it flung around. The queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, sat in the middle; close to her, the charming Stephanie, grand-duchess of Baden, was more remarkable for her grace and beauty than for her dress. Some German princesses were seated near the two sovereign ladies; while the gentlemen and ladies of their court occupied the back of the box.

At this moment, Talleyrand made his appearance in a small box, constructed expressly for him, on a level with the pit, and close to the stage, because the weakness of his feet would not allow of his standing in the pit among the men. The emperor and the kings stood in front of his box, to converse with the minister, who was seated comfortably and at his ease. Everybody was at the rendezvous, except HIM who had brought all these grandees together; he was still absent, and he made them wait a long time.

At length a deeper and more prolonged roll on the drums was heard, and all eyes were turned with anxious curiosity to the place of entrance—and then he was seen, this most incomprehensible man, of this most inconceivable epoch. He was dressed in the plainest manner possible, which he always preferred; and, slightly saluting the assembled sovereigns whom he had caused to wait so long, he took possession of his arm-chair at the right of the emperor of Russia. His compact and rather short figure, contrasted with the elegant shape of Alexander. The four kings seated themselves on their chairs without arms, and the play began; but it was in vain that Talma displayed all his art; and that Raucourt, whose beauty and talent had preserved their attractions for half a century, lamented the ravages which Jocasta's *weak charms* had caused—for we had no eyes or attention for anything but the spectacle which the pit presented. Nevertheless, the gendarmes at the door of our box did their best to complete our deficient education, and to inculcate upon us, between the acts, the etiquette which we should observe in the presence of the master of the world!

"Take away that opera-glass! The emperor does not like to be looked at in that way!" said one of them, leaning over the heads of all the ladies who were seated behind us.

"Sit upright, and don't stretch your neck so!" said another—"the emperor dislikes it!"

We were rather impatient at this schooling; but we took an example from the kings and princes before us, and we endured philosophically from the French what it was not in our power to avoid.

Immediately after the commencement of the tragedy, which he had witnessed, perhaps, a hundred times, Napoleon settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair, and was soon in a profound sleep. It is well known that he could sleep whenever he pleased both day and night; and eye-witnesses have assured us, that in the very middle of a decisive battle, he purposely slept for an hour or two, in order to recruit himself and to collect new energy, and that he always awoke at the hour he had fixed. On this very day he had fatigued himself in manœuvring his troops for many hours over a great extent of country.

It was a singular sight for us to behold that terrible man wrapped in gentle slumber, whose gigantic plans were to cause the happiness or misery of half the earth. Twenty years have since (1828) glided away—it is scarcely a third part of the life of man—and yet how many changes have taken place in this short interval? What a powerful upward flight the world has taken in this fifth part of a century! What exists now, could not then have been guessed. How curiously has Time brandished his scythe in this fraction of space, and what a terrible harvest has he gathered! Where are the kings, the mighty and the great, who were assembled in that hall? Where is he who called them together? He reposes for ever on the rock round which the waves of the ocean are mourning. The short and beautiful existence of Alexander has closed. The kings of Saxony, Bavaria and Wirtemburgh sleep in their marble sepulchres. There is not one who has survived them but King Jerome; and his celebrity, like a morning dream, has evaporated with his whimsical royalty.

The grand-duchess of Baden, the beautiful Stephanie, has long wept over the grave of her husband, who was snatched from her arms in the flower of his age; the duke of Gotha, who needed not his title of prince to charm the world, is dead, and in him his race was extinguished; and Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar no longer lives but in the memory of his subjects. Alas! with how many illustrious names might not this melancholy obituary-list be swelled!

J. P.

PROVIDENCE AND FLOUR.

A layman in New Providence (America), who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of a Deity:—"Brethren, I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour at Alexandria; and *that* I know for a certainty, as I yesterday received from there a lot of 300 barrels fresh, superfine, which I will sell as low as any man for *cash*." This is too bad, brother Jonathan!

CHARLES KEMBLE's HAMLET.

My father's Hamlet is very beautiful. 'T is curious, that when I see him act I have none of the absolute feeling of contempt for the profession that I have while acting myself. What he does, appears indeed like the work of an artist; and though I always lament that he loves it as he does, and has devoted so much care and labour to it as he has, yet I certainly respect acting more while I am seeing him act, than at any other time. The spirit of man of its own dignity ennobles whatever it devotes itself to. The most trivial actions become almost heroical from the motive which prompts them, and the most absurd ceremonies of superstition sincerely practised, may excite pity, but neither contempt nor ridicule. If such a thing as an enthusiastic shoemaker were to be met with, there is no doubt but his feeling of his craft would elevate it into something approximating an art, and his work would bear witness to his veneration for it. At the time when the stage was in its highest perfection, its members had all a great love and admiration for their profession; many of them were men of education and mental accomplishment, and brought to bear upon their labour all the intellectual stores which they possessed. They respected their own work, and it was respectable; they thought acting capable of elevation, of refinement, of utility. and their faith in it invested it with dignity. Of this class were all my father's family. One reason why the stage, and everything belonging to it, has fallen to so low an ebb now, is because actors have ceased to care for their profession themselves—they are no longer artists—acting is no longer an art. Yet surely, after all, acting *is* nonsense; and as I sit here opposite the churchyard, it seems to me strange to think that when I come down into that darkness, I shall have eaten bread during my life, earned by such means. The Ophelia was perfectly beautiful: I think I scarcely ever saw a more faultless piece of mortality, in point of outward loveliness. The eyes and brow of an angel, serene and calm, yet bright and piercing; a mouth chiselled like a Grecian piece of sculpture, with an expression of infinite refinement; fair, round arms and hands, a beautifully moulded foot, and a figure that seemed to me perfectly proportioned. It did not, perhaps, convey to me the idea of such absolute loveliness as ——'s figure did; but altogether I think I never saw a fairer woman—it was delightful to look at her. Besides the advantage of possessing the very prettiest collection of actresses I ever saw, the theatre at Boston has decidedly the best company I have played with any where out of London. The ladies and gentlemen of the Tremont theatre do not despise their work; our pieces were all remarkably well got up, and the green-room is both respectable and agreeable. The audience are, upon the whole, cold—very still and attentive, however; and when they do warm, it is certainly very effectually, for they shout and hurrah like mad.

Mrs. Butler's Journal.

THE DYING GIRL.

Helas! si jeune.—*Epitaph in Père la Chaise.*

The loveliest in this world of sadness,
Are destined to decay the first;
And those whose fate seems wove of gladness,
Are mournful victims of the worst.

So she, like roses rudely torn
In graceful fragrance from their stem,
Beamed like her emblems for a morn,
Then, crushed and wither'd, fell like them.

August, 1835. P.

A FORTNIGHT IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM PROSPER DE LAGARDE.

Chapter IV.

Saint John de Luz.—The Church of Siboure.—Chateau d'Urtubi.

I was still but on the borders of the Basque Country, and it was not my intention to remain there. Monday, July 21, at nine in the morning, I got into an ill conditioned cabriolet that I had purchased for my excursion to the frontier, not having been able to find a better in all Bayonne. I will observe though, for the honour of the town, that it possesses five or six decent vehicles, but they were all in the country, so I was obliged either to accept a kind of litter mended with ropes, or to wait until the following morning. I took the former resolution, and boldly entered my carriage, after the wife of the coachman had sewed, for good and evil, a piece of canvass in the place where a glass had been broken; a precaution recommended by circumstances, as the wind whistled very keenly.

"Where are we going?" said my dri-

ver, when we were duly installed—"To Saint John de Luz;" and we left the town through the Spanish gate.

We soon found ourselves in a barren and rather wild country. It was no longer the gay and elegant landscape that delights the traveller from Pau to Bayonne. The perspective was still as grand, but the character of the scene, and the details of the picture were not the same. At a little distance from Bayonne the sea begins to be visible, and the route continues to follow it as far as Saint John de Luz, which we reached after about three hours' journey. We passed through the villages of Bidart and Guettary, presenting nothing remarkable. Between the sea and the road, at a point where the latter commands a little melancholy looking valley, is a lake, with a miserable cottage on the banks of it. There was no trace of any other habitation near, and my driver told a superstitious tradition about it.

At Saint John de Luz we were obliged to stop, first because it was Saint John de Luz, and next because it was necessary to rest our horse, that was to take us in the course of the day to Behobia, on the Bidassoa. Thus I had two long hours before me, three times the space required to see the town and its neighbourhood.

Saint John de Luz, whose port is now nearly deserted, was not always thus inglorious. It was in its bosom, at a very remote period, that those intrepid mariners were formed who were the first to seek the whale,* not only on the coasts of Spain and Gascony, but in the most distant roads.

The port of Socoa to the left, affords shelter to the vessels that come there occasionally to harbour; but is now seldom frequented by any but fishermen's boats. Settlements have been formed there lately, for salting the tunny and anchovy.

The town of Saint John de Luz is divided by a narrow arm of the sea, or canal, communicating with a river well stocked with fish, called the Nivelle. This canal, diverging into two branches, forms there a small island, where was formerly a convent of Récolets, and where the custom-house now stands.

The part of the town on the other side of the canal, and which is indeed but a suburb to Saint John de Luz, is called Siboure; it has a very mean appearance. It is reached by two little wooden bridges thrown across from the island just mentioned. The belfry of the church of Siboure is in the Chinese style, and at a distance might be mistaken for a pagoda, were it not for the little iron cross surmounting it. Attracted by this singularity, I entered the church. A young priest was catechising a juvenile audience. I lingered a little to listen to him, and there for the first time had the satisfaction to hear the Basque spoken deliberately, and in its purity. I had the pleasure also to find that I did not understand a single word of it, with the exception of the word sacrament (sacramèn) that came over often enough. However, I could not make a long sitting there. All the little boys and girls being entirely pre-occupied with the apparition of a stranger, so rare an event in the church of Siboure, curiosity made them continually turn their little heads, and the curé himself appeared much disconcerted to see his whole audience thus put to the rout. Being persuaded that I should do him an immense service by evacuating the place, I hastened to do so.

The church is quite naked, as well as that of Saint John de Luz, in nothing resembling the Spanish churches, where we see a profusion of gilt tracery and decorated saints, all attired as best may be, in stuffs more or less rich, according to the parochial means; for even where luxury of toilette must be out of the question, there is at least a pretension to it, evidenced by a certain whimsical arrangement of old draperies, false necklaces and jewellery, feathers and faded flowers.

In seeing this miserable little town of Saint John de Luz, now silent and sad, my historical recollections arose to memory. I compared it with what it must have been a hundred and seventy four years ago, in the month of May 1660, when the whole French court assembled there, for the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Spanish Infanta. It was at Siboure that Mazarin lodged, with *many persons of his court*, as the memoirs of the day assert. Anne of Austria, and Louis XIV. lodged at Saint John de Luz. All around was then brilliant, and beaming with animation, elegance and

* "If the Norwegians were the first whale fishers to the north of Europe, the Basques were to the west; these latter were accustomed to give to the church from devotion, the tongues of the whales, as being the most delicate portion of them. These offerings at first voluntary, were subsequently converted into a tithe. Amongst the Basque fishermen, were particularly distinguished those of Cape Breton, Biaritz, Guettary, and Saint John de Luz."
Histoire generale des peches, par Noel. 1815.

joy. There were high born and wealthy ladies, noble lords, pages, footmen, and valets, embroidered, gilt, and laced; royal carriages, festivals, and splendid shows!

"We had at Saint John de Luz," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "Spanish actors. The queen went to see them every day; they danced and sang between the acts, and dressed themselves as hermits and friars, imitating burials and marriages, and so profaning the mysteries of religion, that many persons were quite scandalized at it. The Spaniards came to Saint John de Luz, to see our court; and many of the French also went to Saint Sebastian to see that of Spain."

Having traversed Siboure and Saint John de Luz, in the length and the breadth, and dined to pass away the time, I roused my coachman, who little suspected that the two hours conceded him had rolled away. The horse was duly harnessed to the vehicle, ornamented with old ropes, at which the provincials were tempted to laugh, as well as at the little coach-door in canvass; but they dared not, thinking I was perhaps some new tax gatherer, or *employé* of the sub-prefecture on his circuit; under favour of this uncertainty we resumed our route to Spain, with as much dignity as a diplomatist might have done, bearing dispatches for the court of Madrid.

Beyond Saint John de Luz, the country continued to become more mountainous and wild. A picturesque village, called Oragne, made a little diversion to this broad solitude. To the right, a quarter of a league from this village, we passed near a rather remarkable dwelling. It is the château of Urtubi; this noble residence, now belonging to M. Larralde Diusteguy, is very ancient, and its origin is not well known. It appears, however, certain, that it dates from the fourteenth century, and that its first authenticated proprietor was a descendant of the dukes of Grenada. It is flanked by five little turrets, and surrounded by moats that could be flooded at pleasure. The present owner has filled them up: at the time I passed the château, the workmen were still engaged about it.

The lords of Urtubi had formerly the tithes of the parish of Oragne, and the appointment of the curé, as well as of the curé of Siboure and of Hendage, then dependencies upon it.

By ordinance of the king, October 17, 1511, Louis d' Urtubi, Esquire, of the said place, obtained the office of bailli of Labour.

In 1643, furious quarrels arose between two contending parties on the subject of this post of bailli. The plurality of suffrages from the parishes of the territory of Labour, were to decide the election. The concurrence existed between the lords of Urtubi and Saint Pée. Those who held to the first, were distinguished by the denomination of *Sabel souri*, and those to the second by that of *Sabel gorri*. Thus behold in miniature the bloody strife of the red and white roses of Lancaster and York! Only in place of the crown of England, the scuffle was for the wig of a bailli.

Disorders and murders were not wanting in this bloody episode of the annals of the Basque Country. At length the *Sabel souri* carried the prize, and was proclaimed at Urtubi, to the great confusion of the challengers of the lord of Saint Pée.

The château of Urtubi has a fine garden, divided into parterre, vegetable and fruit garden, with an orangery and a lofty forest near the château for the promenade; it is a very advantageous property to the owner, as the domain comprises twelve good farms, four mills, a tile-kiln, and a copse of five hundred acres.

But I resume the descriptive style of the traveller writing his personal narrative. An occasional field of Turkey wheat, some meadows, barren hills crowned by bleak rocks, shepherds perceived in the distance with their flocks, and a few thinly-scattered dwellings; such was the district we passed through.

Suddenly, when we had gained the summit of a rather long, steep coast by a turn in the road, there burst upon the sight a landscape of a very different aspect.

A broad river studded with several little islands; and at the base of the winding ascent, on the brow of which we stood, a small village, whose houses appeared quite new; on the other bank a town, whose roofs reflected the rays of the setting sun; to the left a hermitage, to the right a convent and a chapel.—It was the Bidassoa, it was Irun, it was Spain that we at length beheld!

"Here we are at our resting place," said my driver, who in all this saw only the pleasure of reposing himself, supping, and smoking his pipe at his ease, for I had remorselessly deprived him of this luxury during the journey. "You perceive those white houses on the water side," said he, "it is Béhobia. We have only to descend at a brisk trot, the road

is magnificent, and in ten minutes we shall be there."

In fact, ten minutes afterwards we were in Béhobia. Though not exactly a village, but rather a hamlet, dependent upon the commune of Hendaye, it is a very neat and pretty place, formed of a cluster of some seven or eight well-built houses, standing at the beginning of the bridge communicating with Spain.

Every thing is relative; and I, a humble traveller, without great pretensions, was for the moment as enchanted to see the Bidassoa as M. de Chateaubriand doubtless was to behold the Jordan.

Chapter V.

Béhobia.—The isle of Pheasants.—Navigation on the Bidassoa.

An important question presented itself on reaching Béhobia. Shall I obtain permission to enter Spain? At Bayonne I had requested this permission, but the officials in the sub-prefecture (in the absence of the principal), apparently suspecting me of hostile intentions *in petto*, had unrelentingly refused me, under strength of the precautions imposed by *circumstances*; and had written on my passports the exasperating words, *vised as far as Béhobia.*

However, I still retained a hope to find M. the delegate of the police of Béhobia less rigid, and immediately sought him out; for it was a critical moment for me, being no less a question than whether I should put foot on Spanish ground, or return home as I had come.

It appeared that the delegate was a better physiognomist than the people at the sub-prefecture of Bayonne. He comprehended directly that I had no ambition to offer my personal services to the pretender, but was simply a travelling Parisian, curious to see what sort of faces they had on the other side of the water. He was as accommodating as possible; in five minutes my passport was duly signed and sealed; he was obliging enough to recommend me not to sleep at Fonterabia. "The Carlist troops," said he, "are scouring the country, they might take a fancy during the night to carry the town by assault, as it is quite open, and you would be compromised in the scuffle."

I thanked him for his advice, assuring him I should profit by it.

I had no time to lose. The fortnight I could appropriate to my excursion was nearly expired. It was the tenth day since my departure from Toulouse; so I decided to see Fonterabia that very evening, to visit Irun the next morning, and then to return without delay to Bayonne.

On leaving the police office, I found at the door of the hotel of the *two nations*, where I was staying, a boy of about fifteen, who offered me his services as guide and interpreter. I accepted the offer with alacrity. He proposed to me to go to Fonterabia by water: by the land route we must have crossed the bridge of Béhobia, and have gone a league on foot on the left bank of the river, by a difficult path. "Near this, down there," said my little guide, "is a fisherman of Hendaye, a friend of mine, who will cheerfully take you to Fonterabia in his boat." Every thing chanced to my wish; a sail on the Bidassoa was delightful; it was two pleasures instead of one. "Go," I replied, "for the boat of thy friend the fisherman, and let us start."

We crossed a few fields of Turkey corn; my bare-legged guide having only *spardilles* on his feet, ran bounding along like a true little Basque; I could scarcely keep up with him. We at length reached the boat, and my young friend explained the business to the boatman, who did not wait to be entreated, and we put off from the shore. "How long will it take to go to Fonterabia?" "About three quarters of an hour; the tide is going out, and we shall speed smoothly. Only I must stop at yonder little island that you see near, for fodder I am to take this evening to Hendaye; but it will not detain us long."

Hendaye is the last French village on this frontier. It is situated on the right bank of the Bidassoa, in the angle the river forms with the sea, and fronting Fonterabia, that stands on the opposite bank. Hendage possesses a well-known celebrity for its brandy. Who has not tasted the brandy of Hendaye? It is long since any was made in this unfortunate village, but it still retains its fame.

I told my two travelling companions that I should not be sorry to see Hendaye, so it was decided for my boatman to land me at Fonterabia, and wait beneath the city walls, where I was to rejoin him after I had paid my visit; then, crossing the Bidassoa again, I was to be put ashore at Hendaye, whence half an hour's walk would take us back to Béhobia. But it was imperative to go and seek the fodder at the island, otherwise the fisherman's cows might

have perished with hunger. My boatman was about twenty-five, of middle height, and robust make. His attire consisted of a shirt, and blue trowsers tucked up at the knees, displaying a pair of muscular legs: he steered his boat on with wonderful vigour. In a few seconds we had reached the island: he could not go on shore, as he had nothing to moor his bark to, and the current and tide were strong against each other. The best he could do, with the help of my guide, was to keep as close as possible to the land. He shouted with stentorian voice, and presently we saw three country girls coming down, with bare feet and legs, balancing carelessly on their heads enormous bundles of fresh grass, and Turkey-corn straw. The youngest had very fine eyes, and a remarkably elegant form. They seemed much surprised at the sight of a stranger. They brought the fodder to the boatman by wading through the water up to their knees; the youngest exchanged a few Basque words with him in a friendly tone, probably to inquire who the strange gentleman was, and we put to sea again.

And now do you know what island it is we have just quitted? Nothing less than the isle of Pheasants, where, in 1660, were held the conferences between France and Spain (or rather between Don Louis de Haro and Mazarin, for, according to the custom of the day, the two countries were not consulted) about the peace, and the marriage of Louis XIV.

In this spot, now so wild and desolate, where nothing is visible but grass, and the few peasants who come to cut it,—then were to be seen radiant tents, glittering with gold and many coloured silks, where all that the two kingdoms could exhibit most gorgeous and elegant, was profusely collected. Let us here listen, just for a minute, to Mademoiselle Montpensier, who had the curiosity to go and see these fine things, and who faithfully relates what she saw.

"Monsieur was anxious to visit the place where the conferences were held; having the same curiosity, I accompanied him. At two leagues from St. John de Luz, is a spot called the isle of Pheasants. We crossed a bridge hung with tapestry, like a gallery. At the end was a saloon, with a door opening on a bridge built on the Spanish coast, similar to ours on the French side. There was a large window commanding the river in the direction of Fonterabia, whence the Spaniards came; they reached it by water. Then there were two doors, one on the side of France, the other of Spain, communicating with the saloons, magnificently furnished, and hung with splendid tapestries. There were other small rooms all round, with the hall of audience in the midst of them. It appeared to me very large. The only window commanded a view of the river, and two sentinels were stationed near it when the kings were there. The guards were in two halls adjoining the receiving room. The rooms had each but one door, excepting the hall of audience, which had two, opposite to each other, and that room was, as I have said, very large. The tapestry on the Spanish side was admirable, and on ours also. The Spaniards had covered the floor with Persian carpets on gold and silver ground, that were surprisingly handsome. Ours were of crimson velvet, with a broad lace of gold and silver. The locks seemed to be of gold, and if I do not mistake, there were two clocks on each table. Every thing was uniform, and minutely ordered."

All these splendours had vanished. Silence, solitude, and the wild aspect of uncultivated nature had succeeded to the pomp of courts. These thoughts, recalled by fancy, at the name alone of the isle of Pheasants, pronounced by my guide, soon gave place to the sensations produced by the broad and beautiful landscape unrolled beneath my gaze. The beams of the setting sun reflected in the waters, tinged them with a thousand hues; the prodigious mountains, piled as it were, one above the other, their varied peaks forming an infinity of prospects; the dismantled towers of Fonterabia stretching before us on the left bank; Hendage on the right bank of the river, its houses open to the day, whilst its ruined walls seemed mournfully to survey the dilapidated mansions opposite, and the Spanish peasants reaping the grain along the coast, the falling cadence of their songs wafted towards us by the balmy breezes of Castille—all this varied scenery might well indeed make us forget Louis and Mazarin.

The tide then going out strongly, facilitated our progress, and gave a pleasing vibration to our light craft, which, however, occasionally became disquieting; it seemed to me, several times, that we were going to be swallowed up in the waters of the Bidassoa. We at length reached our destination, our bark was moored ashore, and I trod the soil of Spain.

We ascended to the town over the

rubbish of the revived fortifications. It still seems as if Fonterabia had been taken the night before by assault, though forty years, nearly to a day, have rolled away since General Lamarque stormed the place.

In ten minutes I had surveyed the whole town, of which the houses and the inhabitants seemed equally miserable. The streets were nearly deserted; I however found, at the entrance to the principal street, a group of five or six old fisherwomen, who in the garb and speech of sorceresses, and with unearthly screams, were disputing some fragments of an enormous tunny just brought to them.

I noticed small detachments of soldiers in white uniform, and well accoutred, parading the town with much importance, and learned they were the queen's troops, who, by Rodil's orders, superintended the removal of wine from the cellars of the inhabitants to Irun, that provisions might be cut off from the Carlist troops, should they come in search of any.

Fonterabia was the more gloomy and silent at this time, as the few families in ease residing there, had recently emigrated, in fear of invasion from the troops of Don Carlos; some to Irun, that, strongly walled, is proof against a sudden attack, and others to Saint Sebastian; whilst others, not to go out of sight of their own steeple, had merely taken refuge at Hendaye. In fact, none scarcely remained who had any thing to lose. A crowd of little boys and girls, in rags, formed an insupportable escort to me; they followed me, foot by foot, through all my windings, up and down the dirty streets of Fonterabia. When I faced about to see if a glance of indignation would be powerful enough to disperse them, they asked charity of me with a piteous air. I only freed myself from them by entering the church, the door of which the sacristan shut against them.

I had been advised to notice the decorations of this church, that are very beautiful, and not to neglect the magnificent view commanded from the balcony of the sacristy. There can be nothing, in truth, more admirable: the church, standing on one of the highest points of the town, commands an immense horizon. The unbounded sea; the mouth of the Bidassoa, which in this spot is very broad, studded with its many islands; the mountains, Spain in the distance, France on the other side of the stream, the white walls of the convent of the Capuchins near the town, harmoniously rising from a mass of verdure, altogether form an enchanting landscape. I should have a very bad opinion of the priest, who, having surveyed this truly sublime picture from the balcony of the sacristy, in which he must pass, I suppose, a few minutes previous to officiating at the altar, should not present himself there with the holiest feelings. There is certainly, in the contemplation of this noble scenery, wherewith to enlarge the thoughts, and raise the soul towards the Author of all things.

The decorations of the church are elaborate, and appear wealthier, from their complete disproportion to the town to which they belong. One of these decorations was purchased at Lyons; it is of silk broidered with gold, in workmanship of great beauty. It was in this church, June 3, 1660, the bishop of Pampeluna officiating, that Don Louis de Haro married as proxy for Louis XIV., with pompous ceremonial, in the presence of the King of Spain and his whole court, the Infanta Marie Theresa.

On emerging from the church, I met my escort again, increased by a few recruits. I escaped as I best might, and briskly regained my boat. We recrossed the Bidassoa: the evening was delightful, the river less rough, and I requested my boatman to linger a little, that I might the longer enjoy the pleasure of the aquatic excursion.

We at length reached Hendaye, most of the houses of which, as has been already observed, are in ruins. They remain exactly as they were after the bombardment; some have only the front left standing, the sky visible through the openings of the windows: others have only the basement story, and others again but a fragment of wall, the indented fissures of which are seen in shadowy outline in the horizon. Stones lie scattered about, overgrown with grass and field flowers; the little children come to play there at hide and seek, and the old fishermen, retired from business, to quietly smoke their pipe, and tranquilly survey from a distance the theatre of their ancient exploits. Thence, also, they can follow with their glance the little whitening sail, carrying down to the main their sons and friends, or anxiously look out for their return, when the lowering sky foretells the approaching tempest.

Having sadly traversed this place of

destruction, I returned to the inhabited part of the town. It is composed of a few houses escaped from the Spanish artillery, and some others newly built. The house of God, respected both by bombs and howitzers, was preserved unscathed: but its simplicity and poverty seem well suited to the church of a ruined village. The only thing deserving notice in the church of Hendaye, is a fresco near the altar, respresenting Saint Martin dividing his mantle with the poor man. One is surprised to find there so excellent a painting. Some artist of former days, visiting Hendaye, wished to leave a memorial of his passage—the happy privilege of talent!

As I was quitting this place to go back to Béhobia, I met the curé returning from a solitary walk, with his breviary under his arm; I asked him if he were satisfied with his parishioners?

"Yes!" he answered, "I cannot complain much of them; they are a little headstrong and quarrelsome, but they are a well-meaning people if we know how to take them." We chatted together some minutes, and bade adieu as if we had been acquaintances of ten years standing. I quickened my pace towards Béhobia with alacrity, for the mountain air had given me a keen appetite. I did not walk, I ran, heedless of the country I traversed; I had become a Basque. When one is hungry and thirsty, the admiration of the beauties of nature abates: I had but one fixed idea, absorbing every other—that of supper. Not that I expected a splendid supper; I knew what a Spanish *posada* was; and if I were not in Spain, I was very near it, as near it as possible; but, however, I was sure of finding there something to eat, and this idea gave me wings.

To my surprise, the worthy landlady of the *two nations* had prepared a very satisfactory repast: amongst other things, I had excellent *louvines*,* a fish quite new to me, and on which I feasted, at least as well as M. Alexandre Dumas, on his beefsteak of bear-flesh, or the delicious trout he clumsily fished for himself out of some Swiss torrent. My hostess being attentive enough with me to taste the national dish, had served up some *mèture* quite hot. To speak truth, I found it nothing remarkable; but as all the rest was good, I could not complain.

After supper, I expressed handsomely my gratitude to my hostess, for her hospitable reception, and retired to my room, hoping to repair, by a good night's sleep, the fatigues of the day.

(Concluded at page 317.)

* The coasts of Saint John de Luz and Bayonne supply a variety of fish; *louvines*, turbots, the tunny, lampreys, and herrings: the salmon is likewise to be found in the waters of the Adour. The *louvine* is a very delicate fish, resembling the trout.

NORA.

A COLONIAL TALE OF 1675.

Heavily chimed the hour, breaking upon the stillness of the night like the voice of an accusing angel. It was midnight. Had the time at length arrived? and must I now, like the spirit of desolation and of evil, steal from the hospitable roof that had sheltered mine infancy from misery, and my youth from guilt and all its attendant horrors? Heaven knows, the thought was agony! Turning, I half retraced my steps when I thought of Metacom! Disappointment acting upon the wild fury of a temper soured by adversity, alas! perhaps by crime, rushed upon my recollection. I loved him almost to madness! Could aught else have prompted this rash, this treacherous flight? Do you ask me why I loved him? For his very savageness to others.

I had ever appeared gentle, playful and timid as a young bird; but the spirit of my Indian race dwelt deep within my bosom, like an unquenchable fire, burning for ever amid the bowels of the mighty earth, on whose surface blooms the fragrant flowers, and rich, wide-spreading verdure, until the voice of nature, amid the strife and clash of elements, sends it forth to desolate and overwhelm the land. Metacom was a savage. Call him so, if you will. The bright and glowing image of the Deity was stamped upon his brow. What to him were the inventions of civilised man? Their luxuries but enervated; and the strong arm of the law executed the revenge which their pale and cowardly souls shrank tremblingly from wreaking. Had not the dominion of our fathers extended from the green isle of Aquetnet far into the distant wild, where the foot of man grew weary with wandering? And now Matacom was a wanderer and a fugitive!

Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom, as I crept with stealthy steps through the quiet and soundless streets.

How solemnly falls the moonlight upon the dark foliage of the forest, like bright shadows of the past, illumining

with a momentary lustre long years of misery and despair. Nature and man alike appeared to repose. At this hushed and holy hour, the spirit of solitude, with her deep mysteries and earthly superstitions, roamed unmolested by the contaminating presence of man. A strange feeling of awe for the first time oppressed my spirits. Hark! a crashing of boughs, a light, quick step, and Metacom stood beside me.

"Norah!" he murmured.

At the sound of that loved voice, which thrilled through my frame, I raised my eyes to his, and met his kindling gaze of rapture and of love.

"Speak, my beloved! Norah lives but in the joy of thy glance."

Slowly and sadly he spoke:

"The eagle flies to the mountain and the panther to his lair, but Metacom hath no refuge from the storm. When I cross the silent water, or gaze upon the lightning's flash; in the dark hour when prowling wolves are heard; by day, by night, the spirit of my father shouts, 'Metacom! revenge! revenge!' They have passed like snow-flakes upon the mountain, when the hot sun glares fiercely on its side. I must perish, Norah; the last chieftain of my race. Listen? Ere morn breaks upon yon smiling village, wrapped in a cloud of flames thou shalt behold it crackling and blazing, a bright hetacomb to the manes of my slaughtered followers. Then the remembrance of past injuries will cease, and the sweet stream of revenge, like the balmy fountains of the west, will heal my wounded spirit. All must perish! The home of thy childhood, she who snatched thee from the burning hut, (when the pale fiends upon our people burst, nor spared, of all our great and happy tribe, scarce one to tell the tale), she who nourished thee with all a mother's care, must perish! Remember the wide forests that our fathers swayed, their bones that bleach upon the scorching plain, a perished race of warriors; and I, homeless, proscribed, a price upon my head—shrinkest thou!—have I not sworn by the Great Spirit we worship, by all the powers of darkness and of evil, to fulfil my vow!"

"No, Metacom, I shrink not."

"'Tis well. The western tribes have leagued together. Like the roar of a torrent in its strength, we will rush upon the pale-faced race."

Silently and swiftly the chief departed. I returned to that dwelling which was soon to be wrapt in desolation and despair. At the fifth hour I had vowed to fire the roof, which was to be a signal for the work of murder. Heavily crept the time. I nerved myself for the task. Snatching a brand from the earth, I threw it upon the bed; and watched, with a savage satisfaction, the progress of the flames. Another moment, and the yell of myriads burst upon mine ear. Opening the window, I sprang out and fled to the shelter of the forest. Could I remain in safety, and he, the idol of my existence, perilling his life amid the fiery element? I rushed back to the village. Oh heavens! what a sight met my agonized gaze! Mother and child crushed and bleeding! The foster-brother of mine infancy, the playmate of my childhood, the kind, the gentle boy turned his dying gaze upon me. I fled along, seeking him for whose love I had perilled soul and body. I found him. Great heaven! have mercy on me! My blood runs thick, and my brain is whirling now. Must I never forget his frantic look, his demoniac gesture, his body drenched in blood, and that fair young child clinging for mercy? He raised his arm—the murderous axe gleamed in the flames—utterance failed me—I essayed to speak—the words were choking in my throat. I shouted, "Metacom!" It was too late! The heavy weapon cleft that innocent brow, blinding my maddened gaze with the blood of the young martyr! I would have fled, but Metacom, detaining me in his grasp, exultingly cried:

"Shades of my fathers, well art thou avenged!"

At that moment of triumph and exultation, a ball from an unerring rifle pierced his heart. Bounding from the earth, he fell without a moan. What became of me I know not. Years passed on, unheeded and unknown, and I awoke to reason and misery within a lone and gloomy cell. They told me I had been mad. I cared not; for the evil spirit had departed, and I could now offer at the shrine of heaven a penitent and contrite heart. ELLA.

HAPPINESS.

GRAY, the poet, used to declare that the sum of happiness beneath the moon consisted in lolling all day long upon a soft sofa, reading new novels.

LORD COKE'S IDEA OF WITCHCRAFT.

AN English judge, of no mean reputation, affirmed the existence of witches, on the ground that if there were no such thing as witchcraft, parliament could not have legislated against it.

WHICH OF THE TWO?

"That is the question."

My first portrait is of a woman who has sufficient wit to excite love, but not fear; sufficient virtue to command esteem, but not to contemn others; sufficient beauty to enhance her virtue, but not her vanity. Of a woman equally free from the extravagance of love, the torment of fearing love, and *ennui* of living without love. Of a woman whose gentle indulgence for the failings of her sex in others, renders her fidelity sacred in the eyes of those who do fail; who has so much respect for the kindlier courtesies, that even the veriest prude pardons her winning tenderness. Surrounded by folly and coquetry, frivolity and jealousy, she remains untouched by the contagion of those petty caprices, passions, and trifles, which too often render null the pleasures of society, or transform them into scenes of envious contention. Submitting to the usage of the world of fashion and its rules, she rejects its tyranny; and only consults her own pure heart for her monitor, and adopts the counsels of reason for her guide. Her birth-place is France, and her world the saloon.

My second portrait is of her who is happy enough to be ignorant of what are called the *pleasures* of the world. Her glory is to devote herself to the duties of a wife and a mother; to dedicate all her days to the practice of the retiring virtues. Occupied with the management of her family, she governs her husband by kindness, her children by gentleness, her domestics by goodness. Her house is the abode of religion, of filial piety, of conjugal love, and of maternal tenderness. Within its walls dwell order, domestic peace, refreshing sleep, and the treasure of health. Economical and attached to home, neither the passions, nor the necessities of life find entrance beneath her roof. The vicious and the worldly-minded pass by her portal; but at that hospitable gate the indigent never knock in vain. Reserved and dignified, she commands respect; by her indulgence and sensibility, she makes herself loved; by her prudence and firmness, she knows how to inspire fear. The halo of her virtues, pure as the lightning's beam, but more permanent, exhilarates, enlivens, and blesses all within its benign compass. Her birth-place is England, and her world is "home, sweet-home."

Thrice happy is the fair one who resembles either of our portraits! A thousand times blessed is he, who possesses the heart of either! B.

VELOCITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WAVES.

The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave, but in fact the *form* only advances, while the *substance*, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum. A wave of water, in this respect, is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of our theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive, because then, as it cannot sink directly downwards, it falls over and forwards, seeking its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biases the judgment; and lofty as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water valley to the summit. This proposition is easily proved, by trying the height upon a ship's mast, at which the horizon is always in sight over the tops of the waves; allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the water to much below her water-line at the instant when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between the two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is of course much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against an obstacle, may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddystone Lighthouse, when a surge reaches it, which has been growing into a storm all across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern at the summit.

A HINT FOR THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A singular custom prevailed in the city of ancient Thebes, which was, that the painter who exhibited the *worst* picture was subjected to a fine.

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ZILIA.

AN AFRICAN TALE.

(For the Parterre.)

"Dieu fit la Liberté, et l'homme a fait l'esclavage."

Liberty is Heaven born,
'Twas man that made the slave.

The moon glittered on the horizon—nothing disturbed the silence of Nature, but the musical rustling of the long palm leaves, as they gently waved with the breeze of evening. At unequal intervals, the plaintive song of the bulbul awakened the echo of the woods, and its sad notes, lengthening out for a time, died away at last among the windings of the shore.

A female of that race, whom the cruel cupidity of the European has placed on an equality with the brute, and made an object of infamous traffic, proceeded along a pathway in the forest of Benin, with a firm, resolute step. Behind her, a young girl, who had not yet seen the family tree change its foliage for the twentieth time, amused herself as she followed, in plucking the gay flowers that strewed the path, weaving them into garlands. A thousand different ideas, as to the cause of her leaving her home, suggested themselves from time to time to her imagination.

"Perhaps," said she to herself, "my mother is going to give her assistance to her old father in his painful infirmities. Or, is she going to meet her husband, Maureo, who has been so long absent?"

And, with the idea of seeing her father, she romped more gaily than ever. Poor girl! she foresaw not her impending fate!

Suddenly the unfortunate Zilia, who had gone on in advance, stopped, and ran back screaming to seek refuge in her mother's arms, pointing at the same time to a group of men sitting round a fire at the foot of a large palm-tree, whose glazed hats reflected the silver rays of the full moon.

Her mother mocked her with a scornful laugh, and dragged her towards the strangers.

"Behold!" cried she, "your promised slave! Give me the reward I bargained for!"

The unnatural mother received the recompense of her crime, and turning towards her daughter, who stood statue-like with horror and astonishment—

"Zilia," said she, "these are your masters! you are no longer mine!" and wrapping the price of her unnatural perfidy in her cloak, turned, and would have departed, but the daughter, startling from her stupor, threw herself at her feet, and encircling them in her arms, essayed to rekindle some feeling in her callous heart.

"Oh! mother! my mother, do you abandon me? Ah! what have I done to merit this cruelty? Have you forgotten my tender caresses? Have you forgotten my devoted love? Who will fill the blank in my desolate heart if you desert me? Whom shall I henceforth love? Mother! mother! do not, oh do not abandon me to the cruelty of these avaricious people! They are going to transport me to a land of misfortune—far, far from the cherished spot of my infancy—the home of my childhood! Toil, severe toil and misery will quickly wear away my life, and the hand of my father will not be there to close my eyes."

The mother remained irresolute, while her child continued to supplicate.

"Ah!" cried she, "when that beloved father shall return from the war loaded with spoil; when he shall demand his daughter to give him the kiss of welcome. What wilt thou answer him? Think you to abuse his tenderness by empty lies? Oh, no, allah kinim! God is merciful, and the crime will unveil itself—and then—dost thou not dread the fury of that father deprived of his Zilia! Ah, mother! when years have weighed you down—when your strength has forsaken you, where will you find another Zilia? Who will go out and gather the yams and the maize? What hand will prepare the yucca-root and the palm-wine? Hear me! Thy land will be struck with sterility by the avenging genius; in vain thy cursed and fatal hand will scatter rice o'er the ground, it will shut its bosom against thee. The fetiche will destroy thy garden; the fountain will be dried up—the river will refuse thee its fish! and in thy sleep the grisgris will incessantly haunt thee—in thy dreams they will present to thee the bloody image of thy Zilia, expiring in the midst of horrible torments!

"Ah, mother, you are not moved—is your cruel, cruel heart steeled to pity?—do not leave your Zilia,—oh tear me not from my sweet liberty, my quiet happy home—do not deprive me of the caresses of a father who doates upon me. Oh mother! not one kind look—not one little kiss for your Zilia—not a tear for your daughter. Sair ola. Sair ola, but your heart is hardened—Allah! Allah! it is merciless!"

The unhappy girl crept up to her mother's bosom, her arms clung round the neck of her obdurate parent, while her long dark hair streaming over her exposed shoulders almost touched the ground. Fear the vengeance of the good spirit—continued the suppliant child, as the convulsive choking sobs which rose in her throat, allowed her utterance, he will write on thy forehead both thy crime and thy perfidy. My father will read it—he will avenge me.

Frightened by these menaces, the mother struggled with the weeping girl—disengaged herself with violence from the embrace of her child, and fled into the wood;—Zilia fell senseless on the ground.

They bore the senseless girl on board the slave-bark, but the traders did not long enjoy the bright prospect of their infamous purchase.

Not many days passed ere the vermilion disappeared from the coral lips of the beautiful Zilia, in vain they sought for a spark of the wonted fire in the now dull glassy eye-ball—the angel of death had passed over their ship, and her soul had fled to the abodes of innocence.

The moon glittered on the horizon—nothing disturbed the silence of nature, but the musical rustling of the long palm-leaves as they gently waved with the breeze of evening. At unequal intervals, the plaintive song of the Bulbul awakened the echo of the woods, and its sad notes lengthening out for a time, died away at last, among the windings of the shore.

A negro of noble stature; his skin dark and glossy, dragged after him a woman who rent the air with screams. He took the path of the forest, and arriving at an open space at the foot of a large palm-tree, he unslung his hatchet; the head of his victim rolled on the ground, he gazed one moment on the mangled corpse, and then plunged into the thicket and was no more heard of.

The old men of the neighbouring village tell the inquisitive traveller, that Maureo, having in vain demanded of his wife, his beloved Zilia to give him the kiss of welcome, sunk into a gloomy

rage, and full of suspicions of the cause of her absence, avenged his fond child, by a sacrifice of her mother.

The common people, who believe in the metempsychosis, dread to enter the hut of Maureo, for it has become the haunt of noisome reptiles; but they listen with rapture to the song of the Bengali, perched on the palm-tree which had numbered the years of the young and beautiful Zilia, and grew by the door of her once happy home. J. A.

HOME AND EARLY FEELINGS.

THE love of our native home increases with time and distance; and those only who have left it to wander over foreign lands, can conceive the softness of soul with which we entertain and indulge every thought that recalls it to our memory, or awakens in us those associations which form part of our being. I know no idea that has greater power over the mind, or that possesses a stronger spell to

> Wake it all to subtlest feeling,
> Bid the tear of transport flow.

But when we analyse it, what is it! Strictly speaking, one's country may be circumscribed between the house where we were born, and the churchyard of our parish. It can be measured by an infant's swaddling-clothes sewed to a winding-sheet. It is the spot where our bodily and mental faculties were developed; where we grew up under our mother's eyes; it is the place where we have accompanied the coffins of our family to the grave which devours them. In a wider point of view, it is the scene where grew the early flowers I gathered; where moved the animals, where warbled the birds, where buzzed the insects which were familiar to me; where the aspect of the scenes of nature is the same as that which delighted my childish eyes. When I, a northern man, see the orange-tree growing naturally in its native clime, when I behold a slave working in a cotton or coffee plantation, when I gaze upon a smoking volcano, then I have changed my country. The idea of country is a notion springing from early association, engrafted by custom, and strengthened by habit. To me, that spot is my country which my Kate hallows by her beauty—where my child is growing in innocence and loveliness, and where love consecrates each hour. *Ubi bene, ibi patria;* or, as the gallant Ludlow wrote upon his epitaph, *Omne solum forti patria.*

THE GERMAN STUDENT'S STORY.

"I have myself," said Kreutzner, "witnessed many duels; but we are not so blood-thirsty, generally speaking, as you moral Americans. We usually settled these matters with a sword; a better method, by-the-way, and more worthy of a soldier than your cold, murderous pistol-firing. Any poltroon may pull a trigger, but it requires the firm hand and steady eye of a *man* to manage the steel. However, as I was saying, when I was at Jena, they called each other out as merrily as beaux and belles to a dance. It was but the treading on a toe—the brushing of an elbow; nay, an accidental look that fell on them when they wished not observation, and the next day, or, by St. Andrew! the next hour, there was the clash of steel, and the stamping of feet on the greensward; and the kindling and flashing of fiery eyes—and plunge and parry, and cut and thrust, till one or both lay stretched at length; a pass through the body—a gash open in the cheek—the scull cleft down, or a hand off, and the blood bubbling and gushing forth like a rill of mountain-water. There were more than one of those fellows—devils, I must say—who, when they found among them some strange student, timid or retired, with whose character they were unacquainted, or whose courage they doubted, would pass the hint out of mere sport; brush his skirt, charge the offence upon him, demand an apology too humble for a hare, and dismiss him from the adventure only with an opened shoulder, or daylight through his body.

"There was among us one fellow, named Mentz, who assumed, and wore with impunity, the character of head bully. He was foremost in all the devilry. His pistol was death, and his broadsword cut like the scissors of fate. It was curious to see the fellow fire—one, two, three, and good-bye to his antagonist. His friendship was courted by all; for to be his enemy was to lie in a bloody grave. At length, grown fearless of being called to account, he took pride in insulting strangers, and even women. His appearance was formidable: a great burly giant, with shaggy black hair, huge whiskers, and grim moustaches, three inches long, twirled under his nose. A sort of beauty he had too: and among the women—heaven help us!—wherever those moustaches shewed themselves every opponent aban-

doned the ground. It was, at last, really dangerous to have a sweetheart; for out of pure bravado Mentz would push forward, make love to the lady, frighten her swain, and either terrify or fascinate herself. Should the doomed lover offer resistance, he had no more to do but call a surgeon; and happy enough he considered himself if he escaped with the loss of his teeth or an eye. He had killed four men who never injured him—wounded seventeen, and fought twenty duels. He once challenged a whole club, who had black-balled him anonymously; and was pacified only by being re-admitted, though all the members immediately resigned, and the club was broken up.

"At last there came a youth into the university—slender, quiet, and boyish-looking, with a handsome face, though somewhat pale. His demeanour, though generally shy, was noble and self-possessed. He had been but a short time among us, however, before he was set down as a cowardly creature, and prime game for the 'devils broke loose,' as the gang of Mentz termed themselves. The coy youth shunned all the riots and revels of the university—insulted no one; and if his mantle brushed against that of another, apologized so immediately, so gracefully, and so gently, that the devil himself could not have fixed a quarrel upon him. It soon appeared, too, that Gertrude, the lovely daughter of the *Baron de Saale*—the toast of all the country—upon whom the most of us had gazed, as on something quite above us—it soon appeared that the girl loved this youthful stranger. Now Mentz had singled Gertrude out for himself, and avowed his preference publicly. Arnold, for thus was the new student called, was rarely, if ever, tempted to our feasts; but once he came unexpectedly on a casual invitation. To the great surprise and interest of the company, Mentz himself was there, and seated himself unabashed at the table, though an unbidden guest. The strongest curiosity at once arose to witness the result; for Mentz had sworn that he would compel Arnold, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed his mistress. It had not appeared that Arnold knew any thing of Mentz's character, for he sat cheerfully and gayly at the board, with so much the manners of a high-born gentleman, that every one admitted at once his goodness, his grace, and his beauty; and regretted the abyss on the brink of which he unconsciously stood.

"'What, ho!' at length shouted Mentz, as the evening had a little advanced, and the wine began to mount: 'a toast! Come—drink it all; and he who refuses is a poltroon and a coward. I quaff this goblet—fill to the brim—to the health and happiness of Gertrude de Saale—the fairest of the fair! Who says he knows a fairer is a black liar, and I will write the word on his forehead with a red-hot brand.'

"Every goblet was emptied but one, which stood untasted—untouched. On perceiving this, the ruffian, leaning forward, fixed his eyes on the cup, struck his brawny hand down fiercely on the table, which returned a thundering clash and rattle, and then repeated, in a voice husky with rage—

"'There is a cup full: by St. Anthony! I will make the owner swallow its measure of molten lead, if it remain thus one instant longer.'

"'Drink it, Arnold—drink it, boy; keep thy hand out of useless broils,' whispered a student near him, rather advanced in age.

"'Drink, friend!' muttered another, dryly, 'or he will not be slow in doing his threat, I promise thee.'

"'Empty the cup, man,' cried a third; 'never frown and turn pale, or thy young head will lie lower than thy feet ere to-morrow's sunset.'

"'It is Mentz the duellist,' said a fourth. 'Dost thou not know his wondrous skill? He will kill thee as if thou wert a deer, if thou oppose him in his wine. He is more merciless than a wild boar. Drink, man, drink!'

"During this interesting scene the youth had remained motionless, cool, and silent. A slight pallor, but evidently more of indignation than fear, came over his handsome features; and his eyes dilated with emotion, resting full and firm upon Mentz.

"'By the mass, gentlemen!' he said at length, 'I am a stranger here, and ignorant of the manners prevalent in universities; but if yonder person be *sane*, and this no joke—'

"'Joke!' thundered Mentz, foaming at the lip.

"I must tell you that I come from a part of the country where we neither give nor take such jokes, nor such insults.'

"'Hast thou taken leave of thy friends?' said Mentz, partly hushed by astonishment; 'and art thou tired of life, that thou hurriest on so blindly to a bloody pillow! Boy! drink, as I have told thee, to Gertrude, fairest of the

fair!' And his huge round eyes opened, like those of a bull, upon a daring victim.

"'That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely,' cried the youth, rising, 'may not be denied by me. But—I demand by what mischance I find her name this night common at a board of rioters, and polluted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?'

"'By the bones of my father,' said Mentz, in a tone of deep and dire anger, which had ere then appalled many a stout heart—'by the bones of my father, your doom is sealed! Be your blood on your own head. But,' said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more loftily, 'what folly is this? Drink, lad, drink! and I hurt thee not! I love thy gallant bearing, and my game is not such as thou.'

"He added this with a wavering of manner which had never before been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and, for a moment, he quailed beneath the fiery glances darted at him from one whom he supposed meeker than the dove. But, ashamed of his transient fear, he added:

"'Come to me, poor child! Bring with thee thy goblet—bend at my foot—quaff it as I have said, and—out of pity—I spare thy young head.'

"What was the astonishment of the company on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the ferocious enmity of so celebrated and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose, took the cup, slowly approached the seat of his insulter—knelt and raised the rim to his lips. Murmurs of 'shame, shame, poltroon, coward!' came hot and thick from the group of spectators, who had arisen in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed upon the object of their contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted, with a hoarse and drunken laugh—

"'Drink deep!—down with it—to the dregs!'

"Arnold, however, only raised the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled; when every sound had ceased to a dead silence:

"'Never,' he said, 'shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honoured—Gertrude, fairest of the fair!' But,' he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure. with a dignity that silenced every breath, 'for *thee*, thou drunken, bragging, foolish beast! I scorn—I spit upon—I defy thee! and—thus be punished thy base, brutal insolence, and thy stupid presumption.'

"As he spoke he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz; and then, with all his strength, hurled the massy goblet itself at the same mark. The giant reeled and staggered a few paces back; and, amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and dripping features, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead.

"Never before was popular feeling more suddenly and violently reversed. The object of their vilest execrations flashed upon them with the immediate brightness of a superior being. A loud and irrepressible burst of applause broke from every lip, till the broad and heavy rafters above their heads, and the very foundations of the floor, shook and trembled. But the peal of joy and approbation soon ceased; for although this inspiring drama had so nobly commenced, it was uncertain how it might terminate. Before the tyrant recovered from the stunned and bewildered trance into which the blow, combined with shame, grief, astonishment, and drunkenness, had thrown him, several voices, after the obstreperous calls for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms, waiting the course of events.

"'Brave Arnold! Noble Arnold! A gallant deed! The blood of a true gentleman in his veins!'

"'But, canst thou fight?' cried one.

"'I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil—not the sword.'

"'But thou canst use it a little—canst not?' asked another.

"'But indifferently,' answered the youth.

"'And how art thou with a pistol?' demanded a third.

"'My hand is unpractised,' replied Arnold. 'I have no skill in shedding human blood.'

"''Fore heaven! then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?'

"'Hatred of oppression,' replied the youth, 'in all its forms; and a wil-

lingness to die rather than submit to insult.'

"'Die then thou shalt! and that ere to-morrow's sun shall set!' thundered Mentz, starting up in a phrensy, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder as if at the howl of a dog or a demon. 'I challenge thee to mortal combat.'

"'And I accept the challenge.'

"'It is for thee to name time, place, and weapon; but, as thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience.'

"'I love thee not, base dog!' replied Arnold; 'but thou shalt not die so inglorious a death. I will fight with thee, therefore, to-night.'

"'By heaven, boy!' cried Mentz, more and more surprised, 'thou art in haste to sup in hell!' and the ruffian lowered his voice. 'Art thou mad?'

"'Be that *my* chance,' answered Arnold; 'I shall not be likely to meet, even in hell, a companion so brutal as thou—unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company.'

"'To-night then be it,' said Mentz; 'though to-night my hand is not steady; for wine and anger are no friends to the nerves.'

"'Dost thou refuse me, then?' demanded the youth with a sneer.

"'By the mass, no! but to-night is dark; the moon is down; the stars are clouded, and the winds go by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it even now.'

"'Therefore,' said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptibly agitated—'therefore will we lay down our lives here—in this hall—on this spot—on this instant—even as thou standest now.'

"'There is no one here who will be my friend,' said Mentz; so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self-possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred.

"'No matter,' cried Arnold; 'I will myself forego the same privilege.'

"'And your weapons?' said Mentz.

"'Are here,' cried Arnold, drawing them from his bosom; 'a surer pair never drew blood. The choice is yours.'

"The company began now to fancy that Arnold had equivocated in disclaiming skill as a duellist; and, from his invincible composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter also partook of this opinion.

"'Young man,' he cried, in a voice clouded and low; but stopped, and said no farther.

"'Your choice!' said Arnold, presenting the pistols.

"Mentz seized one desperately, and said—

"'Now name your distance.'

"'Blood-thirsty wolf!' said Arnold, 'there shall be no distance!' He then turned and addressed the company.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and this brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life. Her whom I loved I have sworn to forget; and if I existed a thousand years, should probably never see again. This ruffian is a coward, and fears to die; though he does not fear daily to merit death. I have long heard of his baseness, and regard him as an assassin—the enemy of the human race and of God—a dangerous beast—whom it will be a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would well be rid of, but would not fling it away idly when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking craven shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My companions, farewell; should any one of you hereafter chance to meet Gertrude de Saale, tell her I nobly flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant,' he said, in a fierce tone, turning suddenly toward Mentz, 'plant thy pistol to my bosom, as I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company cry three, and the third number be the signal to fire.'

"With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and firmness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets. His lips were closed and firm; and his eyes, which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz. He then placed himself in an attitude of firing; broadened his exposed chest full before his foe; and with a stamp of fury and impatience raised the weapon. The brow-beaten bully attempted to do the same; but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal. Its contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, cried calmly—'On your knees, base slave! vile dog! Down! or you die!'

"Unable any longer to support his frame, the unmasked coward sunk on both knees, and prayed for life with right earnest vehemence. Again wild shouts of applause and delight, and peals of riotous laughter, stunned his ears. As he rose from his humiliating posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot. Groans and hisses now began to be mingled with several missiles. Mentz covered his face with his hands and rushed from the room. He was never subsequently seen among us."

ZAYDI;

OR, THE WELL OF TRUTH.

AN ALLEGORY.

In the beautiful and fertile Valley of Roses, cooled by the ever-flowing water of the Euphrates, dwelt Zaydi—bright as the evening star, and gentle as the wind that sighs amid the fresh-blown violets. Sixteen summers had scarce touched with their warm breath her glowing cheeks, yet Zaydi joyed in the smiles of a sweet infant. Nature had blessed it with a thousand charms; health bloomed on its cheek and gambolled in every limb; beauty had clothed it with her ever-changing robe of loveliness; and genius circled its fair forehead with an undying halo. Happy, happy days! Zaydi and her young child rose with the morn, light fell their footsteps over tke fragrant dews, and eve still found them bounding with an untired delight; but, alas! one day, when gazing with a mother's fond and innocent pleasures on the youthful Amé, Zaydi perceived a faint, black spot, in the centre of her darling's forehead. Trembling with affright, she flew to the sage, Abeothenon, and beseeched him to come to the relief of the little sufferer. Abeothenon listened to her prayer, and hastened to the child. While observing her, he beheld the spot deepening and widening until it almost overspread her whole forehead. With a stern look, turning to the affrighted mother, he said:

"When, by the blessing of the great and merciful Allah, you first clasped your Amé, then an infant, in your arms, prayed you for the presence of the good fairy Bennethi, to sprinkle its fair forehead with the pure and limpid water of the Well of Truth?"

Blushing with shame and confusion, Zaydi answered:

"Oh, mighty Abeothenon! elated with the joy of a mother on clasping her first-born, I forgot the beneficent fairy; and, beholding my child endowed with so many bright and glorious charms, awoke not to the recollection of my guilt till thou hast recalled it to my memory!"

"Rash woman!" said the sage, "too soon wilt thou reap the reward of thine error;" and turning from the weeping mother, he slowly retired.

Heavily passed the hours to Zaydi. No longer joying in the chase, she lay listless and languid on her raised and fragrant mats, gazing upon the suffering Amé. Each day the black spot deepened in hue. Stung with the recollection of her guilt, and wrought almost to madness, Zaydi threw herself upon the ground, and prayed with an almost broken heart, that the plague-spot might be removed from the forehead of her darling child. Rising from her devotions, she beheld a mist moving on the bosom of the water; and, as she watched the phenomenon with a languid and careless curiosity, it slowly unfurled, and a slight and beautiful form stood before her; in a soft and plaintive voice, like the soft murmurings of a hidden stream, it said:

"Behold, Zaydi, I have listened to thy prayer; by repentance and long travail, thou mayest obviate the guilt which has plunged thee into such an abyss of misery."

Joyfully Zaydi welcomed the good fairy, for she knew it was Bennethi, the guardian of the Well of Truth.

"Kind and generous Bennethi," said Zaydi, "by what deep penance may I atone for my folly! Think not that I will shrink from its performance. Oh, blessed Allah! have I not sorrowed with more than mortal grief. Speak Bennethi; the wretched Zaydi entreats thy mercy;"

"Many and dangerous are the snares that will surround you," said the good fairy; "but if, with a firm and penitent heart, you persevere in the path of duty and repentance, like the cool stream to the fainting traveller, will the reward of thy toil restore thy drooping soul. The Well of Truth lies many thousand leagues beyond you—high and rocky mountains must be traversed, and valleys dark and gloomy to the sight; yet shrink not, nor turn from thy path, though Pleasure, with her ever-changing garb, beckon you from shady groves and glittering palaces. Vain illusions, shadows of the imagination, heed them not," continued the

good fairy, placing on Zaydi's finger a plain, crystal ring; "but, in the hour of trouble, danger or despair, gaze on this talisman, and repeat what is thereon recorded with a firm and trusting heart. And now take the young child by the hand—delay not—each moment will but increase the evil. Go, and I will meet thee at the Well of Truth."

On saying this, the fairy disappeared amid the deepening shadows of the evening. Zaydi, clasping Amé's hand, commenced her perilous journey. Rugged was the way, yet Zaydi drooped not; she heard at night the roaring of ravenous beasts and the shrill scream of the hyena; but, undismayed, she toiled on; nor turned aside, though many fair and fragrant groves, filled with the sweet notes of a thousand birds, met her hot and heavy gaze. Sometimes, from the bosom of a shady spot, groups of young maidens wreathed with roses, invited, with welcome gestures, the weary traveller. Zaydi looked at her child, and passed on. After many months of toil and anguish, Amé and her penitent mother threw themselves beneath the shadow of a noble tree, and endeavoured to snatch a few moments repose. They slept, nor awoke till Zaydi felt the cold and slimy folds of a serpent intwining her—its fierce, yet beautiful eyes, were fixed on hers with a malicious and piercing look; she trembled and endeavoured to fly, but more firmly the envenomed creature enclosed her in its folds; another moment and the enraged reptile would have inflicted a deadly wound on the struggling Zaydi, when suddenly she recalled to recollection her ring; looking at it, she beheld and read aloud the following sentence: "Fear not; but trust in Providence wherever thou mayest be;" instantly pierced by an arrow from a hunter's bow, the serpent, uncoiling its huge folds, fell lifeless upon the earth. With a grateful heart, Zaydi pursued her way; and, after innumerable dangers, arrived at the top of a lofty mountain, whence, from afar, she beheld the bright and placid waters of the Well of Truth, sparkling in the rays of the fast-setting sun. Joyfully they pursued their way; and at the close of another day, Zaydi and the young Amé reclined on the margin of that pure spring. Many moments had not elapsed, when the water began to bubble and rise far above its level—forming a most beautiful fountain—sprinkling, with its pure element, the forehead of the suffering Amé, who, bounding with delight, flew into her mother's arms; and, from the midst of the fountain, the voice of the kind fairy was heard, saying, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile." Then Zaydi bowed her forehead to the ground, and blessed the merciful Allah; for she knew the plague-spot had departed from her child.

ELLA.

ELIA, THE ESSAYIST.

"The exhaustless flow
Of thy original mind its wealth revealing,
With quaintest humour and deep pathos healing
The world's rude wounds, revives life's early glow!
——— From the olden time
Of authorship thy patent should be dated,
And thou with Marvell, Browne and Barton mated!"—*Bernard Barton*

CHARLES LAMB is a quaint humourist, who dresses out his freaks of fancy in ancient holiday suits; his spirit seems to have transmigrated *back* from the present century into the one by-gone, and from the stage of an earlier era exhibits its joyous and prankful gambols.

His vein of humour was eminently Shakspearean, and yet always tinted with some fancy colours of his own. Thus, in his "Reflections in a Pillory," he uses, no doubt forgetfully, a phraseology peculiarly the property of *Malvolio;* and yet there is a sly winking at the reader—a quiet squint that is on the look-out for a laugh, of which Charles Lamb is sole and undisputed parent. In a second point, the resemblance is striking between the great dramatist and Elia—they both "huddle jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance," that the subject is oppressed, nay, nearly broken down, by the weight and number of their strange drolleries. Let Lamb and Shakspeare now part; Lamb's unbounded and almost despotic control over language is singular and felicitous; he knows when quaint, when familiar, and even when vulgar phrases can be appropriated most happily to his purpose; he is the frolicksome Puck of the English dictionary; bounding here and there, "lighting high and low, as pleases his poetical majesty." In his choice he never falters nor stumbles, at least it would require a very genius of a reader to discover it; before his company, select and tasteful, he appears easy and voluble—no constraint in his gait, no care on his brow—graceful in every smile and step.

He is the gentleman-author; as he puts forth his hand for a hearty welcome, you discover no ink on the fingers,

nor quill behind the ear. His compositions, with their inimitable freshness and simplicity, are like those of a *child* in the maturity of intellect; his heart, with its young and unchilled affection, seems to have remained stationary, while his more prudent head was growing riper every day in human nature's cunning.

I am sorry that he has confined his humour so closely to British ground—to London and its suburbs; though it, doubtless, for that very reason, comes doubly-seasoned to the palate of an English denizen.

His humour, we see at a glance, is English humour, without the alloy of a single scrap of foreign metal; the rich wine, with its fine smacking flavour, we can easily perceive, has never been out of the owner's cellar. Lamb's power lies, most clearly, in catching the fainter flashes of humour, which break out every day, and, perhaps, in every conversation, without exciting the most passing notice or the slightest smile; such traits *he* seizes—presents in strong, well-coloured relief—and the sensitive, responding reader splits with honest laughter.

Suppose not, however, it is a farce you are at when reading one of Elia's essays—O no—they are polished, perfect comedies, (unlike comedies, too!) in which cheerfulness—the sweetest temper of heart—and the most delightful organization of mind are mingled. Lamb's whims are never superficial, never merely sparkling, but always drawn from the depths of the feelings; he knows well that the genuine region of pathos and wit is not sunk in quite so shallow water as the world benevolently imagines. C. M.

SAN ZENOBIO;

OR, A SUMMER IN FLORENCE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

The day breaks without a cloud. The sky lies above like a vast amethyst, with no other variation but from different shades of light as the dreadful sun mounts up the east. The tower of Fiesole—the convent church and fortress of San Mimato—the picturesque old villas of Michaellozzi and Abizzi on the hill of Bellesguardi, and the convent on Mount Olivet, are printed against the translucent and unstained blue, with a definite boldness which the eye loves, and is almost startled with. The mountains in the distance, gradually melting from green to azure, lie half-dissolved in silvery light, the burnished snow no longer gleaming from their skyish peaks. Everything in the air is intensely bright and still; and the old city, with its massive stone walls, castles and turrets—its strange towers—its venerable domes—and all the forms and shapes that, from its surrounding amphitheatre of hills, make it a proverbial picture, lies shining in the long plain of the *Val d'Arno*—a striking mass of burnt roofs, on which a thousand summers have poured their liquid fires, till each one appears brittle and fire-worn—a sight in the yellow sunshine of Italy that stirs the heart of the painter, and kindles the soul of the student.

In these fervid climes the heat is excessive almost beyond credit. The earth does not seem made for man or beast, unless for the lizard that clings to the wall, or the serpent that lies sleeping on the rock. The sweet sunshine, the idol of the poet's praise, and the painter's imitation, whose beams cheer the prisoner's cell, and light with a transitory joy the gloomy chamber of the dying—the emblem of hope and happiness to man—the source of beauty and wealth to the earth—from the friend of mortals has become a tremendous foe. They fly from his scorching beams, and nature lies half-dead beneath his fierce embrace.

These old European towns, are, after all, noble shelters. Their high walls of houses—their broad, overhanging eaves, their narrow streets—so narrow, some of them, that carriages can only pass each other at certain parts, and winding in serpentine sweeps, or striking off into long angles—you have shade at all hours. Then, everything is of stone; and the enormous court-yards, as you pass them, give their cool breath upon you almost to chilliness—and the dark, immense cathedrals, all refreshing, shadow, silence. In some places your way is overhung by the second story of a house which projects far over, and in others you pass under a long arch-way—completely covered and narrow, where the dog lies panting in the shade, and the beggar sleeps upon a stone—and the peasants and shopkeepers crowd together, all burnt with the fierce touches of the fiery sun—all dripping from the bronzed forehead—and many half-naked.

There are some parts of Florence where no one must venture, except those

who, from long exposure and natural hardihood, possess the incombustible principle of asbestos or a salamander. These exposures of the town, where the broad and intense orb all day pours his pitiless floods of heat and light perpendicularly, are terrible and dangerous—the heavy, flat pavements—the mighty, thick stone-walls here, become heated—the breeze blows like the air from the door of a furnace—the bridges seem ready to crack and burst asunder—the almost naked channel of the Arno, glares with its white reflections till the eyes ache to look at it, and the brook of water that runs through its centre, appears boiling like a hot lake. In the lower part of the city it is broadened by artificial means, and stands apparently stagnant—its surface cast into the glassy stillness of a mirror, and the sand and white stones, or the black mud, which vary its shallow bottom, visible to the gaze of such as dare venture out to look. The trees, oranges, and chance verdure which often hang from the walls, or appear through the garden arches of the great, hang drooping, dusty and dying; and the bunches of flowers, by the daily retail of which many obtain a livelihood, lie neglected about, mere cinders that turn to dust beneath the tread. The floors and windows of the buildings in these situations are closed with blinds or canvass, and before the post-office, a broad, green awning hangs from the high window-top to the very ground. Even in the most shadowy streets the air is now frightfully rarefied—the languid population shrink back into their dark abodes—gasp for breath, and pant for the hour of sunset.

At length his expanding disc descends towards the mountains; a soft transparency—a pearly lustre overspreads the heavens—a few orange and emerald tinges play about the heated horizon, and a stream of golden radiance glows along the Lung 'Arno, brightening the rugged stone structures, touching the tops of the domes and towers, painting the river with unnatural beauty, gleaming through the arches of the bridges which hang inverted in its bosom, and casting over the scene a gentle, gorgeous and picture light, like the illuminations of Claude. Now the dripping and exhausted captives crowd forth from their dens. Doors are thrown open, curtains are drawn aside. The faces, which have been watching from the grated windows of the lower story, appear in the street; groups cover the open walks where the width permits. Men, women, and children fill the *cafés*, and carriages throng the doors for lemonade and ices. Now, too, the equipages of the nobles commence to roll toward the *Cascine*, and crowds of pedestrians steal forth to breathe the grateful coolness of evening—grateful, but dangerous; and sometimes at midnight, the narrow *Piazza del Duomo* is crowded with panting groups, peasant and noble gasping for air. This is Florence in the summer.

We have had no rain for a month. Vegetation is consuming beneath the torrid glare. Some talk of an approaching earthquake. Some assert that a shock has already been felt. Others predict a famine.

In one of the principal squares stands a column dedicated to San Zenobio. When the bones of that saint were on their way to interment, they were accidentally brought in contact with a dead tree which stood on this spot. No sooner had the sacred relics touched the sapless trunk, than lo! a miracle; the withered branches sprouted with tender leaves, and the tree long after flourished in the face of the whole town, a memorable evidence of the fact. When at length it reached the close of its career, this monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of the event; it is now carefully guarded, and has been recently repaired by his imperial and royal highness, the present grand duke. The head of the saint is preserved in the adjoining Duomo, as an instrument even to the present day by which the bishop can procure the direct interposition of Heaven for the accomplishment of his wishes. The long drought moved the holy father one day to call, in the name of this precious relic, for relief. It was accordingly exposed in form in a silver case, and the divine mediation conjured. The next day the overburdened clouds poured forth plenteous tributes upon the thirsty earth. The people joined in the chorus which hailed the new miracle, and the grand duke proceeded in state to the cathedral, to offer up thanks for the prompt and flattering punctuality with which his wishes had been attended to.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Fit pugil, et medicum urget.—Hor.

Sir,

I will not preface the detail which I am about to transmit to you by any long introduction. It is sufficient to inform

you, that I am one of those who are afflicted by a romantic imagination, which, however it may inspire or enchant us in our moments of poetical inspiration, is, as we all know, troublesome beyond measure, in the ordinary affairs of life. The circumstances which I am going to relate, are an exemplification of this trite, but true observation.

It was on a beautiful autumn evening that I stole out unperceived, from a party engaged in discussing the merits of some of my father's oldest claret, and left him eloquently and feelingly declaiming in its praise, to take a solitary ramble through the extent of grounds that had so often witnessed my infant gambols, or seen me, at a more advanced age, performing the voyages of Æneas, by means of a horse-pond and washing-tub;—or, imitating my favourite Hector, in the destruction of the Grecian navy, to the imminent peril of Farmer Ashfield's neighbouring hay-rick. It was an evening, to delineate whose beauteous grandeur would require a heart teeming with all the inspiration of the Muses—a pen dipped in the brightest colours of imagination. A soft mellow silence pervaded the whole expanse of air and earth; the sun, just sinking beneath the horizon, still retained influence sufficient to leave a bright tinge of red upon the western sky, and to deepen the verdure of the aged oaks, which, wreathing their huge gigantic branches into a thousand fantastic forms, overshadowed my path, and scarcely deigned to wave beneath the passing zephyr, that agitated their foliage for a moment, and, in the next, left all as still and solemnly silent as the grave. It was such an evening as would be peculiarly fitted to conjure up all the fantasies of a warm imagination; which might easily have pictured to itself Queen Mab, and her fairy attendants, skipping nimbly over the herbage, or holding their sportive gambols far from the sight of intruding mortals, beneath the shade of some favourite beech. "On such a night as this," I wandered unconsciously along, forgetful almost of my own existence, totally absorbed in contemplation, and forming, in idea, the most unearthly and romantic images. Long had I thus roamed, indifferent to everything around me, and in a kind of delicious forgetfulness of the world, and its unpleasant accompaniments. Already had the darkness of night succeeded to the shades of evening; but so gradually had its sombre light given way to the gentle brightness of the moon, that I was far from perceiving the change, and still pursued my way, unconscious of the dews that began to fall around me, till a sudden cloud, obscuring the rays of the bright luminary above, and a sharp air, that died away in threatening forebodings through the grove below, recalled my scattered senses, and arousing me to the knowledge of myself, and my situation, brought to my recollection the deserted party, and the supposition that, in all probability, the family would be alarmed at my absence. I was next reminded of a still more unpleasant circumstance; that, having no small distance to return, I should, in all probability, be caught in the storm which I now, for the first time, perceived had been accumulating all its horrors from every point of the heavens, and was just ready to burst forth with terrifying violence. As all this passed in quick revolution through my brain, I had already turned my face homewards, and with buttoned-up coat, was on the point of starting forward with as great rapidity as the increasing darkness and devious path would admit, when my purpose was suddenly checked by the rain, of which I had been but so lately forewarned. It fell in torrents, so violent, that to proceed was impossible. I took refuge under a spreading tree, and had much ado to console myself with the reflection, that I had met with an "Adventure."

"An Adventure," sir, it certainly was; a most lamentable one. I had not remained a minute in my uncomfortable situation, before I perceived two figures, of the most mysterious appearance, sheltering themselves from the storm, beneath the next tree. They were muffled up closely in thick cloaks, wore large slouched hats, and carried in their hands most villanous sticks. What could I suppose? What conclusion could I form, but that which all your readers, sir, would form, under similar circumstances?—I was within a few yards of a brace of highwaymen!

What could I do? Escape was impossible! the least noise was death to me! Silently and anxiously I listened to the conversation of my foes; and my terror was not abated when I overheard these dark and terrible expressions:—

"Upon the word of a gentleman!" said the first, "I have not touched a single guinea since I came into this part of the country!" "Business is, in truth, very dull!" said the other; "I have practised here for twenty years, and never was there a time when people have been so

shy of putting themselves in my hands as they are at present!" No wonder! thought I. "I am afraid," resumed the first, "there is a strong prejudice gone abroad against our profession!" Prejudice! thought I. "You are right," replied the other; "not one blockhead can die within ten miles round, but a hundred other blockheads cry out, that I killed him!" My blood ran cold; but at this moment the violence of the tempest increased, and, for some minutes, I heard no more of the discussion.

By degrees, the tumult of the elements abated, and I again caught a few words. "Your system, brother, is too violent; I have always employed milder methods." (Blessings on you, thought I). "I disapprove of your indiscriminate use of *steel*, in all cases." "*Steel*, sir," cried the other, "steel!—Nothing is to be done, in our way, without *steel*." They began to move towards me!

I felt my brow grow clammy—my hair stand on end—my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. They approached nearer!—nearer! Despair gave me courage. I seized a large branch, which had been rent from its parent tree by the wind, and dashed it, with all the fury of hopelessness,

"Full on the footpad's forehead! down he sank, without a groan expiring."

I heard my name vociferated as I fled, but I staid not for this. With inconceivable rapidity I fled from the place of combat, and after traversing a space of many miles, perceived, to my great satisfaction, that I was not pursued. I was endeavouring, though without much chance of accomplishing this desirable object, to discover the road I ought to take, when my ear was suddenly startled by a sound, which very much resembled a groan. At first, I treated it as a fanciful sound, though I confess my eyes were turned, with not the most comfortable feelings, upon the rugged branches, and broken stumps, that might have, to a terrified mind, borne the appearance of Satan and his sable attendants. A second, more loudly repeated, convinced me of its reality, and immediately looking in the direction whence it seemed to proceed, I espied something white lying upon an open tuft of grass; but I was, unfortunately, short-sighted, and this, added to the natural darkness, rendered me incapable of distinguishing the nature of the mysterious appearance. A third, and deeper groan, vibrated on my ear; imagination immediately resumed its sway, and concluding it to be a woman, and fancying I could distinguish her garments, "Alas, unhappy one!" thought I to myself, "thou wast once, perhaps, lovely, in the bloom of youth, and surrounded by all the blessings of peace and innocence; but now, by the arts of some infamous seducer, art become a fugitive vagabond, cast upon the wide world, houseless and helpless, with no one to pity, no one to succour thee! Yes, by heaven! there is one," I exclaimed, rushing forward with the most fervent feelings of humanity and pity: "there is one shall help thee, poor victim, and shelter thee from the furious storm. There is one," I continued, with all the ardour of a mind inspired with the most generous benevolence, "that shall recruit thy weary limbs, and, if possible, restore thee to happiness;" and, approaching still closer, I bent down, and was preparing to modulate my voice in the softest accents of pity, when up it started, Mr. Editor, not in the shape of either a Chloe or Lucinda, but in that of one of my father's favourite Dorsetshire sheep, which, while enjoying the slumbers I had disturbed, uttered those hard breathings which, to my ear, sounded as groans. "Curse humanity!" I exclaimed, as the animal retreated with frightened rapidity, through an opening in the trees. "Curse humanity," I exclaimed, as I hurried back on my way, in no very placid temper, and in the next instant found myself at the bottom of a ditch, the existence of which I had entirely forgotten. Luckily, it was a dry one, but, unluckily, of such a depth, and defended by such steep banks, that, notwithstanding I received no injury by the fall, I was soon aware that the retreat would be a labour of much greater difficulty than the entrance had been; and, to add to my troubles, the long-expected rain began to fall in torrents. Thrice I attempted the steep ascent, and thrice, with nails begrimed with dirt, and muddy knees, met with a repulse. My labours might have continued much longer, had not a large Newfoundland dog, accompanied by the butler, sent to search for me, smelt out my retreat. With the joint assistance of Hector and John, I was soon rescued, and in a short time found myself at the hall-door, surrounded by all the servants, who had been on the look-out, and who, while listening to John's account, passed not a few jokes on young gentlemen studying the stars in a ditch. Heedless of these, and their stifled laughter, and having relieved my father's fears, I had the gra-

titude to recall my oath, and thank Humanity for my safe return; and when I found myself established by the blaze of a good fire to dry my moistened garments, "Bless Humanity!" I exclaimed, "for had she not directed Hector, I might still be exposed to yon rumbling thunder, and all the fury of the tempest, with a ditch for my bed, and in no better plight than—the unfortunate victim of seduction." This suggested an instructive thought: "Pshaw!" I cried, "that must be forgotten till the next meeting of the King of Clubs, and then, perhaps, I may be inclined, though at my own expense, to furnish ample food for laughter to the members, by sending an account of my adventure. Sterling will deliver a lecture on star-gazing, and Musgrave descant upon the propriety of having lamps to a night-coach. Peregrine, perhaps, will dish it up as a pretty morsel of a tale in 'The Etonian.' It will be a warning to all warm and poetical imaginations, not to stray too far, allured by the beauties of an autumn evening, until, after mistaking a Dorsetshire wether for a frail one repenting of a *faux pas*, they shall slip, by a *faux pas*, into a ditch, after the manner of

THEODORE AVELING."

P. S. I forgot to mention, that the apothecary's lad brought a complaint the next morning against Master Theodore, for "breaking Mr. Gargle's head, in the storm, last night."

The Etonian.

A FORTNIGHT IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM PROSPER DE LAGARDE.

(Concluded from page 302.)

CHAPTER VI.

Irun.—The Convent of Capuchins.—Return to Bayonne.

As I said at the close of the last chapter, I flattered myself with the hope of a good night's rest, of which I stood much in need. But alas! I had reckoned without my host, or rather, without my guests. I had not been five minutes in bed, before I heard beneath a great tingling of bells, with the agreeable accompaniment of a carter swearing at his horses. It was however, neither a carter nor horses, but in truth a Spanish muleteer, just arrived with his three mules, on the way to Bayonne with merchandise. Now my room was situated precisely over the stable, and the flooring being extremely thin, the result was, that I heard all the transactions going on there, neither more nor less than if I had been sleeping by the side of the detestable beasts.

It seemed as if they were under a vow to enrage me, for they never ceased shaking their bells all the night through, and if silence were established for a few seconds, it was speedily interrupted again by a redoubled hurly burly. I could not comprehend why the muleteer had not released them from their noisy trappings; it was perhaps, from a little idleness, to be sooner ready the next morning; at least if it were not a conspiracy against my repose. In addition, chanticleer at roost in a corner of the stable, apostrophised them continually. It is the custom of the muleteers to be always in conversation with their beasts, sometimes quarrelling with them, and then talking fondly to them.

One of these mules must have been called *Carita*, as this name came up incessantly; and as often as *Carita* amused herself with kicking her companions, or biting them in contention for a mouthful of hay, endless remonstrances ensued, accompanied by oaths, Spanish or *Basque*, enough to pull the house down. Afterwards I heard the muleteer soften his tone, and address them in some such epithets as these: "There now, my dear, I have grumbled at thee a little roughly certainly—I was wrong; but thou wast far from being tractable: so now, be pretty behaved, and we will be good friends."

Towards five in the morning, the noise suddenly increased. For several minutes I heard a great confusion, then all relapsed into silence. My man had departed with his animals. I hoped, at least, now to be able to repose for an hour or too, but I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was aroused by rain violently dashing against the window panes. "I must arise," said I, "it is written that I shall not slumber here; I must come to a resolution." I rose up in anger, and greatly disappointed on account of the rain, that apparently augured unfavourably for my excursion to the other side of the Bidassoa. But at the expiration of half an hour, the sky completely cleared; the sun shone out more radiant than ever, and my only fear was now, lest the day should prove too hot; a fear that was, indeed, amply realised.

I had ordered my guide to come for me at seven o'clock. He was exact to the appointment. When we had reached

the extremity of the bridge on the side of Spain, some men issued from a little paltry town, and coming up to me asked for my papers. I shewed them the permit of M. the delegate, and was allowed to pass. As they were not in uniform, I asked my guide who they were, and was told they were gendarmes.

I do not know if it be from motives of economy that queen Christina leaves them thus in civic attire, but she ought to be informed that they have the most pitiful *tournure* possible.

And now we were in full march for Irun. We followed for a time the course of the Bidassoa, along a pretty good road, and well kept up, similar to what in France is called the *provincial route*, though rather broader. A few houses and farms were scattered here and there along the road. The peasants were all busy reaping the Indian corn. The soil, along the banks of the river, seemed to be an alluvian very favourable to the culture of this grain, for there it is magnificent, and superior to all the Indian corn I have seen in Gascony, where it grows, however, extremely fine.

Young girls were continually passing us, on their way to Irun, with provisions and vegetables. This population appeared to me less miserable, and more graceful than that of Fonterabia. All these young girls wore two or three long tresses of hair, floating over their shoulders. It is the full dress of the Spanish women; particularly of the country girls. They decorate these tresses with ribbons, more or less elegant, according to their pecuniary means: the head-gear being here, as all over the world, the strong hold of the coquettish toilette.

The women of this country are in general beneath the middle height, with a graceful gait, to which the pretty Italian word *disinvoltura* (for the French *abandon* expresses it but imperfectly) seems peculiarly applicable. They have dark hair, the complexion rather tawny, and beautiful eyes, the dark eyes of poetry.

Irun, that from the heights of Orogne had appeared to me on the preceding evening quite a city, gradually, as I drew near, shrunk to the dimensions of a large village. It contains about two thousand inhabitants.

On first entering it, we go through a rather long street, a kind of suburb, built as well as the church, without the walls of enclosure. It did not appear that the population was declining, for I saw an infinite number of children. It seemed to be also the hour for the toilette, as I observed mothers sitting in the sun in their door ways, with their children on their knees, almost all occupied in certain cleanly attentions, common beneath the delicious climate of Spain. I passed on hastily, and reached the wall of enclosure; it does not merit the name of fortification, though it might for a short time hold a little band in check.

On my entry, I was immediately surrounded by five or six custom-house officers (these at least were in uniform), who advanced with scared demeanour, as if they thought I had come to take Irun by assault. I exhibited my passport, and was at liberty to explore the town and vicinity.

Irun has not, and certainly cannot have, either from its site, dimensions, or buildings, the dignity Fonterabia must have presented before its destruction; but it is prettier, and cleaner, or rather less dirty, for cleanliness is not the talent of the Spaniards. The streets are not, indeed, very regular, but there are many houses of handsome appearance, and a degree of ease appears to preside there.

On quitting this town, by an opposite gate, to have a view of the country, I perceived about half a league distant, the Capuchin convent that I had remarked the evening before on approaching Fonterabia. Learning from my guide that strangers were admitted to see it, we turned out of the high-road, and made the nearest cut to it across the fields.

And now behold us leaping hedges and ditches, and walking in the bed of dry rivulets, where our feet, that is to say, my feet, rolled and knocked against the stones, for my guide seemed as if walking on moss. At length, by a little wooden bridge, we crossed an arm of the Bidassoa, and regained the high road.

There we found ourselves in front of a dozen soldiers, resembling rather guerillas, or banditti, than anything else. Their uniform was very ill-assorted: some carried muskets, others carbines, sabres, and pistols; and all had countenances very unsatisfactory to an inoffensive traveller going to see the Capuchins. My guide told me, on seeing them approach, that they were some of Pastor's soldiers. They had seen us from a distance leaping hedges and ditches, and probably mistook me for an agent of Don Carlos, for at this time nothing else was thought of.

They blocked up our way, asking in Spanish who we were, and whither we were going. I shewed them my per-

mission, but as none of them could read, and they had never seen the seal of the police of Béhobia, it had no talismanic effect upon them. They seemed inclined to carry me off with them, and held a sort of council of war together on the subject.

I was beginning to consider how I could proceed, when my good little friend harangued them so promptly, assuring them I was only a French traveller, who wished to pass a couple of hours in Spain, and who must be again that very evening at Bayonne, that they consented to hear reason, and left us even with demonstrations of politeness that were quite amusing. This little scene had lost us half an hour. Fortunately we were not then far from the convent, and in ten minutes more reached it.

The building, which is not very extensive, is not in any way remarkable. A small chapel, a cloister, and a hall, in which are the cells of the devotees, and a little higher up the hill, a rather large garden. Some poor persons were sitting at the door, waiting the hour for the distribution of the soup. I pulled the bell, and a good monk presented himself; I directed my guide to say a traveller from Paris wished to see his convent; the face of the good man immediately vanished, and he ran to seek the superior with much alacrity. In a few minutes the latter arrived, and received us in quite a friendly manner. He was a man of about sixty, with regular features, and a handsome grey beard. He wore the dress of a friar; a robe of coarse brown stuff, a cowl of the same, a cord round his waist, bare legs and sandals.

As I wished to converse with him, and was not anxious to make my little guide a third in the party, I was rather embarrassed how to arrange it. He knew not one word of French, nor I of Spanish; but, by the help of some gibberish I found that he understood a little Latin and Italian; and, as I was about of his strength, it was in these two languages that the conference was held. I preferred Italian as the most familiar to me, and when I could not find the right word, finished my sentence in Latin, enriching it besides with the necessary gesticulation. The Capuchin did nearly the same, so our chat, that was prolonged more than an hour, must have been singularly picturesque.

There are, as is well known, many very wealthy convents in Spain, but the convents of the Capuchins are not in that number. This one was peculiarly poor, and all relating to it bore the impress of the greatest simplicity. The chapel, if we except two or three indifferent paintings, was absolutely naked. The fraternity assembled together in a large gallery above the altar. The body of the chapel was left for the poor, and others who come there daily to hear mass. We afterwards visited the cloisters, refectory, kitchen, and the cells, of which there are about twenty; two or three out of the number were vacant. The house contained then only eighteen monks, twelve priests, and six brother servants.

Each cell (or *coubicolo*, as the superior called it) contains a humble bed, a wooden bench, and a *prie dieu*, in form of a desk, holding a few books.

The cells were unoccupied at the time, the fathers being at their devotions in the chapel. However, as the third door that was opened, I perceived a young priest busy in writing. Several books lay open before him, and his desk was strewed with leaves of paper. At the noise we made by opening the door, he lifted his head, and bent to us with much humility, but without rising. He was a man of about thirty years of age, with a handsome countenance, a thick black beard, dark eyes bright and animated, and features presenting a singular mixture of gentleness and strength. The superior informed me he was engaged in composing a sermon that he was to preach the next morning at Fonterabia. We retired promptly, that we might not disturb him at his studies.

We afterwards visited the garden, that rises up the side of the mountain against which the convent is built. A magnificent view is enjoyed from it, nearly the same as that from the balcony of the church of Fonterabia, though less extensive. I remarked noble fruit in the garden; as I extolled its beauty, the superior conjectured that I might possibly be hungry, and in this he was not deceived, for it was past nine o'clock, and the walk had surprisingly quickened my appetite. He offered me some refreshment, which I at first discreetly declined, and he insisted, entreating me at least to take some *cioccolata;* I accepted the *cioccolata*. We returned to the convent; he called the steward, and gave his instructions, and then led me for a little conversation into his cell, that was not at all differing from the others.

In about five minutes, a brother servant brought on a wooden trencher a

very small cup of chocolate, and a very large glass of water. From the starving state in which I found myself, I should have preferred the dimensions to have been in inverse proportion, but it was necessary to be contented; there was a little roll of bread, in size corresponding to the cup. I must say though, that I never remember to have tasted such good chocolate. I did not fail to observe this to the superior, who appeared flattered by it.

I then inquired of him the regime of the convent.

"We rise at one in the morning, to say matins. Then we return to bed till five. At seven we take *la cioccolata*. At eleven is the distribution of soup to the poor; then follows the dinner—soup, vegetables, and *sometimes* a little meat *(un poco di carne)*. In the evening, at seven, supper, composed of the produce of the garden only."

In 1825, when I visited the convent of the Trappists of la Meilleraie, near Nantes, and their fine agricultural establishment, I left, at parting, for the requirements of the house, a tribute that was accepted. I thought I might offer a similar donation to the superior; he refused it.

"We cannot touch money; our rules forbid it."

"But you sometimes buy provisions, meat, and the excellent chocolate that you have just given me?—how do you manage?"

"We have a commissioner at Fonterabia, who makes all the purchases, and gives his account to the superior-general at Pampeluna."

These are men who are generally derided. In a Capuchin we see only a sordid robe, a cowl, and a long beard; but there *may* chance though, to be something else in a Capuchin. The complete abnegation (excepting only the *cioccolata)* of all the enjoyments of life, poverty, obedience, abstinence, watching, prayer, preaching, and the care of the poor. And yet on all their countenances, instead of remarking the impress of gloom and lassitude, you find tranquillity, and even the expression of a pleasing internal satisfaction. And, in fact, they are not really unhappy. Their days glide away in monotony, but it is the monotony of a mind always at peace, and happy within itself.

This, with much more in the same professional view of the subject, was what the superior said to me, and I listened to him with a feeling of pleasure, for I already began to understand his Italian. But whilst we were thus talking, the time rolled away. I had not forgotten my projected return to Bayonne, for that very evening, and I thought of my adieu to the Capuchins and to Spain.

I took leave of my host, after having thanked him for my cordial reception. My guide was waiting for me below, near the inner gate of the convent, we resumed our route, and in an hour had re-entered Béhobia.

The chocolate of the good fathers had only quickened my appetite, and having strengthened myself with a substantial breakfast, and all being ready for my departure, I reascended the cabriolet of which I have already given the description. We stayed but a short time at Saint John de Luz, and by nightfall had returned to Bayonne.

I had nothing to detain me in that city; my only wish was to return with all speed to Toulouse, to expedite the business, the compulsory suspension of which had given me a fortnight's holyday, and to resume, as soon as possible, the route to Paris: therefore, the first thing I did on alighting from my vehicle, was to book my place in the diligence for the next morning.

Bedford, Aug. 28, 1836. B. E. M.

PORSON.

Porson, the celebrated professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge, was a confirmed sot, and when he was so tipsy that he could no longer articulate English, he would utter Greek as fluently as a drunken Helot. The memory of this man was most remarkable, and he has been known to give the product of a sum, of which the multiplicand and multiplier were each of nine figures, in one minute, and without the assistance of paper or pencil. After his death, a cast was taken of his head, which was also opened, and its phrenological development surprised many, for all the organs of obtuseness and stupidity were, according to some, magnificently displayed, and the professor's skull was the thickest that ever came under the notice of the surgeons. The only difficulty was, how his vast erudition could have penetrated into so solid a structure—the receptacle itself presented very substantial reasons against it getting out again.

Clocks that have stopped, by misrepresenting the time, become paradoxes; they *stand* and *lie* simultaneously.

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THE BUCCANEER.

(*For the Parterre.*)

Mynheer Van Doolen was a Dutchman of days long gone by, but he might almost have passed for one of the present race; since he was as steady, plodding, and methodical as any merchant now to be seen, with most business-look, either at Amsterdam or Rotterdam; but unlike many of the present day, he had failed in discovering the true road to wealth; the opportunity of getting rich had never yet presented itself to him, or the wary Hollander would have seized it, and turned the chances to the utmost of which they were capable. It was not his fault that his father had died poor, or that he had married the daughter of a man reported rich, and yet poorer than himself. These were his misfortunes, he could not help them, and so like a true Dutchman he puffed away most stoically, waiting for better times.

But times at last seemed inclined to change, for as Mynheer sat one morning on his high stool in his counting-house, leaning his head upon his hand, and ruminating most sadly on the prospect of affairs, doubting whether he ought to congratulate himself as much as others had done in wishing him joy, on Madame presenting him with a son and heir, he was rather surprised by the familiarity of a hearty slap on the back: he looked up to see who was thus familiar, but his wonder was nowise decreased to perceive that it was a perfect stranger. The stranger was a man whose age might be somewhere about fifty, but with a complexion so swarthy and sunburnt, that it would have been difficult to say whether he was over or under that age; his dress was that of a mariner, well to do, and whose gold was not all expended on the lacings of his jacket; and his countenance was of that bold and resolute cast that shews itself accustomed to command amongst fierce and turbulent spirits; but the whole appearance of the man, and his familiar easy style of introduction, were such as to excite no little surprise and wonder in the breast of Mynheer Van Doolen.

"You were busy at your thoughts,

Mynheer, were they of good or evil disposition?"

"Whatever they might have been, friend, you brought them to a most sudden and abrupt conclusion."

"If they were of evil, so much the better—for yourself honest man; if of good import, why there is time enough, since you have but little business to employ you, to re-commence them at a future period."

"The extent and nature of my business can but little interest you: besides, your remarks are rude."

"Perhaps!—but I hate your set and courtly speeches; let a man tell his mind in a plain and sailorlike fashion and there is no misunderstanding him—now you Mynheer Van Doolen are almost without business, poor and needy."

"Your speech is indeed plain and not courtly."

"So much the better, it will easier suit your comprehension; but I have understood, you are on the other hand honest and cautious, and just such a man I want."

"I cannot see what business there can be betwixt us."

"Look through your window upon the broad waters before you, and tell me if you see a vessel, with hull long and low, taut rigged and raking masts, her jib, flying jib, mainsail and foretopsail set, and standing off and on?"

"I do!"

"Well, she is laden with goods so rare and costly, that the produce of one half of them would make the owner the richest man in Amsterdam; now, the whole of these would I confide to thy care."

The Dutchman stared hard at the stranger, and in his mind ran over the thousand and one legends he had read of the devil tempting a man in his necessities; perhaps the stranger divined the current of his thoughts, for he smiled sarcastically.

"I say, again, all this rich cargo would I confide to thy care; but mark me, for what purpose?—I may be rude and stubborn—nay, some may say cruel; but they know me not—I may be as I am, a wanderer on the broad and open seas, without a home or country that I care to call mine own; but such as I am, I have feelings, as deep and as fervent as those covered by a less rugged form, and what they may be you can judge when I say, within these few hours, I have known what it is to be a father, I have pressed in these rude arms a being that at a future day may call me——but no, it cannot be"

—the stranger paused a moment, and drew his hand across his brow, for something seemed to weigh heavy on his mind, "would it had been a boy," he muttered to himself—but, pshaw! this is like a woman, to let one's feelings gain the mastery thus;—it is, Mynheer, a girl, and in my wild and reckless way of life, I am but ill suited to see her placed at a future day beyond the chance of want; it is her fortune I would place in your hands, to be turned by you to the best advantage, taking to yourself from the profits twice the most ample rate of agency allowed by the most liberal merchants: but, I would do still further—you too are a father, and you must promise me (strange, indeed, as my request may now appear) that at a future day your child and mine shall be man and wife; if you promise me this, I am content, and we will together on board the vessel; you shall see the goods of which I speak, and by to-morrow they shall be safe in your warehouses, and ere the ensuing night, I shall be leagues away. What say you, merchant?"

Van Doolen paused awhile; the offer had come too sudden for a cautious man to say yes or no; at times the thought of the evil one seducing him astray had crossed his mind,—then he spoke of his child, and those thoughts vanished; but the offer was of such a tempting nature that Van Doolen closed with the bargain, after a minute's hesitation, merely to see the thing in its proper bearings—the girl was of course to be confided to his charge.

"No, she will be placed with a true and trusty friend, one upon whom I can depend, until such time as I shall call upon you to fulfil your promise as to her future settlement in life. You will not be required until then to account for her portion, you will even be ignorant whether she be in existence—so come with me on board, we will there sign our agreement, and tomorrow you will be in a fair way to be considered the richest man in Amsterdam.

Van Doolen, though a prudent and a cautious man, clearly saw that where such extremely advantageous terms here offered, it would not be proper to cavil with any of the details of the plan; there could be no objection to his son, should he live to a proper marrying age, where such a dowry was offered; but he would have preferred, had he been allowed the choice, to rear and educate the girl under his own and Madame Van Doolen's immediate superintendence: but it was

willed otherwise, and he perceived, although he could not penetrate altogether the stranger's intentions, that it was a plan well matured, and not the result of a momentary speculation.

The result of the stranger's interview with Van Doolen was soon apparent, for the merchant began to be looked upon not alone as a prosperous and thriving trader, but as one of the wealthiest men in Amsterdam; the truism that money gets money, seemed verified in his case, for every speculation in which he embarked was certain to succeed. Whenever a company or association of any description was being formed, Van Doolen's name and assistance were eagerly sought; in every enterprise, however great or momentous, Van Doolen was to be found taking the leading part; in short the richest and most enterprising trader in Amsterdam, was Van Doolen.

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The lapse of twenty years to those who have passed them in ease and contentment, is but a brief period to look back to; to those who have spent them in penury, toil, and ill-requited labour, it is a long sad space, past without regret, and in eagerly looking to the future for better times and prospects—but still they are gone to both. So must we pass over a space of twenty years, and look to what the lapse of time may have caused. About a short mile from Amsterdam, looking over the "wide waste of waters," stood a cottage, as neat, clean, and homely as the thriftiest Dutch housewife could desire to see: both before and behind was a garden tastefully arranged, with such trees and plants as the keen sea breezes would permit to exist; and within the lattices, flowers whose delicate natures required more protection; alongside on the beach was drawn up a large boat, used at times by its owner both for excursions and fishing, its extreme neatness shewing it to be the hobby of a thorough sailor; and on one side of the garden looking towards the sea, was a rudely contrived arbour, with a most primitive looking seat and table.

The owner of the cottage was Mynheer Blitz Spiel, a round shouldered bluff Dutchman, whose life from a child 'till the age of thirty had been passed at sea, and so much was he attached to that element, that many wondered he had ever left it; but the young maidens of the neighbourhood who simpered about love, and called it the all-subduing passion, hinted that when he was first smitten with Madame Spiel, and popped the question, she had refused to have him without he agreed to relinquish his seafaring life; but this was merely conjecture, for Spiel and his wife came there as man and wife, with their child, a little girl a few months old, and there they had resided up to the present time; they were known to have money deposited in the bank of Messrs. Koop and Rëitter at Amsterdam, which was nearly all that was known about them: Madame Spiel was a quiet sort of woman, whose manners shewed her to have been well brought up, and the money was supposed to have been on her side; but the surprise of all was the daughter, who was as unlike as possible both to Spiel and his wife, for they were both of fair complexion, whilst the girl Minna had all the appearance of a native of a southern clime; she was rather inclined to be tall, with dark eyes and hair, long silken eyelashes, and brunette complexion; and so different was she to the other maidens of the neighbourhood, that they were scarcely jealous of her being distinguished as the pretty Minna, hardly feeling her to be as one of themselves: great pains had been bestowed upon her education, and not bestowed in vain, as the tasty drawings which hung around the cottage walls evinced her to have no small skill as an artist, whilst a few books in her possession, which she was often seen to peruse, had made the neighbours set her down as a prodigy of learning.

But the pretty Minna had lately been declining in the good opinion of her neighbours, and much wonder was expressed that Spiel and his wife should be so blind. Did they suppose that as great a person as the only son of the burgomaster of Amsterdam came to their cottage so frequently merely for the purpose of sailing and fishing with Spiel, and that he sat there hour after hour listening to his often-told sea-stories because they afforded him any amusement; no, indeed, Minna was the magnet of attraction, and often and often had the neighbours seen them of an evening rambling together on the beach: it really seemed as if Spiel would not see what was going on, that he was wilfully blind; did he think the young man's intentions were honourable? he must know more of the world than to suppose so for an instant; but he would perceive his error when it was too late, and his vanity be properly humbled.

If Spiel was not alive to the reports thus injurious to his daughter, the worthy burgomaster was to the chance of his

son's forming an imprudent union, and his magisterial ire being strongly excited, he determined to investigate in person the circumstances, and see the father of the girl who was thus trying to inveigle his son.

As Spiel was one afternoon enjoying his pipe inside his cottage, he was not a little surprised at a loud authoritative knocking at the door, nor was he less astonished on opening it to find the Burgomaster in person seeking admittance. Spiel doffed his cap, and requested the Burgomaster to honour him by walking in. The worthy magistrate seemed in an angry mood; and addressing Spiel, hastily said, "And so you are Mr. Spiel, eh?"

"The same, Mr. Van Doolen, at your service."

"At my service, indeed; and you have a daughter named Minna, have you not?"

"I have."

"Now I tell you what, Mr. Spiel, you and your daughter are trying to draw my son into a disgraceful connexion, but all your plans and schemes will avail you nothing. As a father and the chief magistrate of the city, I have ample means in my power to thwart your plans, and, mark me well, I will too."

"Mr. Burgomaster Van Doolen, I have no wish to draw in your son to any connexion; if he have seen my daughter and likes her, well and good; if he chooses to come here, well and good again, my door shall not be closed against him; it is quite sufficient for me if I look after my own daughter, without caring for other people's sons."

"Well, indeed, and so this is the way laws and authorities are to be set at defiance?"

"What are your laws and authorities to me? I never had a hand in making the one or setting up the other, not I."

"Not you, indeed! you seem more inclined to lend a hand to break and pull down, but the laws are strong enough to reach you yet, Master Spiel; and let me advise you to have a care."

"Never fear, Mr. Burgomaster Van Doolen, the meshes of the law will not entangle me, I promise you, I shall steer clear of all such breakers; but let me give you a word of caution in return: you have your gyves and prisons in the city yonder, and you may fast bind, and perhaps fast find, but never restrain the course of true love, at least by locks and bolts, for they but feed the flame; if it be a true and healthy passion, it will work its way despite of all such impediments; but if it be not, why, mark me well, were yon Popinjay the son of twenty times as great a man as the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and he attempts to play the villain with my sweet Minna, by every saint I swear, that he lives not to breathe to others his false and broken pledges! so now, good Mr. Burgomaster, we understand each other; at least I hope so, for I have spoken plainly, and meant at least to be understood."

Van Doolen had busied himself on the road to Spiel's cottage, in framing a set of speeches so fraught with eloquence that they were certain of carrying conviction. He had expected to be met with all meekness and humility, but instead, here was an open defiance hurled in his teeth, by one who cared neither for himself nor the laws of which he was the representative. He was about to launch forth in the bitterest spirit of invective against Spiel, when the door opened, and in tripped Minna herself. At the sight of her, the Burgomaster's annoyance became much increased, for a single glance sufficed to shew that it would be no easy matter for him to wean his son's affections away from a being so beautiful; but still as he gazed upon her features, it seemed to him as if they had met before; it was a face he ought to have known, and yet his remembrance failed to remind him under what circumstances; there was something prompted him to feel they were features he ought not to have forgotten, but nothing to remind him why they should be so fixed on his mind. He was fairly puzzled, and his temper being somewhat mollified, he prepared to take his departure; but still he paused an instant at the door to cast another look at Minna, trying hard to recal her features to his remembrance, but it seemed in vain, for he bowed stiffly to Spiel, raised his hat to Minna, and walked away apparently deeply busied in his reflections.

We may naturally conclude, that the worthy Burgomaster allowed no opportunity to pass without impressing upon his son Heinrich the folly of his conduct, and shewing him in every possible light what would be the result of such an imprudent connexion; but whether or not he did so, Heinrich and Minna were more than ever together; they seemed never happy except when with each other, or in looking forward to their next meeting: neither Minna nor her lover saw or thought of the obstacles opposed to their union by the Burgomaster,

but drew up fancied plans of future happiness, as though no such person as Van Doolen were in existence to oppose them.

It happened one evening as it was getting dusk, that Heinrich, who had determined to pay Minna an unexpected visit, found on tapping at the window, his usual signal, that no one gave any reply; he peeped through the lattice, but none seemed within; thinking they might be gone to the city, or paying a visit to some of the neighbours, he was on the point of retracing his steps homewards, when he fancied he heard voices in the little arbour; he listened a moment, and became assured that one of them was Minna's, and the other a man's voice, but assuredly not that of Spiel's. What could she have to say to any man save himself at such a time and in such a situation—in the very arbour where they had spent hour after hour forgetful of all save each other? He felt as if he could hate and detest the world and all it contained, for they were false together. To be a spy upon them was abhorrent to his feelings,—he would boldly and openly confront them, and leave Minna to her shame and confusion. He advanced, and stood before the opening of the arbour. Minna was seated on the bench, and beside her was a man whose mien and appearance betokened him of some condition, but he was not a young man, though his age sat but lightly on him; his complexion was sunburnt, with much appearance of exposure to the weather, but still there were traces of much manly beauty; he was partly covered by a long flowing cloak, evidently of foreign make; and his hat, which was far different from any thing Heinrich had ever seen at Amsterdam, had fallen off, and lay on the table beside him; with his hand he was pressing back the dark ringlets from off Minna's forehead, and gazing with a fond and anxious look upon her countenance.

Heinrich could bear no more, his passions were too strong for his reason, his hand was upon his sword, and in an instant he had lunged with deadly intent at the stranger; but the latter seemed accustomed to these fierce and sudden bursts, for he was as quickly on his guard. Heinrich, foiled in his first attempt, still strove to bear down his adversary's guard, but he had found his master, and his thrusts were parried with as much ease as if he had now for the first time in his life used a sword. To Minna's prayers and entreaties he was deaf. She besought him in heaven's name, and in the most frantic manner, to desist, for he knew not what he did, nor against whom he raised his arm; but now every entreaty was in vain, when a few short moments before the mildest expostulation would have met the readiest acquiescence.

The contest, however, was of brief duration, for Heinrich's sword was caught towards the hilt by the stranger's blade, and forced from his hand to some considerable distance, and he stood at the mercy of one whose life he had sought in a manner which precluded all hope of mercy; but the stranger quietly restored his sword to its sheath, and looking sternly at him, said, "And so this is the fashion of you gentlemen of the Low Countries; for shame, sir, to draw upon a man not forewarned, and, for aught you knew, unarmed!"

Heinrich stood looking towards the ground, for he felt he had acted an unmanly part, and yet scorned to express his feelings.

"You have but now," continued the stranger, "sought my life, and yet never have I, by act, word, or thought, done thee an ill turn; I may surely, therefore, ask you the reason of your conduct."

"To yourself, sir, I have no explanation to make, further than to confess, that the violence of my feelings had almost driven me to the commission of an act I should have ever repented as an unmanly part—to draw upon a man without notice—is all, sir, I have to say."

"To Minna I have but little too to say; she knows with what truth and devotion I have loved her, and that for her I would have forsaken all ties of kindred and birth; and little indeed did I think that she but played with my feelings—that her pledges, breathed with every air of truth and sincerity, were false as ever fable painted woman's tongue. Oh, Minna! Minna! never could I have thought that guile lurked in the heart of one so fair to look upon, so formed for admiration; but I will not upbraid you with your deception towards me, we shall never meet again, and aught that I can say and feel will affect you now but little."

Minna spoke not in reply, but her looks were fixed on Heinrich, as though she would expostulate with him for thus mistrusting her. She felt one word would have explained all, and that one she dared not speak; but the stranger seemed to have gained some information from his expressions, and saw clearly the reason of Heinrich's jealous anger.

"Why, man, I think your feelings have mastered your reason with a vengeance. Did you think Minna was about to fly with one upon whose brow was fixed the stamp of nearly sixty winters? think you she would see in me the attractions of a youth like yourself, with his manhood scarcely fitted on him, and a form moulded for a woman's admiration?"

"It is but a sorry jest, sir, to add insult to injury."

"Not I, by heaven, I am no jester; in plain and sober truth, you took me for a rival. I am none, and such only the jealous feelings of an ardent lover could ever make of one like myself. Minna is yours now as ever, and with my free consent."

Heinrich seemed to require some explanation, he did not clearly understand the stranger, and yet he could not help perceiving there was some truth in his saying that none but a lover could have fancied him a rival; he saw that he had erred, and looked towards Minna for forgiveness. "Minna, I have wronged you, and spoken that against you which would almost preclude every hope of pardon, but speak and say you forgive me." There needed no words of forgiveness, for the fervent manner in which she allowed him to press her to his heart shewed that no feelings save those of love had any place in her breast.

"Heinrich Van Doolen," said the stranger, (since I now know you to be such), I have been the cause of some moments' uneasiness to you, and nearly too to myself, had my eye and hand not been quicker than yours, and I owe you some return. Your father is much angered against you for the imprudent connexion he fears you are about to make; you must, however, for a few short moments brave his anger, and demand his consent to your marriage."

Heinrich smiled, and shook his head.

"Ah, I see you think it will be in vain, and so do I, for you to obtain his consent; but still it must be asked, and when he has refused it I will see him myself, and there may be reasons adduced on my part more convincing than any you can advance. It is now getting late, but to-morrow early I will meet you at your father's, and then you can inform me the result of your meeting."

The following morning seemed almost an age to Heinrich, for the result of his interview with his father had turned out as he had expected, save that the Burgomaster had given greater vent to his anger than he had imagined, heaping the whole catalogue of maledictions at his command against him, for daring to insult him by such a proposition; he had not much faith in the result of the stranger's mediation, but still a lover's hopes will cling to any shadow of success however faint. The morning however found the stranger accompanied by Minna punctual to his appointment; he seemed no way surprised at the Burgomaster's refusal, and smiled at the mention of his unwonted anger; "let him know," said he to Heinrich, "that a person wishes to speak with him on private business, and I dare say you and Minna will not find the time hang so very heavy if I leave you for a short time in the company of each other."

Van Doolen was busily employed when a person was announced as wishing to see him on private business; he motioned to a chair, and continued for a few moments busied in his calculations; on raising his head to demand the nature of the business, his eyes met those of the stranger's; they were features which once seen were never to be forgotten. "You see," said the stranger, "I am come as I promised, to claim the fulfilment of our agreement."

The merchant pointed to a small lot standing on one of the shelves of an iron chest: "there," said he, "are the accounts of my stewardship up to the close of the last month, and you will find them, I am sure, correct to a fraction, nor do I think you will say that I have speculated for you amiss; your daughter's dowry will be the richest in Amsterdam."

"Your accounts I do not wish to see. I wish you to render none to me or any person living; I merely claim the fulfilment of your promise regarding your son."

"All that a father's influence can command shall be at your service; but I much fear me my son's affections are bestowed upon one from whom I have found it impossible to alienate them."

"Upon Minna Spiel?"

"You know it, I see, but too well."

"I do! Minna Spiel is my *daughter!* I confided her as an infant to Spiel's care, in whom I knew I could place every confidence. For years he had sailed under my command, and it required no small degree of persuasion to induce him to forsake what he considered his native element. He had married, too, a woman of superior manners and education, in every way adapted to take charge of a girl, and attend to her edu-

cation. It was by my instructions he took every means of throwing himself in your son's way, and bringing him often in contact with Minna; what I so ardently wished has taken place, he saw and loved, and thus have they themselves removed what I feared would have been an impediment to the fulfilment of my plans."

Great indeed was the surprise of every one when it was publicly announced that the Burgomaster had given his consent to his son's marrying Blitz Spiel's daughter, and greater still was the wonder at the magnificence of the wedding, which took place shortly after the interview between the stranger and Van Doolen; the splendour of the nuptials was long the theme of admiration; and many were the inquiries made and conjectures hazarded respecting a gentleman, by his appearance a foreigner, who was present at the ceremony, and who seemed to take a very lively interest in the proceedings: but no one could say who or what he was; and Van Doolen, in reply to the numerous inquiries made him respecting the stranger, replied that he was so occupied in the solemnities that he had not particularly remarked anybody, and he said he never could during the whole of his life, ever recognise a person from another's description. J. M. B.

PARENTS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LEONTINE DE MEDINE.

(For the Parterre.)

Convent of * * *.

I have received your letter, dear friend; it has penetrated the iron gates, the thick walls of the cloister, to prove to me that these obstacles present no barrier to your friendship. It has brought with it a few moments of happiness by making me acquainted with your's, your husband's, and your daughter's: *she* is now united to the man she loves, she is happy; and what does it signify his not being quite so rich, nor of quite so good a family as his rival? He pleases her, she has chosen him: but let her not forget to bless her parents, who might, by using their rights, have prevented her marriage from taking place: *that* would have been frightful, would it not? Oh, yes, very frightful. For more than fifty years I have seen a great number of tyrannies succeed each other: that of kings, of the people, of anarchy, of the soldiery; but none has caused me so much horror as that which a father exercises over his child! Hear me! These reflections recal remembrances which for a long time caused my tears to flow; but happily, dear friend, your daughter will never shed any for the same cause.

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In a rich hotel of the Faubourg Saint Germain, there lived a family whose genealogy, since the year 1300, had never been interrupted; this family was mine: it consisted, in 1780, of my father and mother, my brother, and myself. Both of us were brought up in the family mansion, but far from the eyes of our parents, far from their embraces; carried away by the torrent of the world, they could not think of us; in fact, they hardly knew any thing of us, nor we of them. This isolation rendered us extremely timid; I, especially, who was born with a thoughtful and sensitive imagination, I wanted drawing forth; and when seeking in the eyes of my father an expression of benevolence, I saw only that of harshness, I drew back with fear. My beseeching looks were then turned towards my mother; she was cold and reserved! Her arms were never opened to me! My brother alone might seek refuge there; he alone was the object of her tenderness. Of her tenderness, oh no! of her pride! I was then forgotten. This neglect made me sad and melancholy; my thoughts, enclosed in my own bosom, concentrated there! I saw around me nothing but solitude and enemies, and when, looking forward to the future to seek there a balm for all my woes, it seemed as if I heard a fearful voice which, on the contrary, foretold to me that they would increase. In fact the storm, ready to burst, was growling over my head.

I had nearly reached my sixteenth year, and my parents had hinted to me that they were thinking of my establishment for life. I received with a vague anxiety this warning, which I looked on as the prelude to all my griefs. I was not deceived. One day when I was alone in my chamber, overwhelmed with painful reflections, the voice of my father suddenly struck my ear; he was calling me; and I entered the drawing-room hastily, where I found him with my mother; both were seated: both held out their hands to me with rather less coolness than usual. I seized them with gratitude, carried them to my lips, and listened respectfully to the discourse which my father addressed to me in a firm and solemn tone.

"For some time past," said he, "I have been occupied with your's and your brother's establishment: he has just reached his twenty-second year, the age which I have fixed on for his marriage; besides, a brilliant opportunity offers, we must seize it. It ought to be of equal importance to you as to us, for his glory as well as for ours, that the fortune of his ancestors should descend to him entire, so that he may honourably sustain the rank he holds from them, and the position which he enjoys in the world. These reasons, which ought to appear just to you, must make you banish all idea of marriage, and leave for *you* but the retirement of a convent. It has occupied the serious thoughts of your mother and myself: her maternal tenderness at first repulsed with horror the idea of a cloister; but, after a short examination, she is reassured as to the calm life which you will enjoy, and convinced of the wisdom of my determination, she has submitted to it, knowing it to be irrevocable, and based on your peace and happiness."

My father was still speaking, but I had ceased to hear him: I could scarcely see—a frightful load lay on my heart. "Oh no, no! not a convent!" I exclaimed in my delirium "Do you know what a convent is? It separates you from the whole world; it is a tomb, a grave, I tell you!" And falling on my knees before my father, I struck my forehead against the ground. "Mercy!" I exclaimed, with the energy of despair. "Oh, that I were dead! No friendly look ever consoles my sorrows! You are barbarians! You may kill me, I tell you, but bury me alive, never!" I was still clasping my father's knees. "The girl is mad!" said he in an angry tone caused by my resistance; and disengaging his hand suddenly, I having nothing to support me, fell, and my head struck heavily against an angle of the wainscot. A cold shudder passed over me. The pain that my fall caused drew from me a scream which brought back the use of my senses; then seeing my mother anxiously spring forward to my assistance, I rose with a nervous rapidity, and turning away my eyes I said to her, in a tone full of bitter and deep indignation: "Approach not, madam; the shameful treatment I have undergone renders me independent! I thank you, but I do not require your assistance. I have just learned that it would be useless to implore it; besides, I am too proud to place myself in a position to owe any gratitude to my executioners!" This word pierced my mother to the heart! She put her handkerchief to her eyes and threw herself into an arm chair.

My father, taking me by the hand, led me down stairs without resistance. A carriage was waiting for me, I was hurried into it; the door was closed, and an hour afterwards I was in the convent. Since that day I have never left it: my noviciate lasted two years, and at eighteen I took the vows! I still remember that terrible day, that renunciation of the world, which I articulated in a hollow trembling voice beneath the pall of death! and my ebony locks falling beneath the scissors and sliding over my shoulders, and down my coarse dress, rolled in long curls on the pavement of the chapel! The next day those curls were thrown with the dust into a corner, for neither father nor mother had come to collect them, in order to preserve them as a precious relic. These eyes, formerly so beautiful and brilliant, now dim and filled with tears; my young and lovely face grown thin by watching, and hollowed by despair—and this bandeau, this fatal black veil with which they covered my head! Then all was over; and when I had changed my name, and taken that of sister Marie de la Miséricorde, I burst into tears. "Where is this boasted mercy?" cried I! "Is it on earth? No, no! men have none. Is it in heaven?" My prayers have not *yet* been answered. Since *then* I have heard its voice, when time had removed and weakened my sorrows!

This is the recital of them, dear friend, they were hard to bear, but my heart is not yet seared: the picture of your maternal joy has given me a satisfaction hitherto unknown; it has, like a consoling balm, softened my troubles.

I have retraced in my own mind, with the enjoyment of a heart exempt from jealousy, that affecting ceremony in which your daughter, proud and happy of your approbation, has changed a little of her liberty for much happiness and love. I thought I heard the merry pealing of the bells; I thought I saw the young bride adorned with flowers, kneeling at the foot of the altar; her forehead covered with a white veil, her cheeks glowing with modesty and pleasure, her eyes timidly resting on the ground, while those of her bridegroom are casting on her looks of tenderness and hope: I thought I saw her brought back by her father, mother, and husband,

as being their wealth and joy. But why, when leaving the sacred walls, where her union has just been blest, why does she weep?—"Mamma, she is crying!" says a child, in its mother's arms, lifting its head above the crowd in order to see the young bride pass. "Mamma, why are they taking her away?—Why is she crying?" "Because she is too happy, my child," replies the young mother, with emotion. And the crowd repeats with a voice touched by emotion, "too happy!" These confused murmurs fill the arches of the vast edifice, and find an echo in the heart of her who is the object of them, and who, happy and pensive stammers out, "oh yes, too happy!" Enjoy, excellent mother, enjoy your work; reap the gratitude—the blessings of thy daughter; whilst I!—Listen! In the silence of my cell, I have cursed my parents! It was the effect of my despair! That was horrible—was it not? Oh yes, dreadful! When I became calm, the remembrance of these curses frightened me—froze me with terror, and I exclaimed, "oh, God! thou hast not surely hearkened to my sacrilegious words." I longed to convince myself that the Eternal had rejected them, so odious did they appear to me. But, what do I hear? This is the hour of prayer. How calm and beautiful is the night!—How bright the moon and stars! Listen!—the matin bell with its slow and solemn tone is calling my companions; listen—their footsteps are softly gliding along the pavement of the long corridors. Their hymns are already ascending towards heaven. I am going to join them, dear friend, and prostrated on the marble of the chapel, I will pray for thee and thy daughter, and I will ask of heaven, if not *forgetfulness* of my woes, at least the courage to support patiently the weight of them, and to wait with resignation the end of my stormy and painful existence.

More than one young girl affected by the recital of the unfortunate recluse, will bless the change which has taken place in the hearts of parents, and will turn to imprint on the foreheads of hers, a kiss of tenderness and gratitude.

Nov. 10, 1835. M. A. W.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

A good periodical is like a sensible, sunny and sound-hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold always gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour.

NOTES OF A READER.

[We are indebted for the following, to *Lord's Algiers*, which appears to have been compiled with much judgment from every available source.]

INTERNATIONAL PERFIDY OF THE MOORS.

"A singular exemplification of Moorish perfidy towards one another, as giving a good idea of their character, we here relate. A Moor had murdered another, and having been caught in the fact, was thrown into prison, where he lay daily expecting an order for execution, or at least that his right hand, with which it was supposed he had done the deed, should be chopped off. Meantime one of his friends, anxious if possible to save his life, went to a person well acquainted with the prison, and offered a considerable sum if he would effect his escape. This the man immediately undertook; but demanded that the money should be given to him first, after which he was to prove to the other that within a certain time he had accomplished his purpose. The night in which the liberation was to be attempted was fixed on, and ropes were ready, to enable the prisoner to get over the walls. Having thus secured one sum on the transaction, the liberator began to think whether he could not procure himself a second, and for this purpose he went to the next of kin of the murdered man, who was of course anxiously thirsting for the prisoner's death. He told him that there was no chance of justice being done, as the prisoner had actually escaped; but he could however for a certain reward put the prisoner in his power, so as to enable him to accomplish his revenge. This was also readily agreed to, and the money laid down; the other giving surety that he would perform his promise. For this purpose he desired the avenger to station himself under the shadow of a rock near the prison, outside the town; for that there he would meet his enemy about two o'clock the following morning. The person who made the first engagement was directed to be at the same spot at three o'clock; all matters being now arranged, the liberation of the prisoner was effected a little before the first appointed hour, and he was directed to make his way to the rock, where he was told he would meet his friend. While waiting there the avenger came up, and recognising the prisoner, struck a dagger into his heart, and made his escape. The friend arriving soon after on the spot, found the prisoner's body

evidently recently murdered. While pondering on this singular circumstance, he saw the liberator approach, whom he at once commenced accusing of the prisoner's death; but he replied, "I have executed my engagement of liberating your friend, and am therefore entitled to my reward; what has happened to him since is no concern of mine, see you to that. But I should inform you, that soon after his liberation I saw a man approach, and fearing that I was discovered, ran and hid myself under the rock. In a short time I returned, and found your friend weltering in his blood; when I approached he had just time, before expiring, to name his murderer, whom he said was the next of kin to the man he had himself killed!" The more duplicity used in these horrid transactions, the more merit is attributed to the agent, who is praised in proportion to his ingenuity and treachery, as was the case in this instance.

THE EPICUREAN:

A GASTRONOMIC TALE, INTERSPERSED WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.—*Prior.*

It was on the evening of a dull, damp, dreary, weary, melancholy, miserable day, towards the latter end of November, when Titus Dodds, esq., of Cornhill, merchant, closed his counting-house door, and proceeded homeward to his residence, No. 42, Brooke Street, High Holborn, in quest of palatable nutriment. The prospect before him was anything but alluring. All surrounding substances, animate and inanimate, wore a most wretched and wo-begone aspect. The streets were greasy and slippery, the half-washed houses looked lonely and cheerless, while the Bank, the Mansion House, the Exchange, and other awkward and well-smoked edifices, as seen by the equivocal light of four o'clock, presented a peculiarly grim and repulsive appearance. The chilly, drizzly atmosphere penetrated to the very marrow of the shivering citizens as they crawled along to their respective domiciles, causing the most unpleasant alterations in the "human face divine;" cheeks and noses exchanged their appropriate tints; and many well-meaning, inoffensive people, whom their worst enemies could not charge with literary propensities, looked intensely blue. The shopmen sat behind their deserted counters, buried in profound meditation; street minstrels, vocal and instrumental, suspended their unfeeling persecutions; the starved, gaunt, miserable hackney and stage horses, from whose spavined limbs the "speed of thought" had long since departed, stood trembling, and ruminating doubtless on the "flowery fields and pastures green" of their infancy; while their red-visaged proprietors clustered together in small groups around the doors of the adjacent gin-shops, in impatient expectation of a customer.

"A coach, sir, a coach?" cried a dozen voices, as Mr. Dodds approached; but he strode onward without deigning a reply, followed by the bitter maledictions of his disappointed fellow-creatures.

But it is time some explanation was entered into, of the character and habits of the hero of this history.

Mr. Titus Dodds was a plain, honest, kind-hearted, sensible-enough sort of man. When a census of the population of the metropolis was taken, he counted one; but excepting on those occasions, never attempted to cut a figure in the world. If one asked his opinion respecting the domestic and foreign policy of the cabinet, he used to reply, that he was no politician; if another requested his views upon controversial points of religion, he would answer, that he was no theologian; and if any one desired to know his opinion concerning the probability of finding a passage round the North Pole, he would say, he thought it likely it might be discovered some time or other, adding, however, by way of qualification, that it was a great chance if it ever were. Holding these inoffensive tenets respecting law, divinity, politics, and science, and professing a total ignorance of poetry and the fine arts, he managed to get through the world with considerable ease and comfort to himself, and little or no inconvenience to his neighbours. As he was provided with an heiress to his small property, he was not troubled with the civilities and delicate attentions of friends and relatives; and as he made it a rule to keep out of debt, few people, of course, felt an interest in his fate.

Such was the appearance which Mr. Dodds presented to the superficial observer; and such indeed was his real character, as far as it went; but beneath all this placidity and quiescence lurked strong passions—ardent desires—unconquerable longings. It seemed as if all the sharp points of his character had flown off and concentrated themselves under one particular head. The fact is, Mr. Dodds

liked his dinner; so much so, indeed, that were I inclined

"to waver in my faith,
And hold opinion with Pythagoras,"

I should surmise that the soul of the famous Parisian *gourmand*, the Abbe C.* after quitting the body of that dignitary, had crossed the channel, made the best of its way to Brook Street, High Holborn, and taken up its residence, for the time being, in the person of Mr. Titus Dodds. He was none of your showy, superficial fellows, that dilate with counterfeit rapture upon the pleasures of the table merely to gain credit for superior discrimination and delicacy of palate; he was none of your gastronomic puppies, that prate everlastingly of the impropriety and horrid vulgarity of brown meats and white wines—of the indelicacy of cheese, and the enormity of malted liquors. No—he was a man who had a real, simple, and sincere love for the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the forest, and the fish of the seas, rivers, lakes, and fresh-water streams; and one gifted at the same time by nature, with an eminently lively sense of the pleasing essences and grateful flavours which are capable of being extracted therefrom. He did not like or dislike—or admire or abhor, according to the caprices or mutabilities of fashion. His tastes were formed by long experience, aided by much patient, minute, and subtle though quiet and unobtrusive analyzation and investigation; and provided his dinner was to his liking, he cared little of what metallic substances those modern substitutes for fingers, yclept forks, were composed, or whether the number of their prongs corresponded with the prevalent notions of propriety on that subject. In fact, he was that rare thing—an independent man, without the slightest taint of obstinacy or stubbornness. Though not above learning from, he was no slave to the dogmas of cookery books; he honoured their authors—he respected the labour and research displayed in their pages; but their most specious or authoritative doctrines were alike insufficient to shake his principles or unsettle his ideas of right and wrong. Like a wise man, he ate what he liked best, cooked as he liked it best, without the slightest reference to what the world in general, or his friends in particular, might say about the matter.

To a philanthropist—to a man with an enlarged love for the human species, a Howard or a Shelley, it would have been a pleasing sight to see Mr. Titus Dodds, after the honourable fatigues of the day, sit down to what he most worshipped—ducks stuffed or impregnated with onions. To have marked the smile of calm though intense satisfaction which overspread the countenance of the good, middle-aged man, as he gazed upon them;—to have noticed the waters of pleasure involuntarily overflowing his eyes and trickling down his cheeks, as the delicious though pungent odours emitted from his favourites, steamed round his head and proceeded up his olfactory department to his brain;—to have listened to the long-drawn sigh (certainly not of sorrow), with which he eased his o'erfraught breast, as he drew himself up to carve;—to have observed the slowness, or additional emphasis, with which he masticated the choice morsels—all this, I say, would have done their hearts good, and would have convinced even the veriest misanthrope, that the world was not altogether the huge den of misery which he took it to be; but that even the most humble and unknown individuals have often sources of pleasure within themselves, of some sort or other, which enable them to bear the burden of life with resignation, and lay it down at last, like the misanthrope himself, with reluctance.

Titus Dodds (as has been previously mentioned), was a man in easy circumstances, yet he had not often ducks for dinner. If any are curious to know the reason, it will be a sufficient reply—at least to the matrimonial portion of the querists—to state that Mr. Dodds was a married man. Mrs. Dodds was by no means a contradictious or contumacious helpmate; but still she had a will of her own; and in addition to this, notions had been infused into her by Mrs. Alderman Scales, the butcher's wife, regarding the extreme vulgarity of such a dish; and though Mrs. Dodds was a woman under the middle stature, she perfectly detested anything low. Touching the onions, she was peculiarly pathetic in her remon-

* The Abbe C. doated on asparagus cooked with oil; the Abbe D. doated on asparagus cooked with butter. The Abbe D. called to dine with the Abbe C. when he had only a limited quantity of asparagus in the house, and no more was to be procured. They had been companions and friends from boyhood, and might be said, (figuratively) to have but one heart. What was to be done? The Abbe C. with more than Roman magnanimity, ordered half the asparagus to be cooked with oil—half with butter. Scarcely was the mandate issued, when the Abbe D. who was an apoplectic subject, took a fit and instantly expired in the sight of his agonized brother. What did the Abbe C. do in this case? With admirable presence of mind he flew to the head of the stairs and bawled to the cook—"*do it all in oil—do it all in oil!*"

strances, inasmuch as they frequently brought tears to her eyes; but Titus was firm, and occasionally carried his point. He had succeeded in doing so on the day on which our story commences (and ends), and the last words that ran along the passage, as he closed the door after him in the morning, were—"*precisely* at five."

But to return to Mr. Dodds, whom we left just entering Cheapside. Scarcely had he proceeded as far as Bow Church, when the dense fog, which had been brooding over the city for the last twelve hours, and resting itself on the tops of the more elevated buildings, came tumbling down all at once, bringing with it the whole of that day's smoke, which had been vainly endeavouring, since the first fire was lighted in the morning, to ascend to its usual station in the atmosphere. As soon as this immense funereal pall was spread over the city, things fell, as was naturally to be expected, into immediate and irremediable confusion. Pedestrian bore violently down upon pedestrian, and equestrian came in still more forcible contact with equestrian. Cart overturned cart—coach ran against coach—shafts were broken—wheels torn off—windows stove in, passengers shouted and screamed, and the language of the drivers, though copious and flowing, became characterized rather by energy than elegance. But a London fog cannot be described. To be appreciated it must be seen, or rather felt; for it is altogether impossible to be clear and lucid on such a subject. It is the only thing which gives you an idea of what Milton meant when he talked of "darkness visible." There is a kind of light, to be sure, but it only serves as a medium for a series of optical delusions; and for all useful purposes of vision, the deepest darkness that ever fell from the heavens is infinitely preferable. A man perceives a coach a dozen yards off, and a single stride brings him among the horses' feet, —he sees a gas-light faintly glimmering (as he thinks) at a distance, but scarcely has he advanced a step or two towards it, when he becomes convinced of its actual station by finding his head rattling against the post; and as for attempting, if you get once mystified, to distinguish one street from another, it is ridiculous to think of such a thing.

At the end of Cheapside there was a grand concussion of wheeled vehicles, and Mr. Dodds found some difficulty in preserving that intimate connexion which had so long satisfactorily subsisted between his mortal and immortal parts. The danger of being jostled, overturned, and trodden under foot, confused, unsettled, and perturbed his local ideas considerably, so that, instead of holding his way along Newgate-street, in a westerly direction, he pointed his nose due north (up Aldersgate-street), and followed it according to the best of his ability.

"They will be overdone!" soliloquized Titus; and he groped vigorously forward, until, as the clock struck the appointed hour of five, he found himself at the Angel at Islington, just about as far from his domicile as when he left his counting-house. There are limits to the power of language, and therefore I shall leave Mr. Dodds' state of mind, on making this singular discovery, to the imagination of the reader. But there was no time to be lost. He struck his rattan on the pavement, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, inquired for, as his nearest way, St. John's-street Road, and plunged at once into its mysterious recesses. 'Twere painful and vain to tell of his dismal and dubious wanderings in those complex regions which lie between the aforesaid road and Gray's Inn; suffice it to say, that he at length succeeded in reaching the latter, and began once more to entertain hopes of seeing his home again, when he became aware of something in his path, and a voice from the mist thus broke upon his ear:—

"Heaven bless your honour! poor Pat O'Connor'
Ploughing on the sea,
Lost his precious sight, by lightning in the night!
Poor Pat O'Connor begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!"

Mr. Dodds was a patriotic man in his way; and a disabled prop of the naval power of his country seldom appealed to him in vain; but on this occasion he passed on, and the man with no eyes paused in his strain to bestow a passing benediction on those of Mr. Dodds.

"For the love of mercy spare a trifle to a poor widow with seven small children," said a miserable object seated on a door-step. Mr. Dodds was a charitable man, but he delayed not.

"Mind that ere puddle, sir, and valk over this 'ere plank," vociferated a little scrub-headed urchin, the proprietor of a frail deal board, which he had placed across "the meeting of the waters" from two or three street-ends, to benefit travellers, and serve his own pecuniary purposes. Titus did so, and passed over the confluence of the kennels dry-shod. "Re-

member the accommodation plank, sir," bawled the boy, half-imploringly, half-indignantly, as he perceived Mr. Dodds' body in motion on the opposite side. Dodds was far from being an ungrateful man, but he sought not for copper. At length, panting, wearied, worried, and worn out, he found himself, as the clock struck six, at Middle Row, Holborn, a full quarter of a mile from his habitation.

A skilful portraiture of human suffering, up to a certain point, is far from unpleasing, and rather beneficial, arousing, as it does, the hidden sympathies of our nature which might otherwise remain dormant; but when it passes this point, when it becomes of agonizing intenseness, minute description is then shocking and repulsive. We will, therefore, quit Mr. Dodds for the present, and shift the scene to his residence.

The accumulated wisdom of ages has recorded that there is nothing so deceitful as appearances. The chilliness and serenity of the outside of Mount Etna give not the slightest hint of the volcanic fires roaring and raging within; and as little did the demure, quiet appearance of 42, Brooke Street, High Holborn, betoken the agitation which prevailed therein. The causes of this agitation were threefold. Mr. Dodds, as has been before stated, ordered dinner precisely at five, and as his wife, clock, and cook, were tolerably well regulated, there was a reasonable prospect of his saying grace about that time. But wives are not infallible—clocks are not chronometers—cooks are not impeccable. Mrs. D. had been flatteringly invited to give her opinion upon some new purchases of Flanders' lace, made by her neighbour Mrs. Blenkinsopp. Where lives the woman that can tear herself from lace? The consequence was, that Mrs. Dodds was half an hour past her time in issuing her orders to the cook; the cook was discussing the benefits derivable from triennial parliaments with the aforesaid Mrs. Blenkinsopp's housemaid, who was a septennialist, and a quarter of an hour more was lost without settling the question after all. To crown the whole, the clock which had heretofore conducted itself in a commendable manner, thought proper to come to a full stop, and ten minutes elapsed before the cook was aware of the resolution it had taken. As soon as Mrs. Dodds became fully conscious of this unfortunate concurrence of circumstances, the house, as the saying is, "was hardly large enough to hold her," although it contained many apartments of most respectable proportions.—What a short-sighted creature is man! He knows not what is best for him. Had Mr. Dodds only been aware of these seeming misfortunes, how would he have felicitated himself on this eventful evening.

Seven minutes had now elapsed since the authoritative voice of St. Giles's had bawled out to the surrounding districts, "six o'clock," and Mrs. Dodds began to be seriously alarmed at the most unaccountable absence of Mr. Dodds; so much so, indeed, that faint visions of the unbecomingness of widows' caps kept involuntarily flitting across her imagination. Being a notable, prudent personage, she placed her smelling-bottle on the table, laid her white muslin cambric handkerchief beside it, and arranged the easy armchair at a convenient distance, so that she might not be found altogether unprepared, in case it was announced to her that she was a desolate woman. Just at this juncture, however, the street-door opened, and a heated, flurried, perspiring piece of animated nature, bearing a striking resemblance to Mr. Dodds, rushed in, and made the best of its way to the drawing-room, but nothing (at least to the purpose) met its eager glance.

"They can never have eaten them," exclaimed Dodds (for it was he)—"Oh no, no, no!—they could not, would not, durst not!"—and, without tarrying for the slow medium of servants, in order to effect a communication with Mrs. Dodds, away he sallied, in order to know the worst at once, in quest of his stray lamb, or, to speak with greater agricultural precision, his ewe, for she was long past the flowery days of lambhood.

"Titus Dodds!" cried Mrs. Dodds, (she called him "Titus" in her loving or juvenile moods; "Dodds," when she wished to be familiar; "*Mr.* Dodds," when she was ill-tempered or imperious, and "Titus Dodds," when she aimed at being singularly impressive), "Titus Dodds, where *have* you been?"

"It matters not," replied Titus, in a tremulous voice, "it matters not! I suppose all is over, and there is nothing but cold meat in the house—well, well!"

Far be it from me to violate the sanctity of domestic privacy, by detailing the conversation which ensued. It is sufficient to say that a mutual and satisfactory explanation took place—the ducks were finally served up, done to a turn, and Titus Dodds was indeed a happy gentleman. The partner of his past life contemplated the subdued rapture depicted

in the countenance of the man of her choice, as if she were very well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken; while their pretty daughter Bessy, a lively girl, with an amazing relish for a piece of snug humour, paused in the midst of a cut off the breast, took in the pleasantry of the scene at a glance, and then went on with her occupation. It was, as I said before, a scene that a philanthropist would, indeed, have gloried in contemplating.

"Oh happiness! our being's end and aim!"

How strangely and incongruously dost thou mix thyself up with the fabric of things! Wealth and power, and glory, ofttimes give thee not, and yet thou may'st be extracted (as has been shewn) from even the commonest commodities. Independent creature!—the high and mighty magnates of the earth command thee to their footstools, but thou turnest up thy nose, and strayest away unto some peasant's homely hearth; and, when it so pleaseth thee, thou leavest the emperor on his throne, the peer in his palace, the beauty in the ball room, and takest up thy abode in uninviting habitations, amid the nameless children of obscurity. Democratic divinity! I gratefully worship thee, for I am even now sensible of thy presence; and it may be that thou hast, this very night, deserted the luscious soups and fragrant wines of some luxurious alderman, to hover over the simple mutton-chop and sparkling bottled ale, that await my acceptance, as soon as I have attached my brief and insignificant signature to this humble tale, destitute of a plot and unprotected by a moral.

W. Cox.

THE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

Adolphe and Celeste were lovers—the course of true love never did run smooth, and it was interrupted in theirs by cruel parents, who had different views for their children. Adolphe, in despair, takes poison, but the invention of stomach-pumps prevented his desperate purpose, and he recovers. Celeste had the deadly potion in her hand, and was in the act of raising it to her lips when her mother discovers her. The story thus proceeds:

Whatever the exaggerations of our lovers, they loved really, fervently, disinterestedly, and with all their hearts. Not one in ten thousand loves is so strong, or promises to be so lasting.

Adolphe did not die—the antidotes were given in time—he recovered. The illness of Celeste was more dangerous; she suffered, poor child, a delirious fever, and was several weeks before her life and reason were restored.

No parents could stand all this; ordinary caprices it is very well to resist, but when young people take to poison and delirious fevers—*il faut céder*. Besides, such events derange one's establishment, and interrupt one's comforts. One is always glad to come to terms, when one begins to be annoyed one's self. The old people then made it up, and the young people married. As the bridegroom and Celeste were convinced that the sole object of life was each other's company, they hastened ot once to the sweet solitudes of the country. They had a charming villa and beautiful gardens; they were both accomplished, clever, amiable, young, and in love. How was it possible they should be susceptible to *ennui*? They could never bear to lose sight of each other.

"Ah, Adolphe—traitor—where hast thou been?"

"Merely shooting in the woods, my angel."

"What, and without me? Fy! promise this shall not happen again."

"Ah, dearest! too gladly I promise."

Another time—

"What, Celeste! three hours have I been seeking for you! Where have you hid yourself?"

"Don't look so angry, my Adolphe, I was only directing the gardener to build a little arbour for you to read in. I meant it as a surprise."

"My own Celeste! but three hours—it is an eternity without you! Promise not to leave me again, without telling me where to find you."

"My own dearest, dearest Adolphe! how I love you—may my company ever be as dear to you."

This mode of life is very charming with many for a few days. Adolphe and Celeste loved each other so entirely, that it lasted several months. What at first was passion had grown a habit, and each blamed the other for want of affection, if he or she ever indulged in the novelty of different pursuits.

As they had nothing to do but to look at those faces they had thought so handsome, so it was now and then difficult not to yawn; and of late there had been little speeches like the following:

"Adolphe, my love, you never talk to me—put down that odious book you are always reading."

"Celeste, my angel, you don't hear me. I am telling you about my travels, and you gape in my face."

"My dear Adolphe, I am so exceedingly sleepy."

One morning, as Adolphe woke and turned in his bed, his eyes rested on his wife, who was still asleep—"Bless me," thought he, "I never saw this before—let me look again—yes, certainly, she has—a wart on her chin!"

Adolphe rose and dressed himself—Adolphe was grave and meditative. They met at breakfast—the bride and bridegroom. Celeste was in high spirits; Adolphe was sombre and dejected.

"Let us ride to-day," said Celeste.

"My dear, I have a headache."

"Poor child! well, then, let us read the new poem."

"My dear, you talk so loud."

"I!" and Celeste gazing reproachfully on Adolphe, perceived for the first time something in his eyes that surprised her. She looked again—"Good heavens!" said she to herself, "Adolphe certainly squints."

It is impossible to say what an effect this fatal discovery had upon Adolphe. He thought of it incessantly. He had nothing else to complain of—but then warts on the chin are certainly not becoming. Celeste's beauty had improved greatly since her marriage. Everybody else saw the improvement. Adolphe saw nothing but the wart on her chin. Her complexion was more brilliant, her form more perfect, her walk more majestic; but what is all this, when one has a wart on the chin! The wart seemed to grow bigger and bigger every day—to Adolphe's eye it threatened speedily to absorb the whole of the face! Nay, he expected in due time to see his beautiful Celeste all wart! He smothered his pain as well as he could, because he was naturally well-bred and delicate; and no woman likes to be told of the few little blemishes she is blind to herself. He smothered his pain, but he began to think it would be just as well to have separate apartments.

Meanwhile, strange to say, Adolphe's squint grew daily more decided and pronounced. "He certainly did not squint before we married," thought Celeste; "it is very unpleasant—it makes one so fidgety to be stared at by a person who sees two ways—and Adolphe has unfortunately a habit of staring. I think I might venture to hint, delicately and kindly—the habit can't yet be incurable."

As wives are always the first in the emulation of conjugal fault-finding, Celeste resolved to hazard the hint—on the first favourable opportunity.

"Well, my Celeste, I have brought my dog to see you," said Adolphe, one morning.

"Ah! down, down! Pray turn him out; see the mark of his paws. I can't bear dogs, Adolphe."

"Poor thing!" said Adolphe, caressing his insulted favourite.

"Was that to me, or to the dog?" asked Celeste.

"Oh! to him, to be sure."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but I thought you looked at me. Indeed, Adolphe, if the truth may be said, you have lately contracted a bad habit—you are getting quite a cast in your eye."

"Madam!" said Adolphe, prodigiously offended, and hurrying to the glass.

"Don't be angry, my love; I would not have mentioned it if it did not get worse every day; it is yet to be cured, I am sure; just put a wafer on the top of your nose, and you will soon see straight"

"A wafer on the top of my nose! Much better put one at the tip of your chin, Celeste."

"My chin!" cried Celeste, running in her turn to the glass. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Only that you have a very large wart there, which it would be more agreeable to conceal."

"Sir!"

"Madam!"

"A wart on my chin, monster!"

"A cast in my eye, fool!"

"Yes! How could I ever love a man who squinted!"

"Or I a woman with a wart on her chin!"

"Sir, I shall not condescend to notice your insults. No wonder—you can't see! I pity your infirmity."

"Madam, I despise your insinuations; but since you deny the evidence of your own glass, suffer me to send for a physician, and if he can cure your deformity, so much the better for you."

"Yes, send for a physician: he will say whether you squint or not. Poor Adolphe! I am not angry; no, I pity so melancholy a defect."

Celeste burst into tears. Adolphe, in a rage, seized his hat, mounted his horse, and went himself for the doctor.

The doctor was a philosopher as well as a physician. He took his pony and ambled back with Adolphe. By the way, he extracted from Adolphe his whole history, for men in a passion are easily made garrulous. "The perfidious woman," said Adolphe; "would you be-

lieve it?—we braved everything for each other—never were two persons so much in love—nay, we attempted suicide rather than endure a longer separation. I renounced the most brilliant marriages for her sake—too happy that she was mine without a dowry—and now she declares I squint. And, oh, she has *such* a wart on her chin."

The doctor could not very well see whether Adolphe squinted, for he had his hat over his eyes; besides, he prudently thought it best to attend to one malady at a time.

"As to the wart, sir," said he, "it is not difficult to cure."

"But if my wife won't confess that she has it, she will never consent to be cured. I would not mind if she would but own it. Oh the vanity of women!"

"It must have been after some absence that this little defect was perceived by you—"

"After absence—we have not been a day separated since we married."

"O-ho," thought the doctor, sinking into a reverie—I have said he was a philosopher—but it did not require much philosophy to know that persons who would have died for each other a few months ago, were not alienated only by a wart or a cast in the eye.

They arrived at Adolphe's villa—they entered the saloon. Celeste no longer wept; she had put on her most becoming cap, and had the air of an insulted and uncomplaining wife!

"Confess to the wart, Celeste, and I'll forgive all," said Adolphe.

"Nay, why so obstinate as to the cast of the eye; *I* shall not admire you less (though others may) if you will not be so vain as to disown it."

"Enough, madam; doctor, regard that lady—is not the wart monstrous—*can* it be cured?"

"Nay," cried Celeste, sobbing, "look rather at my poor husband's squint. His eyes were so fine before we married."

The doctor put on his spectacles; he regarded first one and then the other.

"Sir," said he, deliberately, "this lady has certainly a pimple on the left of her chin considerably smaller than a pin's head. And, madam, the pupil of your husband's right eye is, like that of nine persons in ten, the hundredth part of an inch nearer his nose than the pupil of his left. This is the case, as it appears to me, seeing you both for the first time. But I do not wonder that you, sir, think the pimple so enormous; and you, madam, the eye so distorted, since you see each other every day!"

The pair were struck by a secret and simultaneous conviction; when an express arrived breathless to summon Adolphe to his father, who was taken suddenly ill. At the end of three months Adolphe returned. Celeste's wart had entirely vanished, and Celeste found her husband's eyes as beautiful as ever.

Taught by experience, they learned then, that warts rapidly grow upon chins, and squints readily settle upon eyes, that are too constantly seen. And that it is easy for two persons to die joyfully together when lovers, but prodigiously difficult without economizing the presence, to live comfortably together when married.—*Bulwer's Student.*

USE OF SNUFFERS.

A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and their stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff, to throw it about the floor, or, perchance, on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly-amused spectator!

MENDACITY OF THE MOORS.

LYING seems a matter quite understood and agreed upon amongst the inhabitants of Barbary: when an European ambassador once remonstrated with the Emperor of Morocco for violating a treaty which he had lately made, "Dost thou think I am a Christian," replied the Emperor, "that I should be a slave to my word?"

A GOOD LEAPER.

AN Irish gentleman, well known in the sporting circles for his wit, was accosted by a friend, with—"Upon my word, ——, you are riding a good horse!"—"And why should I not ride a good horse?"—"Well," rejoined his friend, "but will he jump *timber?*"—"Timber!" replied the other; faith he'll just jump over your *head*, man, in a jiffey."

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AN ANECDOTE OF MURAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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(*For the Parterre.*)

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Last spring at the Countess de Lipona's, as soon as the piano had ceased accompanying the airs of Bellini, towards midnight the most intimate friends of the Griffoni palace always formed themselves into a circle to chat and relate amusing stories until morning. There was an inexpressible charm in these midnight watches: the saloon was still in all the disorder of the ball and concert; but the dancers and musicians had disappeared; the music was strewed over the instrument, the whist tables displayed their extinguished lamps, and their four vacant seats; after so many joyous noises, came familiar conversation: tea was brought up, with delicious cakes stamped with the arms of the Queen of Naples by Madame Dubarry's cook. No one thought of sleep at these delightful morning soirées; the Countess de Lipona always used to say "Three hours sleep are sufficient for me; it is a good habit that I owe to my brother the Emperor." And her friends were proud of complying with a habit which came direct from Napoleon. It often happened on leaving the palace that we saw the rays of dawn on the columns of the Inquisition and the dome of San Spirito.

The Countess de Lipona sometimes related some charming stories with that grace which never left her: the illustrious heroine had assisted at so many dramas, at so many fêtes, at so many misfortunes! she was therefore never unprovided when she deigned to furnish her quota to this fund of anecdotes. One night that the circle of friends had pressed closely round her arm chair, this noble woman announced something they had not yet heard, in a voice choked with emotion; her calm and lovely face was visibly contracted under the impression of some sad remembrance. Our silence respectfully demanded an explanation, and she commenced:—

"At the period when Italy belonged to France, a sedition burst forth in one of our regiments garrisoned at Leghorn. It was a serious business; more than a

mere mutiny among the soldiers. The Emperor appeared extremely angry when he heard of it; he determined on making an example, and Joachim was charged with the care of punishing this regiment of undisciplinarians. The Emperor's orders were precise and terrible; no court martials were necessary, but immediate executions."

"Joachim arrived at Leghorn, and assembled the regiment on the parade; he announced to the soldiers that he had received orders from the Emperor to punish, and that he would punish. The warmth of his language, his impetuous and threatening gestures, and above all the authority of his name, had already subdued the rebellious troop; the soldiers threw themselves at his feet; they were humble and suppliant, and Joachim—so kind hearted—was moved. But he had received orders; he conquered his emotion; wrath was still depicted on his countenance, and in an angry tone he exclaimed, "every tenth man of you shall be shot!"

The consternation was general, as you may well believe: the regiment imprisoned in the barracks, sent several deputations to Murat to implore his pardon; officers and soldiers swore they would allow themselves to be killed in the first engagement, before the eyes of the Emperor. Murat was for some time inflexible, at least in appearance. At length he seemed touched by their submission; but the fault was so great, and the order so precise, that he insisted that three soldiers should be chosen from amongst the most mutinous, to pay with their lives the crime of the regiment. The three victims were soon fixed on, and placed in a dungeon. The regiment remained under arrest.

In the middle of the night, Joachim sent secretly for the three soldiers; a gaoler whose discretion was unimpeachable conducted them.

"You will be shot to morrow," said Murat; (the soldiers melted into tears) prepare for death, and die like brave men that your crime may be forgotten. I will take upon myself to transmit your last adieus and your regrets to your parents; your families deserve not children such as you. Have you thought of your mothers, say—(their voices where choked with sobs)—these poor women would have felt proud and glorious had you fallen before the Austrians; but now! unfortunate creatures!—go, I will send you a priest to perform the last offices of religion—think of your country and your God—you are no longer of this world."

The soldiers threw themselves at the feet of Joachim, not to ask for pardon, but for forgiveness before death: as they were going, Joachim recalled them: "Listen (said he); if I were to grant you your lives, would you be honest men?"

"No, we will die," said the soldiers; "we have deserved death: let us be shot, it is but right."

"And if I save you from being shot," (exclaimed Joachim), why will you insist on dying when I wish you to live? I have never shed blood but on the field of battle; I have never expended shot but on the enemy—I will not expend it on you who are my brothers, who are Frenchmen, although so guilty."

And Joachim wept also, who was the bravest of men; was he not, gentlemen?

And we also wept around the arm chair of the Countess de Lipona, who spoke so well of her heroic husband. After a pause, she continued her story.

"Listen to me (said Joachim in a milder tone), you have been very guilty, but I am pleased to observe in you energy and decision of character; you must second me: I grant you your lives; but you must be dead to the world—above all, to your regiment. To-morrow at night-fall you shall be conducted out of the gates of Pisa, unto a sloping bank; you must receive the fire of the squadron at the distance of twenty paces; and you must fall down dead: at that moment the last file of your regiment, which is to change quarters, will pass by on the high road. A man whose discretion I will pay for, will place you on the cart and will conduct you to the church-yard—there you will find sailors' dresses, and a thousand francs shall be given to each of you. You must remain hidden for a few days at an inn, which will be pointed out to you; in two or three days an American vessel will set sail for New Orleans; there you must go, and live as honest men—do you hear? You must embark as soon as the wind is favourable. Be prudent, and do all that I have told you. Go; I will take charge of your families."

The soldiers bathed the feet of Joachim with their tears, and repeated over and over again that he should not have to complain of them.

Every thing passed as Joachim had arranged. A terrible example was given to the regiment; no blood was shed; and the emperor, happily deceived, thanked Joachim for having sacrificed the lives of three men only to the rules of disci-

pline. The Emperor was never acquainted with the generous stratagem which my husband had had recourse to under these circumstances. For some time the secret was known only to myself and some of our confidants, who have never betrayed it; now, there is nothing to prevent my divulging it to you.

After this avowal the widow of Murat, too much affected to prolong the evening, retired to her apartment.

We were as much affected as she was; we kept a profound silence. Every eye was turned towards the magnificent portrait painted by Gros, representing the King Murat in an heroic attitude on horseback on the shores of the Gulph of Naples; the heavens and the sea were stormy; Vesuvius on fire seemed to stand out from the canvas; Murat and Vesuvius face to face! two volcanoes.

The end of this story was related to me some months after at Rome, by a person who is very intimate with the imperial family.

It is like the romantic dénouement of a drama, which appears to belong less to real life than to the imagination of a writer.

* * * * *

On the borders of a forest near New Orleans, a hunter knocked at the door of a pretty farm-house, to ask shelter from a violent storm; it was in the autumn of 1831. The hospitable door was opened, and the stranger was introduced by an aged woman into a neat room, simply furnished, and the walls covered with Parisian lithographs, representing all our principal engagements.

"It appears," said the stranger in French, "that my good star has guided me to a fellow-countryman's."

"You are a Frenchman, of course?" said the aged woman.

"Yes, Madam, a thorough Frenchman; I have even some relations in this apartment."

"My son is in the garden, I will call him, he will be delighted to see you."

"Your son is also a Frenchman, then?"

"Yes, sir," replied the aged mother, with a little hesitation, "he has been established here for some time, and, God be praised, he does not repent of it. This farm belongs to him, we are living honoured by our neighbours, and we are happy."

At this moment the master of the house entered the room.

"This gentleman," said the mother, "has done us the honour to rest for a few moments at our house, until the storm is over; he is one of us, he is a Frenchman."

The owner of the farm raised his hand to his hat, and stammered out a few words of civility; the stranger's face seemed singularly to strike him, and he was so much affected that he made no answer to his questions.

At length he ventured to address a few words to him:—"Sir," said he, "you will perhaps think my request out of place, but I cannot refrain from asking you your name, your face———"

"Friend," replied the hunter, "it is the only question to which I cannot answer; I might deceive you, and give you a false name, but I would rather be silent; a man who bears my name knows not how to tell a lie. Now that I have refused to tell you my name, might I be so bold as to ask you yours?"

The owner of the farm smiled, but did not answer.

"It appears," said the hunter, "you also are forced to conceal your name."

"Yes, sir, the one I bear in this country is not mine; therefore what use is there in telling it? I am known here under the name of Claude Gérard."

"At least," said the old woman, "you must not imagine, sir, that my son has cause to blush for the name he bore in France; there are reasons which——"

"Just the same as me," said the hunter; "I never tell my name but to those who are worthy of hearing it, but from this moment I believe you to be worthy of that honour, I am Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gérard and his mother fell on the ground before him, as if thunderstruck by that great name.

The Prince, now a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, could not understand this excess of emotion, which seemed not likely soon to cease. As soon as Claude Gérard was able to speak, he pointed out on the wall the portrait of the King of Naples, surrounded with branches of green laurel; and he said to the son, "There is your noble father; he is the master and saint of this farm; it is to him I owe all I have. One day when I was on the brink of the grave, he saved my life."

"On the field of honour?" added Achille Murat.

"No, on the field of dishonour. I had forgotten myself; my brain was on fire; I had deserved death. I was conducted to the gates of Leghorn with two of my comrades, guilty like myself; we were fired on, we fell; Murat had ar-

ranged all that. With his money I came to America. My two comrades died about two years ago at New York; I am still alive, thanks to your father. I have worked, I am at my ease. My mother, who had heard of my death, received some years after a letter from her son entreating her to come to America. The poor woman, who had wept for me so long, almost died with joy at seeing me again. Now, if the son of my royal benefactor wishes for my life, my wealth, my arm, all are at his service."

"Ah! I recognise the generous Joachim," said Achille Murat, with the tears in his eyes.

"He forgave many besides me," said Gérard."

"But they did not forgive him," answered a voice. M. A. W.

The PRESENT STATE of ITALY.

The streets of Florence swarm with priests. This word, however, requires explanation:—it implies not only a preacher of the holy gospel, who, after dispensing from the pulpit the precepts of religion, descends to the ordinary duties of life, distinguished from his fellow-creatures only by superior honesty, charity, and christian virtue. The Italian *priests* form a distinct class—remarkable in their dress, and in their habits of life—denied the privileges of other men, but invested with a sacred authority, and, in the eyes of the laity, holding an intermediate rank between man and the angels. On entering any Italian town, you are instantly struck with the appearance of these men. They are clothed in black robes, sometimes extending quite to the feet. The shoulders are often decorated with rich lace, and enveloped in purple satin; and they wear immense broad-rimmed hats, like those represented in pictures of William Penn. You are soon surprised with the numbers, as well as the apparel of these holy men. They are continually seen in parties of five or ten, and often, also, in long procession, of which some are strikingly picturesque from their age and rotundity: some for their boyish years—many being mere children. You can scarcely turn a corner without starting a brood of these young students—I think they outnumber any other class of society.

Whatever may be the merits of the system of which they form a part, it is certain, that, while many are ignorant, and many bad men, there are others who are most kindly disposed toward their fellow-creatures. I never knew but two—one was a study for wiliness, plausibility, and villany—the other, the warmest-hearted, most artless, and excellent old man in existence. From him I received the little Italian with which I now travel through this wonderful country. He always called me by my first name, with the familiarity of a father; and, when we parted, he laid his hands upon my head, with unaffected feeling, and blessed me. It would have been affectation in almost any other; in him it appeared the most natural thing in the world. There are beautiful individual characters among the Italians, and there are also diabolical ones in a greater degree, I believe, than are found among us. It is a dramatic country—full of contrast—full of beauties that enchant, and of evils that disgust—full of spectacles, moral and physical, which strike the eye with scenic effect. Strong lights and shadows—where the paintings resemble reality, and the reality paintings. You behold, everywhere, a confusion of heterogeneous and interesting objects, like that existing behind the scenes of a theatre. Often, while leaning from the window of our old Palazzo Ferroni, or musing through the streets, I am lost between the present and the past—the real and the unreal. I feel myself in the midst of relics which belong to vanished ages, and the moving images about me are like the characters of a romance or a play. Nothing now can be more theatrical than the costume of the priests, their processions, and their ceremonies in the cathedrals. The people pay them every mark of respect. I am sometimes called to the window by a monotonous chant of many voices, and I look down upon a company of these men, attended by many of the peasantry, wrapped in white mantles, bareheaded, and each bearing long wax-candles. Often they drive before them a little ass, loaded with garlands and gifts, to the church. I have no intention to enter into the many ceremonies of this religion; but these are things which arrest the eyes of the most careless stranger in Florence.

The influence exercised by the priests over the will of Providence is generally admitted by their flock. But it is unfortunate, that each patron saint possesses the caprices which seem ever attendant on power; and, while they are ever and anon persuaded to allay a tempest or end a drought, they leave their particular friends below in want of much

that would relieve their distresses. Your priest, who has successfully negotiated a treaty for a shower, or commanded away a plague or a famine, is, nevertheless, very grateful for a paul from the chance visitant at his cathedral—pauls being among those substantial matter-of-fact benefits, for which the Italians, of nearly all denominations, depend more upon travellers than saints. I was long in Italy before I could present a *paolo* to a professor of religion, for telling me the name of his cathedral, and shewing me behind the shrine and into the chapel. Some, with a dignified elegance of manner, and whom I should have thought acted from the mere courtesy of benevolence, after extending to me some civilities, have dogged my steps from the altar of their Maker, or the figure of their Redeemer bleeding upon the cross, to beg "*qualche cosa*" for their trouble. Similar solicitations from the cripple, the blind, and the poor, we are not surprised to receive, and are always prepared to forgive; but the beggary of a priest in his own temple, sometimes without having rendered you the slightest service, but from your simply entering the building, both astonishes and shocks you. The soldiers and the priests are alike in this. A few *crazzie* are received thankfully by both, and often, if not given, are demanded. Even the nobility, whose domestics vend wine at half a paul a flask, through a little hole in their palace-walls, are said, in some instances, to share the tributes which are exacted from visitors by the *custode*. It is curious to behold the mixture of magnificence and meanness, of piety and piracy, which are thus found everywhere about you. The *custode* of the palace takes you through the cheerless but splendid dwelling of his master—shews you all the mysteries of the domestic circle—the eating-rooms, the gallery, the young ladies' bed-chamber—and takes a *lira* for his pains. The Italians are almost everywhere, either directly or indirectly, extortionate; when the prince or lord himself is too proud and noble, he suffers his servants to be so; and the grand duke himself, though he makes the greatest parade of disinterested hospitality—throwing open his exquisite galleries gratuitously, and publicly prohibiting the keepers from receiving a *quattrino*, yet he obliquely levies the most contemptible taxes from both residents and travellers—demanding a certain sum for permission to breathe the poisoned air of the Florentine streets—another for all who leave or enter the city gates after an early hour in the evening, though only to visit a friend without the walls. Numberless other contributions are collected, equally trifling in themselves, equally detestable in their principle, and equally betraying the debasement and avarice of a people, whom oppression has made ignorant and necessity ravenous.

I remember, one night, in travelling from Rome to Florence, we stopped at the ancient but now ruined town of *Foligno*. We reached it at dusk. It was our sleeping-place; and, after having been promised a *buon pranzo*, (a good dinner), by the master of the hotel, we started out to reconnoitre the place. Somehow or other the party had conceived an exalted idea of the cathedral. They had seen a picture of it somewhere. They had heard it mentioned as an extraordinary curiosity; and even *Mrs. Starke* observed, in her pithy way, that it "merited notice." To the cathedral then we directed, or *wished* to direct our steps. But which way should we go? The perplexed traveller, however, need never long want information in Italy. I think *cicerones* grow on blackberry bushes. They come out upon him from the dark archways, and the narrow, cold streets, by fives and tens, and "Will you see the cathedral?" meets him from all quarters—pronounced by lips of babies and time-ridden vagrants, by bare-headed women, and men with the air of brigands. Having exhausted our limited Italian in beating off our officious attendants, we yielded, at length, to the incorrigible pertinacity of one lean old man, who, when we would no longer permit him to go before or to accompany us, dropped a little in the rear, and followed us. We strove to find the church in vain, and went, at last, into the wrong one. A priest hung about us for a paul, upon informing us of our mistake; but our old guide had entered along with us, and now, once more, offered to conduct us to the other *chiesa*, which he assured us was *una bella cosa*, and the grandest thing in the world. We consented, and he led us to an old, ruinous-looking structure, whose brick façade, like many of the Italian churches, was in a wofully unfinished state. Here he rung, for half an hour, at an adjoining gate, in a state of ludicrous anxiety, lest we should decamp before the *custode*, or whatever might be the name of the personage, whom he was endeavouring in vain to arouse, should answer the summons. At

length the door opened, and, in the hall, appeared a group of fat priests, who had, probably, either been asleep or feasting. At the sight of a party of strangers they stirred about more briskly. One ran to procure a torch, another a taper, and a third to conduct us into the large church. I think we had already a party of twenty at our heels. The cathedral contains nothing whatever worthy of a glance; and a waggish friend, the only one of us who had money, retreated unobserved. Notwithstanding the utter nakedness of the interior, our guides exhausted a world of rhetoric upon its antiquity and its architectural beauties. But after you have seen the richest of the Roman churches, and the stupendous St. Peter, you can derive but slender interest from the attractions of Foligno; besides, we were anxious to retire, and did not know how, without paying, any more than we knew how to pay without money. The courtesy of our entertainer was elaborate; and, as he wheeled us around from chapel to shrine—from statue to column—from picture to altar—explaining all the while, with indefatigable accuracy, name and history, day and date, I suffered the embarrassing anxiety of a man at an inn, who beholds his host treating his friends to course after course, and bottle after bottle, with the disagreeable certainty that the bill is running up to an amount which he cannot defray.

At length, we had been initiated into the history of the cathedral of Foligno; and, as the reverend fathers crowded after us to the street, I had to tell them, in Italian two months old, that I had left all my money at the inn.

They will tell me now, I thought, "Oh, sir, give yourself no uneasiness on that account. We are happy to gratify the curiosity of strangers without expecting any return." If they are ravenous as sharks, they will not dismiss us here without, at least, a seeming of disinterestedness. But, on my assuring them that I had left my money at the inn,

"At which inn?" said the pious father.

"At the Leone d'Oro."

"Send Giovanni," said one.

"Giovanni!"

An old man, tottering with disease, appeared. "Go with *queste signor* to the *Leone d'Oro*."

We walked on—our first *cicerone* with us—the old man hobbling along behind.

Presently we met our friend with money.

"Signor," said the guide significantly.

I pricked up my ears.

"That old man is sick, and cannot walk—give me the eight pauls, and I will go back and give it him."

"Eight pauls? Monstrous! *E troppo caro?*"

"*Non signor.*"

"*Multo caro.*"

"The distance is long, signor."

"There are *two* pauls—one for you, and one for the priests."

"Oh, *mio caro*, that is nothing."

"It is all you shall have."

"*A rivederlo, signor!*"

Presently the old man came up.

"*Half a paul* is nothing for me, *signor.*"

"I gave a *paul* to the other for you."

The old man shook his head.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" said he. "He is a *brigand.*"

While most of the lower classes, and many of the better educated, regard the priesthood with reverence and awe, the members of the body themselves appear apparently unconscious of the holiness of their station. They often exhibit a flippant insensibility to time and place; perform their ceremonies with careless pleasantry; talk and laugh together during the most imposing duties; and, not unfrequently, kneel, cross themselves, touch their finger-tips in holy water, and bow their heads before their wooden crucifixions and wax virgins, with an air of shuffling haste and heedlessness. In one of the Roman churches, I saw a handsome young priest on his knees, upon the marble floor, ostensibly before a cross, but, in reality, before a pretty woman, with whom he talked and laughed. There were only the two and a little boy, besides myself, in the church. As I sat in a shadowy part, I could not refrain from observing him. He rose—courtesied here—bowed there—returned—whispered and laughed with the *donna*—dipped his fingers in the vase of holy water—laughed and talked again—when the little boy, after a short conference with him, came up to me and desired me to go out, as it was time to close the cathedral.

It is said, that these priests are so jealous of their power over the people, which they exercise to a wonderful and incredible degree, that they threaten, with all the thunders of the church, the slightest innovation of any kind. Thus the mother binds the infant in most oppressive and injurious bandages, which are known to affect its health and shape,

but the father-confessors compel them to continue in the custom of their forefathers, and you are, at this day, in walking the streets, often struck with the sight of the poor little wretches, bound up like Egyptian mummies.

The priests continue to pass the grossest impositions upon the people. Miracles, the most outrageous and the most ludicrous, are of frequent occurrence. Nothing is too barefaced. If the miracles were real, they would scarcely be more miraculous than the impudence of those who relate, and the credulity of those who believe them. This appears in a thousand forms, not only in the people themselves, but in their prints, paintings, and books. I saw, yesterday, a large engraving exhibited in the street, representing a sunset, where the radii had formed themselves into a splendid cross, *(una croce splendidissime)*, in commemoration of some event upon earth. The almanack-maker foretels miracles, and, instead of the "fall of snow," predicts that "there will be many suspected persons arrested about this time," in which he could not well be mistaken anywhere through the year. The barbarous ignorance and superstition of the people are taken advantage of at every step—the priests scheme it, and the grand duke and his court sanction it publicly, and throw around the gross and bungling quackery and charlatanism all the dazzle of their splendid presence and stately wonder. Poor people!

A miracle has been performed here within a few weeks. A female, of a character sometimes termed doubtful, but about which there was in reality no doubt whatever, suddenly abandoned her vicious habits—turned virtuous—died—and was canonized. Her spirit was invoked by the survivors upon all proper occasions, and her engraving published. The priests interceded with her for their flock, and appealed to her name in periods of want or distress. For a long time her influence over the course of nature was unfelt, and her character in heaven appeared more doubtful than it had been on earth. The regardless rain descended in the winter, and the wet processions of the priesthood smoked in the fog in spite of their intercessions. Indeed, she suffered the affairs of her native place to go on so irregularly—the weather was so dismal in the winter, and so hot in the summer—the healthy would get sick—and the sick would often die in spite of their entreaties to her, that the people began to look askew upon Saint Filomena. A saint and no miracle! It was like a member of parliament and no speech.

But Saint Filomena was not going to be hurried. Slow and sure was her motto, and "*E meglio tarde che mai.*" Better late than never, thought the priests.

One day one of the peasant women, notwithstanding the unpopularity of the original, went into town, bought her picture, had it framed and glazed, came home, hung it at the foot of her bed, over a little wooden shrine—placed a glass of fresh flowers by its side, and was the same day taken sick. Whether her illness was inflicted by the saint, in order to create an opportunity for her preternatural intermediation, or whether it was caused by a superabundant quantity of *caviare*, Bologna sausage, acrid wine, and unripe fruit, which she had taken upon the occasion of her visit to Florence, has never been properly investigated by the holy fathers of the church, who gathered in great numbers, with the bishop at their head, about the couch of the writhing and affrighted girl. She was assuredly very sick, and all acknowledged was just sinking into the arms of death, when the image of Saint Filomena stepped out from the paper, smashed the glass to pieces—walked round the bed three times—touched her dying admirer, and returned to the wall. The patient recovered. The broken glass remained as a token and testimony of the wonderful event. The priests and bishop all testified publicly to the fact, as I have related it, and the miracle stands recorded among the other equally incontrovertible wonders of the Italian church.

I saw the other day, in the street, a friar who is to be canonized. He appeared a poor, silly, simple, country bumpkin. The populace crowded about him—kissed his hands—his feet—the hem of his garment. Every passer-by took off his hat. These things remind me that I am in Italy—more than the olive-clad hills—the broken and antique towers—the turreted walls—massive palaces—the domes, statues, and paintings.

Convents are around me everywhere. I do not know their number. The saints which they give to heaven remind me of a speech made not many years since in a debating society. The question under consideration was, "Are convents and nunneries useful?" One of the speakers, strongly excited by his own eloquence, and perhaps a little gin and water, with

which he occasionally refreshed himself during his speech, concluded a long eulogium upon their excellence, with the assertion, "I have had numerous friends and relations, *all infamous characters*, who went into convents and nunneries, and came out pure as angels."

THEODORE S. FAY.

THE HAG'S CASTLE.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

(For the Parterre).

The sunshine flakes the window frames
Through a fringe of jilliflowers;
The Ivy sleeps in his peaceful flames,
And he cloaks with gold the towers.

The castle laughs. Ay! roofless, rent,
And choaked with shrubs, the pile,
From bastion to battlement,
Laughs haggardly the while.

"Why—ancient tower!—the gaudy ray
"Thus merrily receive
"Between the blasts that every day
"Thy crumbling halls bereave?

"Like thee, dismantled is my form,
"My soul hath sorrow won;—
"But oh, I cannot mock the storm,
"Nor court th' insulting sun!

"My bosom,—once its radiant rooms
"With happy guests were spread;
"Time turns it to a Place of Tombs,
"Each holding its own dead!

"And if my ruined lot I bear,
"Nor murmur o'er my woes,
"My consolation is—Despair,
"Exhaustion my repose!"—

"Peace, scorner! peace—and take from me,"—
The hollow place replied,
"A medicine for thy misery,
"A lesson for thy pride.

"Welcome the winds! my hoary wreck
"The requiem gladly hears;—
"Blest be the sunshine! he can deck
"With youth the house of years!—

"If gorgeous guests no more are met
"Within my tapestried towers,
"Each breeze that fans my parapet,
"Wafts me some seed for flowers.

"My grey grey brow wild Flora loves;
"My branch-embroidered walls
"The robin haunts; and ring my groves
"With the throstle's dying falls.

"And every spot, that age engrains
"Upon my diadem,
"Stamped with the lichen's splendid stains,
"Becomes a glorious gem."

MORAL.

When all we fondly deemed our own,
Is fled from us for aye,
Though hatred laugh, and friendship frown,
And hope itself decay;

Not *of* but *for* us, then, are powers
Benevolently given:—
Ruin they gild;—give Death its flowers;
And waft us strains from Heaven.

October 12, 1835.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN EGYPTIAN BEY, AND EUROPEANS.

FROM JULES PLANAT, IN THE SERVICE OF THE PACHA OF EGYPT. 1830.

(For the Parterre).

M. Z. was dining with Abdin Bey, a man of intelligence, and friendly to the plans of the pacha for the regeneration of Egypt. Dr. X. was likewise of the party, and in conversation accidentally made use of the word *barbarians*, in alluding to the people of the Ottoman empire.

The BEY (*smiling*).—What do you mean by *barbarians*, doctor? Do you mean that we are blood-thirsty, ill-minded men, or merely without the pale of civilization?

DR. X.—Decision is sometimes embarrassing, and to determine in this case I should know whether you Othmans would rather be considered as a sanguinary ill-minded people, or as men not participating in the acquirements of the civilized world. Therefore I shall not decide; besides, I did not intend to stretch the word to the extent of its acceptation.

M. Z.—Doubtless the doctor merely meant to designate the men of this continent by employing a word in general use among the Romans for all who were not of Rome. This coast would long retain the name of Barbary even were it highly civilized.

The BEY.—That is well; but I am not entirely satisfied. Let us then take it for granted that in Europe we are considered as a savage people, as men destitute of intelligence or practical talent, all this is proverbial. You however do justice to many of our barbarian institutions, that would be ill replaced by the best of your laws; in arguing this matter reference should be made to the ignorance of the people we govern, to our manners and religious dogmas. Tell me in what country justice is as prompt, crime sooner

detected, the police more active or intelligent, and at the same time less vexatious or meddlesome, than with us? Tell me in what country the stranger is more at liberty? As soon as he puts his foot on our soil, he is freed from all formalities; he may even renounce his own consul if he prefer to live under our protection. He may travel without a passport, carry arms, wear turban or hat, live, in short, as he pleases, no one will disturb him. Under what government is religious toleration carried so high as under ours? We permit here the Greek and Catholic churches, or the Synagogue, but in Europe the worship of Mohammed is never suffered. Your religions all enjoy with us the free exercise of their public worship. Your commerce is free on all our shores; your imported merchandises pay only a trivial duty of three per cent, and on a mere affirmation, always of dubious character; we have not in fact, any prohibition. You come in crowds to excavate our soil, and dig out of it our time-honoured monuments; you strew the desert with the wrecks of our tombs. We believed in your admiration for these ancient relics, but you marketed them under our very eyes. We allow you to retain slaves of both sexes, contrary to our laws; you sell them when you have no farther use for them, whilst we having once bought them, ever after regard them as our own children and household.

Dr. X.—But why do the Mussulmans affect that personal contempt for us? that aversion to our manners? that derision of our costume?

The Bey.—All this may be referred to customs and our religious education. Our manners and customs are invariable, eternal; because they, as well as our laws essentially result from the nature of the climate. We are serious and collected in our indolent life; you are volatile, active, restless, so that to those ignorant of Europe and only superficially acquainted with yourselves, you appear to be men acting without an end, having no fixed opinion, and beneath us in intellect. By a whimsical chance, all your habits are diametrically opposed to ours; we might then retort thus on the subject: you do not keep as we do to the customs in which you were brought up, because they are not in general the result of a religious principle, or of the nature of the place, but oftener of modes and customs, with you in perpetual revolution. You easily fall into our oriental customs, and we are unable ever to forget them. Your tight costume is ludicrous to us, but you admire ours; and then our good osmanli have not seen your admirably civilized country, and being in other respects unable to appreciate your acquirements, it is impossible for them to form a different opinion. It is for you then to give us proofs of a superiority that may triumph over our prejudices, to give us examples that may be available to us in morals, in politics, and in the progress of knowledge; for those who hold strictly to the principles of the Koran, think themselves profaned by the mere sight of you. Even a renegade is never looked upon as a true believer.

We have a well-digested written constitution, in which the classification of persons and things is not arbitrary. But unfortunately it is not put in force.

M. Z.—What prevents its use?

The Bey.—The frequent revolutions; the influence of different bodies, as for instance the Janissaries, and others.

M. Z.—There are other reasons; you have had tranquil reigns. But your sovereigns are too thirsty for absolute power; the throne of Constantinople has always been the type of a despotic government. Your rulers covet the property of the people, who stagnate in the stationary principles of fatalism; you cannot consent to their becoming strong in their own right.

The Bey.—There may be truth in that, but it will doubtless find its remedy. Our armies are already freed from the yoke of arbitrary power; laws regulate the rights and duties of each. This is the point we shall start from in compelling the people to accept a social contract, and I hope Mohamet Ali will live long enough to see this revolution completed. B. E. M.

EVILS OF EARLY RISING.

It seems to be the laudable endeavour of a great portion of the present generation to prove their forefathers fools; this being the way in which they choose to evince their gratitude for the benefits they have derived from the labours of those who have gone before them. Accordingly, from the author of Devereux downwards, they are employed in running full tilt at what it is their pleasure to term "popular fallacies." Now, notwithstanding we can travel ten miles an hour quicker than those who lived before us, I, for one, cannot help thinking that our ancestors knew something; and am therefore particularly cautious of im-

pugning, or even entertaining doubts of the soundness of any good old maxim that may seem to have received the sanction of wiser heads than I ever expect mine to become, even in these ready-made-knowledge days. But there is one thing which has been much advocated by doctors and moralists (not, I suspect, without sinister motives on the part of the former), namely, "early rising," which I never could see the utility of, and which has only to be placed in a proper light to shew at once its folly and impropriety.

Let the merits of the case be examined. It is the custom of those who defend this baneful practice to appeal rather to the fancy than the reason, and to sketch a highly romantic and altogether ideal picture of the pleasures of early rural walks, &c. They talk of green fields, purling streams, warbling birds, and healthful breezes, invariably winding up with a florid description of the glories of the rising sun. Now, I myself, from dear-bought experience, happen to know something of these matters; for though, with one exception, I have not seen the sun rise for many years, yet in early life, when I "thought as a child and acted as a child," I was seduced by empty rhodomontade, to adopt the pernicious practice of early rising, until a heavy cold, caught by roaming about the fields at an unseasonable hour in search of health and mushrooms, settled upon my lungs, and came pretty near making my early rising a prelude to an early grave. But suppose a man up and dressed before the sun (and here I will not dwell upon the soft, delicious slumbers that have been broken and frighted away by his harsh and unnatural conduct), suppose him up, dressed, out of the house and away to the fields. When he gets there, these fields are, to be sure, green enough—rankly green, but he dares not venture into one of them; or if he does, especially should the grass be luxuriant, he might just as well go a bathing with his nether garments on: he dares not pluck a wild flower from the hedge-side, for on approaching he finds that

> "Black snails and white,
> Blue snails and gray,"

are pursuing their slimy peregrinations in every direction; the birds do not warble at that early hour, but on leaving their warm nests, flit uneasily from bush to bush, shaking their plumage, and twittering in a way certainly not calculated to raise his feelings to any ecstatic pitch. Even the cows, whose slumbers he has disturbed, arise slowly and sullenly from their damp couch, look grimly at the worshipper of nature, and proceed, in a discontented manner, to slake their thirst by nibbling the grass. These discomforts probably rather damp his feelings, and he proceeds forthwith to select a dry spot on the turnpike-road, where he stands, with his hands in his pocket, gaping at the sun getting up, and fancying himself very much delighted; though everybody knows, that for richness and beauty one sunset is worth a dozen sunrises. After this he makes it a point of duty to walk and lounge about for three or four hours, leaning over some farmer's gate-way watching the chickens, with their eyes half open, picking up stray worms, or the ducks gobbling houseless snails; when he goes home wet and weary, and finds the sensible part of the family enjoying themselves with toast and coffee. As all foolish persons dislike to confess their folly, he proceeds to state that he has had "such a charming walk!" thereby not only sinning his miserable soul before breakfast, and giving the father of lies a decided advantage for the rest of the day, but inducing other unsuspicious victims to follow his scandalous example.

There is more truth than poetry in this plain statement of the case, which will be found correct nine times out of ten, even in the most favourable season of the year—summer; what then must an early morning's walk be, through the chills and drizzle of spring or the substantial fogs of autumn? As for winter; the idea of a man leaving his warm bed, and wading through ice and snow without the prospect of anything but a frost-bitten nose, is so abhorrent to the natural and common feelings of humanity, that it may well be doubted whether any one but an hypochondriac or a lunatic could execute or conceive such a measure.

Can anything be more preposterous than the advice not unfrequently given, to "go to bed with the sun and get up with the sun?" It is clearly contrary to the visible intentions of Providence. Before the sun rises, the night dews lie heavy on field and forest. Nature is drenched; and the sun is kindly sent forth, as it were, to mop up the world, and make the earth dry and comfortable before it is necessary for its tenant, man, to come abroad. With his warm beams he proceeds in the work of exsuction, and draws up all the raw and unhealthy vapours out of our way: and any man who unnecessarily intrudes himself into his presence when thus transacting his

morning's business, well deserves what he generally gets, a chilly reception and an inflammation of the lungs. Yet people will punish themselves in this way, and bear it all as if they were suffering in a good cause! If you remonstrate with them on their folly, they will take pen, ink, and paper, and prove to you, by the rules of arithmetic, how many years of active existence a man adds to his natural life by getting up regularly four hours before the rest of his fellow-mortals, only forgetting to deduct the four hours he loses by going to bed that much sooner, in order to indulge his strange, out-of-the-way propensities.

My prejudices against this habit were greatly augmented by the shock my feelings received from witnessing it carried into effect on a highly improper occasion. I was, a summer or two ago, invited to a wedding, a few miles in the country, having an off-hand acquaintance with both bride and bridegroom. The former was very pretty and agreeable, the latter very pedantic and disagreeable. Many people thought him a genius, and he himself inclined to that opinion. He was busy with an epic poem, was an inflexible early riser, and invariably ate dyspepsia biscuits at breakfast. His conversation always turned upon one subject, which was himself. This subject he divided into two parts, one of which was an unsparing narrative of his literary labours, and the other a particular account of the state of his stomach. How he had contrived to steer between these two divisions, and carry on "his whole course of wooing," I cannot comprehend. Be that as it might, a set of joyous spirits were congregated together at the wedding party. The wine circled gaily, and the song and jest passed merrily round. At a reasonable hour the ladies and junior and senior gentlemen retired, leaving about a dozen of us too well contented with things as they were to think of leaving them so soon. Time flew unheeded by, and the bright sun and four o'clock in the morning found us singing in full chorus,

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour!"

when happening to cast my eye into the garden, judge of my surprise at beholding our friend the "gay bridegroom," perambulating the gravel walk a little way from the house. Struck with astonishment, I spoke not a word, but rushed from the room and made towards him, filled with fearful forebodings of some dire mishap. On my anxiously inquiring what was the matter, he seemed surprised at the question, and civilly stated "that nothing was the matter—that four o'clock was his usual time for getting up—that he found it conducive to health—that he had eaten three quarters of an ounce too much at supper—that the rising sun was a glorious spectacle, and that nothing aided the digestive powers so much as an early walk." As he proceeded I looked in the reptile's inanimate face—there was not a spark of fire in his dull grey eye, his turned-up conceited-looking nose was tipped with blue, and I thought of the truth of what the scripture says, "we are but clay." I remonstrated with him on the brutality and cruelty of his conduct; but he seemed to have no notion of endangering his health for the satisfaction of any created being; and I left the animal, or rather vegetable, sticking among the cabbages, admiring the beauties of nature, while I betook myself to my, alas! solitary pillow.

In the course of time two events occurred, one of which did not surprise me—the other did. My friend, the bridegroom's wife, insisted on a separate maintenance, and my friend, the bridegroom, published a volume of poems, which, upon opening, to my utter amazement, I found were almost all on amatory subjects. He discoursed of "love and dove," and "kiss and bliss," and strolls by moonlight, (he always went to bed at ten), and ardent hopes and fiery passions, in a way that would have outdone Catullus and Thomas Moore, only that his were merely words without ideas, which certainly improved the innocence of the poems, however it might destroy their effect. There were also two or three bacchanalian songs, concerning "circling cups" and "rosy wine," (he always drank cinnamon cordial diluted with water), &c. &c. At the time of receiving this, I was busy with "an essay attempting to form a judgment of the characters of authors from their works." I read half a dozen of my friend's poems, after which I folded up my manuscript, laid it on the fire, and said nothing more about the matter. Ever since that time I have entertained a decided abhorrence of early rising in every shape, and never contract an intimacy with any man who gets up before six in summer and seven in winter.

WILLIAM COX.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY IN WOMAN.

Love is not a garment we can wear or lay aside at pleasure—to fit us loosely like an easy glove—'tis not a thing that we can toy or play or trifle with, to entertain or fling aside as our wayward fancy lists—that gains admission into the heart as a chance tenant, and to whom we may give notice to quit, at a moment's warning, as whim, caprice, or humour prompt. It is a holy, deep, devoted passion—once gains it admission into true woman's breast, it lingers there for ever. In her waking and her dreaming hours, it is always present. She would not resign it for her life. She could not if she would, for without it her bosom would be a dreary void, and her existence a blank. Oh! ye who possess that inestimable treasure, a woman's trusting doting love, trifle not with the precious boon. Loves she you once, she loves eternally. Change as ye will, no change can alter *her*. Few men will propose unless tolerably sure of success—and a man must either be very vain or very shortsighted to obtrude his attentions where there is a decided repugnance on the other side. But a woman should be frank and explicit in her manner and demeanour; she should not trifle and coquet, hang out false colours, and hoist others when the hour of action is at hand. A man should not be subjected to the pain and mortification of refusal, for no one would willingly cut a ridiculous figure; and when the matter has proceeded so far, I generally think that the lady must have flirted a little. For a woman always knows what is coming long beforehand; she has an instinctive *presentiment* of the existence of those feelings toward her which ripen into love under the rays of her smiles, and such hopes she ought not to encourage only to destroy. She should not flirt with one, and hold out her hand to be kissed by another—her affections should be concentrated on one object alone, or she knows nothing about the matter of love. There can be no misunderstanding in a woman that is really and truly in love; she knows what is going on in her heart, and who it is that inspired the tender passion. Women once pledged should be immoveable, constant to one image, "like the northern star that hath no fellow in the firmament." Like it her sincerity should shine clear and constant—like it, it should glitter through the darkest night of adversity, silvering with its holy lustre the troubled waves of life's stormy sea—fixed as the luminary that is without variableness or shadow of turning. If she is fluctuating and untrue to others, she is untrue to herself, and the suicide of her own happiness, for the misery she causes she must share.

There are women so true, so pure, so constant, so occupied with the one absorbing feeling, that all others are dull and worthless in the comparison, or only derive their value and interest from their connexion with it. They are the alchymists of their own happiness, of which their hearts are the crucible: like them they toil and labour in search of the elixir of life, and that true philosopher's stone, whose touch or presence converts every thing into a pure, bright and golden vision of peace, happiness, and joy. The common details of life are the material on which they work, and these they invest with a roseate hue, which no clouds can darken, no rough touches efface, no misfortunes eradicate. Oh! how common and despicable are the trifles, the sordid causes of most of the discontents of life, when encountered by true and faithful hearts, and warded off by arms that encircle us in the warm folds of generous love! and how blunted do they glance off from the bosom mailed with true affection, confiding in mutual sincerity, and glowing with one pure and undivided hope? Poverty and straitened circumstances are naught—seclusion from society only draws such hearts into closer union—and the nearer they approximate, the better are they known. Thousands of such glowing natures exist in the world, or it would indeed be a dreary desert, "a world without a sun;" the rose of life would be without sweetness; and the attempt to place it in our bosoms, or wreathe it round our brows, would only prick the fingers and wound the breast and head of the rash and weary sojourner here.

There are some women of such exquisite sensibilities, such deep-toned and finely-strung feelings, that when the chords of their hearts are once touched, they thrill and vibrate for ever—the music of their hearts is attuned to the sweetest melody—and meets it a response in a congenial soul, their dwelling-place is a plot of Eden, and their existence a rapture. There are others, too pure-devoted, and free from feelings of self, that they are almost unsuited for the every-day wear and tear of the world. I know one of these, whose brief history I will incorporate with my present rambling and desultory communication. She was a simple, secluded, affectionate girl, about

nineteen years of age, beautiful as the morning, and gentle and bright as the sweet flowers among which she sprung. Her life had been all sunshine, and love was yet a stranger to her breast. She lived near my own residence, not far from the city, in a sweet romantic nook, surrounded with the graceful offspring of our western Flora, whose priestess she seemed to be. How often have I noticed her, like a nymph among her leafy bowers, and how frequently have I thought with the poet, that

> "Not a flower was blooming there,
> Sweet as herself, or half so fair!"

Hers was a free and buoyant spirit, whose wings were of the rainbow's hue, and whose existence appeared to be a very ocular dream. She was fond of poetry and music, and gifted beyond the lot of ordinary minds. One came to her father's cot, whom she saw but to love; and, oh! how worthy he was of that sweet girl's affections! From a slight, it grew to an overwhelming passion, and became the all-absorbing emotion of her bosom, and the every motive of her existence. Her affections were reciprocated to the utmost extent of man's capability of loving, and they were happy in each other, beyond the poet's art to speak, and which even few lovers can conceive. Circumstances, however, had interposed an insurmountable barrier to their union, and they separated with pledges of inviolable fidelity. He went to distant lands, and was away many years—she, in his absence, had numerous suitors, and her acceptance of one or other of them was frequently canvassed within the circle of my acquaintance; but she accepted none—she had given her heart wholly to the man of her choice—and, although she might never see or hear from him more, it was his and his alone. Fragments of his letters, a curl of his hair, his miniature, anything that was his; the walks where they had strolled together, each of which had been the witnesses or pledges of well-remembered and deeply cherished words and promises, which to her were conviction and reality, would fill her eyes with tears, and her bosom with indefinable emotions. She was unpractised in the world's cold ways, and ignorant of its selfish machinations—the groves and woods had been her temples, and nature her artless instructor—she had drank deep of its inspiration, and consulted no monitor but her own true, guileless and woman's heart. Therefore did she cling, with passionate pertinacity, to the object of her only love—a love, which, in its beginning, promised no other reward to her but disappointment, darkness and despair—or, at the best, but the satisfaction of thinking that she loved worthily—and whose light, like the fanciful glimmer of the Rosicrucians, illuminated the deep recesses of her heart, in which her fondly-cherished hopes were enshrined and buried. Ten weary years thus dragged their slow and tedious length along; and hope deferred, which the psalmist says, "maketh the heart sick," had not distilled its lethargic influence upon hers—she was the same—fond to his image, confiding in his sincerity, and faithful to her promise, although he came not. But one came instead—ardent, accomplished, rich and powerful—his hand, heart and fortune were tendered, and everybody now thought the wedding-bells would celebrate her nuptials. But, no—the new suitor departed as he came, and as others had gone before him, with a blessing and a regret. Was this a constant woman, and does not fidelity like hers deserve the reward that is sure, one day or other to overtake it? *He* came at last, her chosen one, "her soul's election"—every obstacle to their union had been removed, and they were married. Were they happy? O yes!—supremely so. The joys of a lifetime were compressed in every hour, and the outpourings of hearts pent up for years and years of agony in their own bosoms, now gilded and consecrated every moment of their existence, which seemed to be as fully blessed as heaven permits mortality to enjoy.

The story that I have related is no fiction—it was told to me by the husband himself, and was corroborated by his high-hearted wife, who are still my near neighbours, and of whose acquaintance I am prouder than any other.

My communication, I am afraid has already reached a tedious length; but if you have no objection, I will conclude it with one more fact within my personal notice, illustrative of the position I have taken with regard to woman's love and woman's constancy. Many years ago, I was acquainted with a family at Croydon in Surrey, named B., who left America on the embarkation of the British troops, in 1783. Captain B. was a military professor at the East India Company's college at Addiscombe. He had a daughter, who was called the "Croydon belle," and well she deserved the distinction. Her beauty and accomplishments won the heart of a young cadet, her senior by a few years—of

course, a union was impracticable; his scene of action was in the East Indies, where circumstances rendered it impossible for her to go. She promised to be his through weal and wo, and said her hand was a widow's unless he returned to claim it. They separated—and did not meet again for twenty-two years; that long lifetime, that lingering eternity to all lovers—but his promise went with him, and he never forgot it in all the changes of climate, or the scenes of war. The attractions of fresh-imported European beauties, which are described as irresistible to the British officers in India, had no charms for him—one only feeling pervaded his soul, the recollection of his early love. And the lady, was she constant? Yes! Had she been surrounded with admirers, and beset with offers? Did wealth, and rank, and title allure her, with their gaudy trappings? They did so; but in vain. The "Croydon belle's" heart never wandered from her poor cadet. The companions of royalty were at her feet, and implored her hand —a prelate sued, but the mitred admirer had no more success than those who preceded him. Her heart was in India, and she could not, or would not call it back. Returned it to her?—It did. The cadet returned a colonel, and last week I saw the announcement of their marriage in the "Morning Chronicle." If you doubt this story, get the paper, and remove your scruples. PORTIA.

ON HUNGARY,

AND THE

STATE OF ITS AGRICULTURISTS IN 1828.

BY A HUNGARIAN PROPRIETOR.

(Translated from the French, for the Parterre).

HUNGARY, one of the finest countries in Europe, is also one of the least known. Strangers are satisfied with learning that its soil is fertile, that it has good wines, and possesses corn, cattle and gold. He who chances to have heard besides this, that the capital of the kingdom is called Buda, and its coronation city Presburg; that Hungary was long the theatre of the sanguinary wars with the Turks, and that it is the native country of the light cavalry, that under the name of *Hussars* are now to be found in the armies of every European power, is persuaded that he has entirely compassed the history and geography of Hungary. The learned even scarcely take the trouble to glance at Hungary, because they suppose that a country inhabited only by barbarians, little differing from their Eastern neighbours, can offer nothing to increase their acquirements. The result of this prepossession has been the unnumbered vague notions, false opinions, and extravagant assertions with which the writings of most authors in regard to Hungary are replete; and which under the protection of an eminent name are so rapidly diffused, and acquire a consistence very difficult to destroy.

It is doubtless, in these prejudices, that we must seek the origin of the notion that slavery exists in Hungary; *that*, for the honour of humanity has long since ceased. The slave in the true meaning of the word is not a person but a thing, that, like any other, is bought, sold and employed at the will of the master, who is the unlimited and absolute owner of it. The serf is scarcely more fortunate, excepting that his life is placed under the protection of the law. We shall, however, find that the classes of unhappy individuals designated by these two names, although formerly very numerous in Hungary, do not now exist there.

When the Hungarians, who are called in their own language, *Magyars*, issued from the broad steppes of Asia, and rushed upon the provinces now inhabited by their descendants, they were encountered by tribes not willing easily to surrender their possessions to the new comers. It was necessary to have recourse to arms, and fortune befriending the warlike horde, who fell in heavy masses on the several weak and disunited princes of the petty sovereignties, they without much difficulty succeeded in wresting their States from them. It was then that the conquerors, in the right of the strongest (the only right respected in those barbarous days) reduced the vanquished to slavery, imposing upon them a heavy yoke, the better to keep them in subjection. The masters fancied they might dispense with toil of every sort, and condemned to unceasing labour, those whom they had taken captive, rating their worth only according to the utility derived from them. They consequently established the principle that this class of men, or rather of domestic animals, could not in any way participate in civil rights, and had only obligations to fulfil. Warlike, ferocious, and greedy of booty, the Hungarians soon turned their destructive arms against their neighbours, and successively invaded the contiguous provinces of the Byzantine Empire, Italy, Germany,

France, and even Spain. The most frightful desolation always accompanied these irruptions, the more fatal to the countries of which they were the scene; as these territories were not only plundered of whatever they had of any value, but of their whole population besides, who, destined for slavery, were dragged off into the land of the invaders. We find in a letter from Saint Pilgrim,* written to Pope Bennet the Eighth,† that a great number of foreign slaves were in his days to be found in Hungary. He says, "the christians, who compose the *majority of the people*, brought from all parts of the world to this country, and not daring openly to dedicate their children to the true God, come in multitudes to have them baptised, now that fear no longer restrains them. They exult with joy, as if about to return to their own country, because they have obtained permission to exercise their worship."

Hungary was in its turn unpeopled by the pressure of that barbarous custom of dragging away as prisoners, men, women, and children, which was in force with the Turks in all their wars, to even the seventeenth century; it ought to be considered as one of the principal causes of the small number of inhabitants in Hungary, in proportion to the extent of its territory.

At a later period, when Stephen I. took his place amongst the sovereigns of Europe, he felt the necessity of civilizing his people: having embraced christianity, he entered into pacific treaties with neighbouring states; the sources that had formerly furnished a constant supply of slaves were dried up, and slavery was limited to children born of parents who were slaves, and to free men condemned to slavery as a judicial punishment for specific crimes.

The new religion enjoining the love of our neighbour, and the different methods employed by this great king to familiarise his people with the arts, which only flourish in times of peace, prompted Stephen to promulgate several laws for the amelioration of the social existence of this unhappy class of persons.

Similar laws were likewise enacted by Ladislaus the First, Boloman, and other monarchs, who caught a glimpse of the necessity of protecting this numerous class against the arbitrary treatment of their masters. These unhappy people, in short, began now to be reckoned for something in the economy of the nation. Although in most cases a real benefit resulted from these advantages, it did not extend to the entire class of Serfs; but it could scarcely have been otherwise, if we consider the point of view in which the legislators, under the evil spirit of the times, regarded the lower orders.

When Stephen I. founded his monarchy, he modelled it upon that of adjoining kingdoms, particularly the German Empire, whose sovereign Henry II. was on friendly relations with him, relations subsequently strengthened by ties of blood. The whole of Europe at that time adopted the feudal system, that seemed the most in accordance with a monarchical government. It was therefore upon that basis that Stephen established the new constitution he gave his people. As it was a part of this system for the free-man only to be lord of the soil, the serf being himself but the property of another, he was accounted as nothing in the active part of legislation: the only question was to restrain in his favour the abuse of the arbitrary power of the master. The slave was never an active subject, but merely a passive object of the law, as animals are in some countries, where their protection is guaranteed by it. *

The names designating this class of men, experienced successively various modifications: those of Serf and Slave disappeared, and that of Peasant (*Colonus*, a cultivator) was substituted in their place. But this change of names was of little import; a favourable change was also demanded in the unhappy existence of these individuals. This amelioration was effected in 1405, under the reign of Sigismund. Two new laws gave to each peasant liberty to leave his master in case of dissatisfaction, and to go and settle wherever else in the kingdom he might choose. This facility of withdrawal from the service of his lord, and the liberty of choosing a new residence and a new master, without assigning to him who was left any reason for the change, may be considered as the virtual abolition of slavery, although the laws did not absolutely designate it as such. The peasants had enjoyed this liberty for a century, when a terrible event plunged them back into all the horrors of servitude.

Pope Leo X. in 1514, sent to the Archbishop of Gran, permission to preach

* Saint Pilgrim was one of the first apostles of the gospel in Hungary, under duke Geyza, father of Stephen the First.

† Bennet the Eighth filled the chair from 1012 to 1024.

* In Turkey, particularly, this law is in existence.

a crusade against the Turks, with indulgences for those who should join the standard in person. Several noblemen, fearing the consequences of this enterprise, endeavoured to dissuade the king from permitting the publication of the Pope's bull; but the Archbishop prevailed against them with the weak and timid prince. A prodigious number of idle persons, of vagabonds and of peasants flocked to the army to gain absolution, and an immense host assembled together at Pest. The command was entrusted to one George Dozsa, a warrior of low extraction, but of approved bravery in several engagements with the Turks. The disorder was terrible, and general throughout the kingdom. The fields were left without labourers, the mechanics without workmen, and the nobles without domestics. These latter then were compelled to interdict their subjects from joining the army of the Crusaders. From this interdict resulted numerous dissensions between the nobles and the peasants, of which Dozsa determined to profit. As soon as he put himself in motion with his mixed multitude, he declared against the nobility, the clergy, and all those who were rich enough to be plundered, by exciting the peasants to kill their masters, and seize upon their possessions, promising to support them with his strength and means. A dreadful revolution, chronicled in history under the name of "*the peasants' war*," broke out all over the country. During the four months it lasted, seventy thousand men perished, with a great proportion of the nobility, and the rising was not quelled without exceeding difficulty.

Immediately after this event, the king convened a diet, that stripped the peasants of all the rights formerly granted to them, and reduced them again to their first state of slavery.

The calamities that followed this sad conflict; and by which Hungary was reduced nearly to a Pachalic, left to the legislature very few leisure moments, and these moments were employed rather in devising means of defence against the aggressions of the foreigner, than in regulating the internal affairs of this unhappy kingdom. The severe laws against the slaves were, however, gradually mitigated, and their condition ameliorated. Maria Theresa at length, desiring to prescribe limits between the peasant and his master, issued a general regulation under the name of *Urbarium*, subsequently adopted by the States, that registered all the privileges and duties of the peasant. The glory of blotting out from the statute book the very name of servitude, was reserved for the year 1791, when a direct law finally abolished slavery, restored to the peasant the rights that had been accorded to him in the origin of the monarchy, and added others. This regulation, and various other laws of 1792 and 1802, still farther promulgated in their favour, constitute the *peasants' code*, and fix the present state of the agriculturists of Hungary.

The constitution of Hungary is the most ancient of Europe. It is in its antiquity that we must seek the root of the good and evil it contains, as well as the vestiges of feudalism still discernible in it. From the spirit of this constitution it is only the noble who can hold land: it is to him then, that all bearing the denomination of domain appertains; but as he can not cultivate the soil himself, nor acquit himself of the several duties the state can exact of him as owner of this possession, he is compelled to farm out a part of it to others, who will pay him rent in vassalage or personal services. This is the primitive idea on which are based the reciprocal obligations of seigneur and peasant, and which is still with its subsequent modifications acted upon. The peasant is the hereditary farmer of the proprietor of the soil, under certain stipulations, not arbitrary, but legally binding to both parties: an unlimited franchise will doubtless eventually be obtained for the peasant.

Bedford. B. E. M.

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

When Marshal Tallard was detained a prisoner in England, he passed some time with William Cavendish, duke of Devonshire. His compliment at his departure was expressed in these terms to the duke: "My lord, when I come hereafter to compute the time of my captivity in England, I shall leave out the days of my enjoyment at Chatsworth."

GRATIFYING FACT.

At a recent annual meeting of the London New Cemetery Company, the chairman "had great pleasure in announcing to the meeting the gratifying fact, that the burials in the cemetery for the last year were double the number of those of the year preceding"

Love is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

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THE SNOW ACQUAINTANCE.

A REAL INCIDENT.

"*Shepherd.* Ye may mony and mony times think yeself surrounded wi' happiness, when misery, bitin' misery, is gnashin' at your hough."

"QUEER weather, this," said I to my landlady, as, turning from the window where the snow was driving at a brisk pace, I attempted to pull on my warm boot, which had been keeping sentry at the fireside for an hour; "queer weather this; and to prepare himself for all the changes of our fickle climate, one must e'en wear a weather-watch under his nose. Yesterday I was abroad without a cloak; last evening the moon was clear, though cold; and to-day, i'faith, it is snowing as briskly as if winter had just made its *entrée*. *Tempora mutantur*." My quaker landlady interrupted my Latin (for she does not like *gibberish*), saying,

"Thee knows, Vivy, that every back is made for its burden, and the hand that put thee here has fashioned the weather to thy need."

"That is a fact," said I, more good humouredly; (for who could resist the placid smile that shone beneath her plain cap? she must have been a beauty in her day); and, revolving over sundry other things which might bring a little sunshine on my cloudy humour, I drew on the second boot, with a smile far more becoming to a youth of ——, (I shan't tell you my age), than that morbid discontent which wears out the good-nature of its owner without mending an unexpected hole, clearing an unexpected storm, or warming a cold breakfast.

Standing a while in front of the good orrel coal fire, in order that my clothes might inhale all the heat possible, I wrapped my *espanol*, drew down the "*tabs*" of my fur cap, spread my umbrella, and in a few seconds was on the *pavé*, braving with my best humour the headwind and the sleet.

Every one who ventures forth in a snow-storm knows the inconvenience when the wind is a head, of making way for windward passers: if he carry his umbrella above a certain line, he exposes

his face and breast to the storm; if he try to defend these sensitive parts from the hurricane, he is liable to butt the first comer, thereby causing a cracking of umbrella-bones, and an efflux of angry words on both sides. In this state of management or mismanagement, I was passing along —— street; tired at last of bobbing this way and that way, I found myself in the wake of a fellow-passer, who (to speak in Irish jig-blarney) "shewed a clean pair of heels;" lowering my umbrella, then, to the most defensive attitude, I kept on in his wake, having the hem of his cloak and his well-armed heels to philosophize upon. Now the knowledge of this modern world is so diffuse, and its sources so varied, that the trite themes of antique philosophy are absolutely *hors du combat;* and we moderns, when we do take it into our heads to reverie, must come to something absolutely extraneous, or else so vulgar as to have been considered too low to think upon; ergo, "the philosophy of a pair of heels" would have as just a title to the admiration of all philo-philosophs, as an errant discourse upon the stars, or a metaphysical one admitted into the pages of the Westminster Review.

Mais au revoir. My antecedent traveller was walking an easy pace, and I trode in his steps thankful for such a guide; if he bobbed streetward, I bobbed streetward; if he bobbed wallward, I bobbed wallward; thus avoiding those concussions which give rise to more temper than comfort.

I philosophized. Judging from his heels, which were brightly polished and armed with brazen foundations; from the hem of his cloak also, which was nicely covered with braid; and also from his well-brushed pantaloons, which hung beneath his cloak, the person before me was a good husband with a good wife, a handsome estate, and every thing to make this life comfortable; he must be a happy man, who, attending to his profession during the day, retired to his wife, friends, books, and wine at evening. I thought him to be a middle-aged man, for his step was firm, without the elasticity of youth; I thought him to be a happy man, he *hem'd* so good-humouredly; I thought him to be a gentleman, he carried his head so knightly. After pursuing this *dos-à-vis* pace for a while, he appeared to be sensible that he was dogged, and first slackened, then quickened his tread; perceiving, at last, that I followed his motions, he turned. He was a Scotchman; I swore it from his pleasant gray eye and sandy hair, not to say any thing of his neat vest of Maxwell plaid. I met his gaze, which was pleasant, though he meant it to be pettish, with one equally good-humoured; he smiled apologetically, observing,

"A deucedly comfortless day."

"Not at all," said I, (for I felt original), "not at all; I love a stormy day; all my good feelings gather round my heart to keep it warm; and I can truly say, I never feel so well towards myself or my fellow-men as I do on a day like this."

"Weel, weel, young mon, I like muckle your kindly spirit; and I believe that when ye are sae comfortable yoursel' your heart yearns towards your fellow-creatures mair and mair."

"'Tis very true," said I: "I never love mortals so well as when every thing around makes me feel desolate; it is then I turn even to a stranger, and could take him to my bosom with as ready a heart as if I had known and loved him for years; still more, if I guessed he had sorrows at his heart that my sympathy could assuage."

He seemed touched.

"Well, young mon, what think ye o' me? Hae I the look o' dolor or o' happiness?"

"I should imagine you to be a fond father, a happy husband, a staid friend, and a rich citizen."

"Ah, young frien', (for I dinna ken what to call ye)—"

"Vivian," said I, interrupting him.

"Vivian, it isna a' gowd as glisters; it isna a' sun that's sheen. I like ye muckle," he rejoined; "and I will tell ye that before ye stands ane who wears a cheerfu' face, but a cankered heart; wha might wi' his gowd trick himsel' out wi' gear and laces, but couldna buy a new heart, ne repair his wounded spirit. Ye hae more sympathy in your face than I have been blessit wi' the sight o' syne I touchit the shore o' America."

"I am young, sir, and uninitiated in the distresses of the world; my fate has been kindly cast, and I have never had reason to weep for *real* sorrows; you well know that all mortals have a surfeit of *imaginary* ones."

"It is very true, ilka douce maun hae its bitter, and our dainty palate will find it oot where there isna a drap. But, come alang, gin ye hae a bittock, to spare to an auld ane who is i' the search for consolement. If naethin' mair, it

would be kind to see where I hae pitchit my tent, that ye may drap in like a fellow-sodger i' this wearisome warfare o' the world. I will a'ways guaranty ye Hieland ale, warm slippers, and a warmer welcome."

I consented cheerfully, and we soon stopped before a small, neat house, where the outside shewed, to a casual glance, an air of thorough comfort, without the least attempt at display. On knocking, the door was opened by a well-clad urchin, whose broad face bespoke him a sprig of "the land o' cakes;" and we were ushered into an entry, well warmed and carpeted, provided with a large couch and stuffed chairs, for the ease of those whose destiny was to "groom the parlours." We entered the first door, and I found myself in the presence of a kind-faced matron, who was industriously forming stars, rhomboids, and parallelograms on a chintz counterpane; she rose at our entrance, and I was introduced to the "gude wife Judith."

"Who," my host added, "was my foster-mate in childhood, and has noo come to dream awa' the rental o' her days i' the keepin' and ganin' o' my crouse household."

Bowing to the curtesying housekeeper, who seemed to have acquired that accomplishment, so rare with females, silence, I followed my kind entertainer to an inner room, where a blazing fire invited us to sit. Mine host pointed to a wadded chair, which appeared to have been inhaling for an hour or two the delicious caloric of the three oaken logs, that were blazing and crackling so merrily in the chimney. I shewed my perfect willingness to make myself as much at home as possible, and thrusting my feet forward, exposed their damp soles to the cheering heat. A thump on the deal table with his fist brought to mine host the little Scotch Ganymede, who first greeted us with his chubby face.

"Comforts for twa, Geordie," was the concise request.

He disappeared, and soon returned with slippers, lined with linsey; an ominous-looking jug, of the species called "monkey," and a couple of solid tankards, on whose bright sides gleamed a tasteful crest. Crossing the room to a *beaufet* which filled one corner, he produced some clean pipes, with a small package of well-laid tobacco; handing then from a crypt near the fire-place a well-worn snuff-box, of the goodly size of Voltaire's *géante tabatière*, he retired, closing the door with the least possible noise.

While mine host was assiduously arranging the "comforts for twa," and after I had exchanged my boots for the linsey-slippers, I took a cursory survey of the room.

The first object which attracted my notice was a large oaken book-case; on whose ample shelves were piled large antiquated volumes, and a few of more modern dress; on the top were two busts of marble, much smoked, apparently the heads of maids and fawns; back of these, against the wall, was a brown, rusty gun, of an inch and a half calibre, curiously adorned with rough fret-work in silver; a large *roquelaure* of the Maxwell plaid hung on one side of the book-case. Some fishing-tackle and sporting accoutrements were dispersed around. In the corner was the forementioned *beaufet*, which, desecrated from the use of the costly china and ancient plate, was filled with pipes, tobacco, pamphlets, fishing-lines; and was, in fact, the depository for the odds and ends of mine host's *boudoir*. Over the mantel were suspended three portraits; one was a sturdy old smoke-faced veteran in stiff armour and drapery, evidently a production of the Holbein school; the second was the portrait of a pleasant-faced lady, in the coif and ruffle of the last century; near this hung a fresh painting of a young female, apparently twenty; a melancholy expression was thrown over the face, although the artist had evidently striven to force a smile on the pale visage of the damsel; her hands were folded, and there was a something peculiarly bewitching in the straight gaze of her mild eye. A framed sampler hung between the two windows of the apartment; a small cabinet of polished oak was under it. The windows were shaded with curtains of plaid cotton, and supported by a rough cornice, where the thistle was scored into a half-existence by some doughty Canova. My eye again returned to the pensive face over the mantel, and I fell into a reverie.

My thoughts were soon interrupted by a loud pop, and I saw a cork finding its way to the ceiling. The white froth streamed over the sides of the "monkey," and mine host offered me one of the silver tankards filled to the brim with ale, "the like of which" he said "had never found its way adown the Frith o' Solway." After having drank a willie-waugh of the best ale I ever tasted, and lighted our pipes (I am quite a pipester for a youth) the old man began the following discourse.

"'Gin ye are wise o' the plaids, ye maun hae kenned afore this by the three black and twa green on this vest and that auld rokelo (whilk I call my coat o' arms) that I am a Max'ell; John Max'ell; I am noo fifty, and hae led a life as chequered as the chess-board; but amid a' the troubles wi' whilk a gude Providence has laden me, I hae preservit gude spirits and a light heart. My story, and I ken ye are too kind to be uninterested in it) is soon tauld; and gin I mak' ye gape, I will pay wi' a plate o' Aberdeen brose, and a round o' beef o' Judith's ain cookin' wha willna doff her peak to any French *cuisinier*.

"I was born at Braemar, whilk ye ken is at the head o' the bonnie Dee; my father was a'so John Max'ell of the auld and proud line wha made sic' a feck and fash because they drew their ruddy blude from twa dukes, three earls, and a score o' lairds and baronets: my father wasna a proud man; he was muckle smit wi' republican principles, and o' his ain gude will droppit the title o' Sir; because, said he, chantin a staff o' rantin' Robbie,

> 'The rank is but the guinea stamp.
> The man's the gowd for a' that.'

He was the anely son o' his father Sir Rob Max'ell, and received the last breath o' his father wi' his clear estate o' Max'ell holm at the age o' twenty-three. At twenty-five he married my blessit mother Mary, (peace to her banes!) who in my twelfth year gave up the ghaist, and socht the God she had always loved sae weel. That is her picture whilk ye see aboon the mantel; the day she died she laid her han's on my head wi' just the pure look you see there, and bade me loe my Maker and my father wi' a' my heart an' soul; after some more gentle words she closit her lips and went to her endless sleep." (Here I observed a tear start into the eye of Maxwell; he wiped it away with his finger, and continued:)

"I had the best education whilk could be procured at Braemar, for my father wouldna trust me in Edinbro', and my mither on her deathbed tauld him to keep me, aboon a', frae the chiels o' the town.

"Twa miles and a bittock adoun the Dee, (dinna laugh at an auld man's love tale), lived Esther M'Khay; I lo'ed her; she lo'ed me; we made mony and mony times i' the silent walks near M'Khay cottage, a tryst whilk baith keepit i' gude faith; her father's blude wasna gentle, he being the son of an armourer at Aberdeen; by thrift he had saved a 'mansel or twa,' and lived on ane o' the prettiest spots in Scotland; we lo'ed in secret, for I kend my father, though nae sae proud as some folk, had still a winkin' to a body's tree o' pedigree. I keepit a little boat, and under the cloak of angling for some o' the little vipers o' the Dee, I drifted down a'ways to the quay in front o' M'Khay cottage; being social in my temper I could not bear to fish alane, and Ettie was sic a boon companion, and was sae handy in baitin' the angle, that I believit a mon couldna but be fou' to deny himself sic a bird to sit i' the bush wi' him.

"The mon my father lo'ed the maist, he wha wad eat his dinners, drink his wine, and use his bed and board as if they were his ain, was Mark Thorndyke; oh! that mon had a de'il in his e'e: his very speech was worms and adders; he wound himsel' around my father, shared his livin' and his secrets, and (to use an old saw of the dominie of Braemar school) he was *amicus alter ipse* to him. My mither feared him. She warned my father o' him. My father's breast was pure as the day, and he couldna and wouldna believe that the frien' o' his bosom was a treasonish mon. My mither said nae mair. Day after day, and night after night, they wad tak' their guns and dogs, and gang awa' frae hame in search o' buck and fowl. I' my natal month o' my twelfth year, my mither died. Mark, and my father were mair thegither than ever. I said naething; I could do naething. For five years mair they were han' in glove. Ane day in July they were anglin' i' the Dee; about noon a storm arose; the little waves o' the Dee grew larger and fiercer; the winds roared and the water heaved like a kraken i' the North Sea; the boat capsized; my father was drownit; Thorndyke swam ashore. O God! I never shall forget the day when the body o' my father was draggit frae the bosom o' the Dee, gnawit and hauklit by the fishes! I think I see it noo as it lay sae manglit i' the shroud i' front o' the porch o' Max'ell holm. Many were the tears that were shed by our tenants and kin to the memory o' the kind soul wha had gane. He lies i' the Max'ell grave-yard wi' a' his forefathers, and close by the side o' my reverit mither. Noo comes the sairest part o' the tale. The will was openit. I was left to shirk for mysel'. The estate o' Max'ell holm, its auld elms under whose shade I had studied my *Liber Primus*; its hounds, horses, shaw deer, mere, birds

and a', were left (my lips burn wi' the word)! to Mark Thorndyke. My blude boilit at the injustice. I ran gnashin' my teeth to the stead where this devil incarnate lived. I rated him, swore and callit on the blessit shades o' John and Mary Max'ell. 'Cool your blude, cool your blude, young mon,' said he wi' a sardonic grin, that wouldha hae shamit Moloch, 'your father has left a thing or twa mair here whilk mayna please ye as weel.' He handed me twa pieces o' paper on whilk was written i' my father's ain fair han'!

"'Braemar, Maxwell Arms,
May 17—

"'This is to certify that I, John Maxwell, bart., have at certain and sundry times, and at certain and sundry games at whist, drafts, palm and shovel-board, lost to Mark Thorndyke, gent., of Aberdeen 20,000*l.* in ready stocks and money; besides my whole estates of Maxwell Holme, manse, demesne, chattels, tenements, feoffs, and freeholds; also my dogs, cattle, horses, pictures, books, plate, and jewels. "'God forgive me,

"'JOHN MAXWELL, of Maxwell Holm.

"'Signed and sworn before Alex. Thrackle, clerk, prothonotary, &c.'

"Had a waxen torch been held close upon my e'en, they couldna hae been mair dry and parchit than they were then; the sight o' the cursed parchment had searit and scalit my very tears. 'Oh!' I groaned in my bitterness o' spirit, 'the curses o' a' the Max'ells be upon ye; tak' my birthright, ye hell-hound! Tak' from the orphan the very sod to sleep on; close your hateful e'en gin ye can, and rest quiet 'neath the roof o' my fathers; God forgive ye, I canna'. Flinging at him the hateful witnesses of my father's guilt, I rushit out wi' a burnin' brow, and sat me down aneath aine of those trees whilk had grown wi' my growth, and strengthenit wi' my strength. My sorrows soon found a way to run out in tears, and I weepit lang and bitterly. I gatherit my books, claies, and jewels thegither, whistled to my dog Bruce, my anely frien', (nae, nae, my anely frien'), seatit mysel' i' my little boat and paddlit wi' as light a heart as possible adown the Dee.

"I stoppit at the quay of M'Khay cottage; it was twilight. I stole to the little room aboon the dairy, whilk I reachit by creepin' up a bower of cinque-foil, until I steppit upon its little balcony. 'Ettie'—'John'—her head was in my bosom. She gave me a sweet look; (here the bright tears ran races down the cheeks of Maxwell); 'Why are your e'en sae red, John!' 'The warld has deserted me, Ettie'—'Nae, nae, John, dinna say that, for I will cling to ye when the warld and a' are gane.' A burst of grief easit my achin' heart. I sat down wi' my head restin' on the saft bosom o' Ettie, and tauld her my sorrows. In sic sweet communion passit the hours till the morn was hie i' the heavens, and I started frae the arms o' Ettie. 'We maun part,' said I, 'the warld is a' ane to me. I am young and healthy, puir and cantie; I loved you when I was rich, I winna marry when puir; but 'gin God prosper me, we will be ane.' The saut tears fell in abundance frae our e'en, and I canna tell the whilk wept the harder. I left wi' her my books and the few jewels; tied my bonnie boat in the boat-house; callit Bruce, and travellit a foot to Aberdeen. Frae there I took passage to the Frith of Forth, and in due time enterit Edinbro.'

"Born to affluence, I wasna taught i' the mystery o' ony useful occupation, but was intendit for the bar, and was therefore inexperiencit and unkenn'd i' the warld. I was fash wi' the pen, and had mair than an inklin' o' arithmetic. I enterit a compting-house. At twanty-ane I was i' the house as a partner. At twanty-five I married Ettie.

"When I returnit to the quay o' M'Khay cottage, I felt proud to think that I had showit mysel' worthy the blude o' the Max'ells; auld Nigel himsel' (that's he over the mantel wi' the straight armour on, and is the ooner o' the big blutherbuss over the bookis), wouldna blush for the spirit o' his great gran' child. Na, na, the blude he spillit at Both'ell Brig wasna mair worthy a king's favour than mine, Vivian.

"After Ettie and I were ane, I went to Braemar; my heart was full; I couldna breathe the air o' Max'ell holm wi'out my mither's sweet face risin' among a' the trees and o'er ilka hillock. Thorndyke was dead. A' the tenantry cam' wi' tears i' their e'en to greet the return of the lawfu' laird. Amang the rest cam' Sandie Broom, who tauld me anither horror.

"'I were fishin' on the Dee,' said Sandie, 'not a bittock mair than ten ells frae your blessit father, when the storm cam' up, and the boat was overturnit. Thorndyke caught haud o' the keel; your father sank; he cam' up agin to the tap; I saw Thorndyke (and he lookit like a bogle o' hell when he did it)

strike your father down wi' his ain foot; the douce John Max'ell sunk to rise nae mair.'

"My blude froze i' my veins; I would hae uttered blightin' curses o' the head o' the hell-hound Thorndyke; but he has gane to render accounts to ane mair worthy to judge and punish than I, puir worm!

"I will na tell ye how proud I was o' my blushin' bride Ettie, but gin ye will gie me that ebon box, ye shall see her. I here handed him a small casket of ebony, ornamented with pearl *buhl*. He opened it, and shewed me a lovely picture, which closely resembled the melancholy face over the mantel. She was in her bridal dress, and sitting in the bower of cinquefoil, which had so often been the scene of their tender love. In the same casket was an *aigrette* of pearls and diamonds; a splendid ring, whose diamonds formed a crest, while beneath the largest one could be perceived the initials M. D., Mary Douglas: it was his mother's bridal ring. In the casket were a few other seals and jewels, all having an appearance of antiquity. We lived peacefu' and happy; my marriage was blest wi' anely a daughter—(here he sighed deeply)—at the age o' thirty I retired to Max'ell holm, whilk I had purchasit wi' my ain siller, blest wi' wealth, a wife, and ane dear, dear child.

"The rose whilk opens its velvet leavis to inhale the douce breeze o' the mornin', and thraws open its wee bosom to take in the kindly draps o' dew, dreams na o' the cauld wind o' the mountain, whilk will rush aboon it, dryin' the dew and carryin' awa' its tender leavis.

"My fair chiel' I namit Esther Douglas; thereby commemoratin' my spouse, and my mither whilk is i' heaven. She grew fair as a lily, and promisit mony and mony happy days to me. When she had reachit her fourteenth year, her mither Esther, my dear Ettie, wham I had wed frae my boyhood, was laid on her death-bed. She had been lin'erin' more than twa years wi' a disease i' the heart. Ane night she awakit wi' the heart-breakin' words: 'John, I canna live the night out; I shall di' before the sunrise; dinna gang for the doctor; it winna be o' ony use: my heart has been gnawit awa' by the consumption, and the last mairsel o't will gang to-night: I maun see Ettie afore I di'. Ah! that sweet chiel', she has niver causit me a tear-drap; I couldna gie ye, John, a better gift; and still I a'ways had a fear she wouldna di' weel; her spirit is sae gentle she couldna say nay to her enemy; watch o'er her, John; watch her wi' mair than a father's e'en; dinna influence her love; ye ken that you yoursel' maun hae di't, gin your father had sayit nay to the lo'e o' me. Mark me, John, be mair than a father to her; noo gang and ca' her, that I may bless my e'en wi' the sight o' her. God bless you and Ettie, John.' I tossit on my claies, like a daft mon; I flew to awak' the maid, and then to my dear little Ettie's chamber; dear chiel', she was asleep, wi' as douce a smile on her mou' as wad hae glinted on the lips o' Gabriel; I awakit her, and she went wi' me like a tremblin' dove to the bed o' Esther. We arrived there wi' fear in our hearts. There she lay i' her angelic beauty; there were her bright e'en, they expressit naithin'; there were her red lips, they movit not; there was her lily haun', it was cauld, cauld. Ettie turnit and weepit on my breast; she kent the truth; we arrivit too late; her mither's gentle spirit had flown aloft to plead for us i' heav'n."

A convulsive burst of grief rent the bosom of Maxwell; in a few minutes more he was calm.

"Do not," said I, while the tears were streaming from my own eyes, "pain yourself with the recital; leave it, my friend, until some time when you can tell the rest with less grief."

"Na, na," said he, "I am usit to sorrow, and the part o' my tale (whilk ye may think too lang) the maist grievous is yet to come.

"I kent it wasna wise to mourn; a' the tears i' the warld wadna bring her back again, sae I dried my e'en, and thankit heav'n wi' a hum'le heart that its kindness had spared me my ain Ettie. I sent for the best instructors i' a' the gentle arts a leddie should learn, and ilka day I saw the dear blossom expan' under my ain e'en. Ye ken a father's is a partial e'e, but maugre that, I maun think the earth never held a cherub like mine Ettie. Gin ye hae seen a mornin' flower besprent wi' dew, sae were the e'en o' my little Ettie when a tale o' sorrow was tauld to her ear. Aften and aften has she sat on my knee, and I hae discoursit to her o' her dear mither, until the tears wad rin down her saft cheeks.

"Amang the tutors o' accomplishments that cam' to Max'ell holm to teach my Ettie, and make her fit to enjoy the sweets o' this life, was ane o' the name o' Burleigh—Jacob Bur-

leigh. He hadna mair than twenty years o'er his head, when he cam' wi' mony recommends to teach my Ettie to finger the spinet and harp. He was unco douce and gentle in his way, and soon workit himsel' in my good graces by his free carriage and witty clavers. Nae person made himsel' mair welcome to our table, aad I lo'ed much to hear his rich voice while Ettie fingerit the harp. I found soon that he cam' too often. Ettie took mair lessons i' music than becam' a young leddie wha wad mak' hersel' glib i' the chart and lexicon. When Burleigh was absent she wad sigh, and sometimes weep; and when he openit the door her e'en wad sparkle, and the bright red fly o'er cheek. While I was present he taught her faithfully the gamut, the stops, and the *quivers;* but, the moment my back was turnit, the music ceasit, and I could hear a low gentle whisperin'. This wasna well; I didna like it; besides, I hae seen them arm-in-arm under the aborage o' the auld elms; to be sure, they had music i' their haun's; but I saw them look ainee at the music and twice at ilk ither.

"I was ane day wanderin' by the gude auld hosteltrie o' Max'ell arms, when the landleddie, a brousie auld wife, cam' out, and tappin' me on the shouther beckonit me i' the tap-room.

"'I wouldna wound the feelin's o' a worm,' said she, 'muckle mair sae gude a mon as John Max'ell; but it isna mair than right that you should ken a' I do.'

"Sae sayin' she led me back o' the bar, and liftin' a dirty red curtain, pointit to the scene within. I there saw Jacob Burleigh playin' cards wi' Sandy Dribble, a puir shote o' Braemar; his e'en were red wi' anger and strong drink, his hair was brushit back; and reelin' about in his chair, he thumpit the table wi' his daublit fist, till the glasses rung agin. I retirit, shockit wi' the sight, to my hame. Ettie had gane to bed.

"The next mornin' Burleigh sent word he couldna give Miss Max'ell her usual lesson, as he was confinit to his bed wi' an ague-fit. Ettie lookit dour enough. I took her on my knee, and in as gentle words as possible tauld her the scene o' the passit night, and o' my intention to dismiss Burleigh. When I had finishit I perceivit that Ettie had fainted i' my arms. I callit upon Judith loudly; she soon cam' in, and brought Ettie to life wi' sauts; and having put her to bed, and left her in a gentle slumber, returnit again to her household wark.

"I immediately dispatchit a servant for Burleigh. He hadna gane ten steps frae the door afore he met Burleigh, on his way to my house. I was i' my study when Burleigh enterit.

"'You have sent for me, Mr. Maxwell,' said he, "and your servant luckily encountered me on my way to see you. I suppose you have some 'auld rackie,' or some Aberdeen venison for me, to give my mind on; but the matter that I have in hand is of a more serious nature. I have long seen, taught, and loved your daughter Ettie; and, though I cannot boast of much gear, I come to offer her my hand and heart; to her I know it will be acceptable, and I hope equally so to you.'

"He very leisurely took a seat, tossit doun his hat, and coolly crossit his legs on anither chair. My blude boilit wi'in me.

"'Ye miscreant!' at length I cried, 'hae ye the impudence to propose your dirty han' to the high daughter o' John Max'ell? What devil or what drink hae ye in your head, that ye wad dare to min'le your foul fiddlin' blude wi' mine?'

"'I am sorry ye don't like my blood, Mr. Maxwell,' answered he, coolly smiling; 'but I did not know there was so great a difference between the son of a musician and the grand-daughter of a gunsmith.' (Here the reptile wad quiz the origin o' my lost Esther). 'It is not well, however,' continued he, 'for a man to cavil with his father-in-law; you can make me as rich as you please, and I warrant I will scrape up a baronet or two among the Burleighs to match the Maxwells. You would not miss a few angels, old boy, to set up a worthy son-in-law, would ye?'

"My auld Adam were risen' i' my throat, but I stufflit it doun, and askit him coolly, where were ye last night?'

"He said he were seizit wi' an ague-fit, and was confinit to his bed. Noo my auld Adam burst forth.

"'Na, na, ye son o' a fiddler, ye gam'ler, ye drunkard; last night ye lost your honour, senses, and money to Sandie Dribble. Out wi' ye! gam'ler, drunkard, liar; and dinna darken my doors wi' the sight o' ye. My son-i'-law, forsooth! My son-i'-law! Out wi' ye.'

"Sae sayin', I collarit him, and thrust him out the door. After he was gane I felt muckle exhausted, and soothit mysel' into a gentle slum'er. On wakin' it was dark. I ca'ed Judith, and askit gin Ettie were in her cham'er. She noddit her head, and closit her e'en, to si'nify

that Ettie were asleep; for ye ken my auld Judith here is doom."

"Dumb?" said I.

"Ay, sure; doom as a fish; an unco good reason to be silent. I said nae mair, but soon retirit to rest. The next mornin' I sat cozily by the fire readin' the Aberdeen Chronicle, while the warm bannocks were smokin' on the table. 'Gang and ca' Ettie,' said I; it is na often she lags to the break'ast. God grant she maunna be sick!' Judith went and returnit wi' her e'en and mou' wide open, while she pointit to the chamber o' Ettie. I rushit by her, and enterit the chamber. Nae Ettie were there. Every thin' was the same as tofore. The bed was na tum'lit. A few articles o' clothin' were missin' frae her wardrobe. I faintit awa', and lay mony minutes senseless; but the ready han' o' Judith restorit me to my senses. Ettie was gane. Where had she gane? Wi' whom had she gane?

"Aboot an hour after, a little ragged brat threw a soilit paper i' the window, and ran awa' like a deer. I recognizit the han'writin' o' Ettie. It said,

"'I cannot see you again, beloved and only parent. I am married, and have been for a month. God forbid that I should bring sorrow on your grey hairs. Pray for me. Do not revile me. I am broken-hearted. ESTHER BURLEIGH.'

"Nae trace could I find o' em. Nae boat had passit Braemar after twal o'clock. Nae horses had been hirit i' the village. I ravit and stampit like a daft mon, and at last settlit doun into complete melancholy. I closit Max'ell holm, and biddin' Braemar 'God speed, wi' tears i' my e'en, I took wi' me my faithfu' Judith and her babie son (for Judith is a widow) and steerit for Edinbro'. Naething could be tracit there; and for twa years or mair I were travellin' in Englan' and the south o' Europe. My health waxit puirer and puirer. Ane night I arrivit in London, and to pass awa' the time, I went to the playhouse. I were watchin' the playin' wi'out interest, when wha should appear on the stage as an underlin' but Burleigh? He was ca'ed Wilcox i' the playbill. I couldna mistake his strut and leer. My blude rushit to my head; but I soon coolit doun, and left the house. I set mysel' on a watch at the stage-door. It wasna lang to fore Burleigh came out wi' twa or three companions. He was beastly drunk, and staggerit alang like a dreamin' mon. Puir, dear Ettie! where was she? My heart was i' my mou'. I followit him cautiously. He soon leavit his boon companions, and went his way to a dark and dirty alley, where e'en the brisk night breeze couldna allay the noxious fumes. He soon turnit up a court-yard. He enterit a murky and sordit stairway, and on the secon' landin' he enterit a room. I thocht I heard a moanin'. Soon after, a meek voice (oh how that voice thrillit through me!) said, 'Jacob, is that you? I thought you would never return. Oh dear, dear! I am in great pain.'

"'Always grumbling, always grumbling; keep yourself contented — you might be worse off.'

"'True, too true; I deserve to be worse off. I have deserved all this, and more. I am patient. God forgive me.'

"'Patient! I should like to see the time that you are patient. How's the brat?'

"'He's alive and well. Sorry am I to say it. It were a mercy if he died.'

"Here the voice became fainter and fainter, till it seemit as if prayin'. I could endure nae langer. I rushit in. 'Ettie!' exclaimit I, 'my ainly chiel', my dear Ettie!' Upon a squalid bed, coverit with a dank and patchit coverlit, laid a' that remainit o' my dear, my ain Ettie. She startit up at the sound o' my voice. Oh heaven! I couldna believe that the puir, meagre, wae-begone skeleton that reachit its arms towards me was Ettie. It had her e'en; how sunken and dimmit. It had her hair; but how mattit and witherit. I claspit her in my arms. She lookit up wi' a douce smile, while a bright tear stood in her e'en.

"'Father, do ye forgi'e me?'

"'Ay, Ettie, as I hope to be forgi'en.'

"She said nae mair, but wi' a look that would hae bribit angels, died i' my arms." (Here Maxwell threw himself back, and gave himself up to a convulsive flood of tears. I could not interrupt him). He soon continued, "This was my greatest pang. I could hae lost the warld had the warld left me Ettie. She di'it. I hae to thank God for mony mercies. I winna repine for a' my troubles, and ye ken weel how mony there are. My father, mither, Ettie, a' gane wi' the wife o' my bosom to a better earth than this.

"I never saw Burleigh mair. I heard he was imprisonit for some crime, and died i' prison, I had the body o' Ettie buried i' the graveyard o' Max'ell holm. That is a picture o' her ta'en after death. The painter has tryit to throw her douce

expression into the face, but he hasna tauld a' its sweetness. The chiel' o' Ettie died on my way to America. I live here noo wi' nae person but Judith to keep me company. I am happy as a mon o' my miseries can be. I do muckle for the puir, and they thank me muckle in return. It were unkind indeed, gin after all the blessin's Providence hae sparit, I couldna gie o' my superfluity to the starvin' children aroun' me. Ye hae heard an auld mon's tale. I hae weepit, but I hae weepit wi' satisfaction; for ye are amaist the only person wha has expressit onythin' like sympathy for me. I hear the step o' Judith i' the entry. It is dinner time. A'ways when ye hae nae better way to gar your time pass, drap in to see ane wha will a'ways mak' ye welcome."

After a sumptuous and substantial dinner, I bade "good bye" to John Maxwell. My philosophy of the heels was entirely trodden down. I had augured wrong; and must now believe, with the old shepherd, "Ye may mony and mony times think yeself surrounded wi' happiness, when misery, bitin' misery is gnashin' at your hough." v. u. v.

PLEASANT RELICS.

(For the Parterre).

I climbed the green rose-broidered bank that thrones
The rifted wreck of Crookstone's palace tower.
Time, when he hung Tradition's tarnished veil
Around that regal fabric, had effaced
Its haughtiest features. Not a turret left,
No! not a gateway arch: the stairs torn down,
Or choked with their own fragments; and the vaults
In the deep womb and entrails of the earth
Inviolable deemed, th' undaunted hand
Of Ruin violates; to the proud day
Lays bare their sacred horror, haunted glooms
Which flushed Prosperity had shunned, his foot
Invades audacious, and from depth to depth
Leaps in derision.
One alone remains,
One oriel window in its square recess
With stone-seat girdled, pierced with the tall arch
Of its leaf-headed orifice, fair frame
Through which green hills and autumn-tinctured woods
And purple distances, and white streams, each
With its lone house, revealed themselves. Hard by
A monstrous hearth, with shattered arch, and shaft
Pyramidal, upshooting in the wall,
Spoke the hall-chimney's elegy; the blast
Hissed up it,—'t was a melancholy theme
To moralize withal! but as for *me*
I looked on *both*, and loved them, for they seemed
To me mementos of the smiles and sighs,
The summer sunlight, and the wind-fanned fires
Of that old pleasant chamber, when its walls
Blossomed with stately tapestry, and its roof
Shut out, with bannered carvings, the caprice
Of seasons; and its flattered echoes knew
More revellers than those red whirling leaves;
More worthy minstrels than the wind; and tales
Less doleful than its midnight owl relates.

HORACE GUILFORD.

October 13.

MAN'S LOVE AND MAN'S CONSTANCY.

I think you will agree with me that the happiness or misery of mankind depends in a great measure upon the deportment and fidelity of women, and I think that where unhappiness exists, it may not unfrequently be traced to the weakness and infirmity of our sex. A woman should never trifle with the earnest emotions of the heart, and a changeling is my utter aversion. She never can bestow enduring happiness, can never be happy herself, and is most unworthy the affections of any constant man. Frivolous, careless, fickle herself, she knows not the value of an ardent, confiding heart—she never truly loves—the current of her feelings is so shallow, that it diverges into a thousand different channels; and the vessel of love, unballasted and without guidance by reason or affection, runs aground, and is destroyed at some period or in the outset of the voyage of life. The heart cannot be dealt out in fragments—it should be given wholly or not at all. Bitter is the disappointment of that lover, and great

his agony, when he awakes from the delusive dream in which his warm and credulous fancy had lulled him, and finds a cold and icy heart instead of the warm and glowing burst of passionate feeling—when, in the eyes in which he deemed love had taken up an eternal residence, he sees only a fitful and transient brightness, which is lavished upon all alike and indifferently—when the lips that he imagined would only breathe his name, can, like an instrument, be played upon by all, and utter the same sweet sounds to every one who touches them. A woman who is like the quivering needle before the magnetic influence is imparted to it, who veers to every point, as impulse or caprice fluctuate; and like a vane upon a steeple, changes with the breezes of each hour, who has no rule of conduct but whim, and flirts with a ring of admirers, encouraging all alike, is not only the cause of agony to those who are so unhappy as to own her power, but must be an object of self-contempt, and the certain cause of much self-torture. As precept when based upon example is always more efficacious than mere abstract observations, I will proceed to illustrate what has gone before, by some passages in the career of a young person in whom I once felt a warm interest.

Isabella Herbert was a belle and a beauty. From her infancy everything had been done to spoil her—flattered and humoured by all around her, every wish was gratified, and she ripened into womanhood with a high idea of her own qualities of pleasing, and a total disregard to the thoughts and opinions of others. She had naturally a warm and affectionate disposition, which she squandered with a liberal hand upon every one who came within reach of her influence. Like the sun, she shone on all alike, and all were attracted within the sphere of her beauty, all warmed beneath her charms, and ere she was eighteen years of age, few maidens had so many strings to their bow as Isabella. She was a mistress in the art of deception, for constant practice had made her perfect in all the wiles and mysteries of coquetry. That her flirtations, however, were as sealed volumes to the world as the secrets of her own bosom, is apparent from the fact that Edward Manners thought himself a favourite suitor, and that he had reason to flatter himself that he was the object of her preference. To a person well proportioned, and a manly, intelligent countenance, were added a highly-gifted mind, rich in the qualifications that ornament and give value to his species, and a heart overflowing with every generous and noble emotion. His ideas of female excellence had been formed upon an ideal model of perfection, in which he had blended the accomplishments of all the heroines of poetry and romance. Vain was his search for such a woman; and he had abandoned the idea in disappointment and sadness that a being of such a nature was never created, until accident threw him into the society of Isabella Herbert. He no sooner beheld her than the pent-up feelings of his heart, so long concealed and suppressed, broke forth in irresistible force and freshness; and he imagined that, if her qualities of mind were correspondent to her personal charms, he had at length discovered the being for whom he had so long searched in vain, and whose image he had enshrined in his heart as the *beau ideal* of female, and therefore of human perfection. He loved her devotedly, desperately, madly—she returned it with corresponding warmth and ardour, and they were happy. She would cling to him with an apparent earnestness of sincerity, conveying earnest conviction in every tone and gesture—the accents of her sweet voice fell like melting music on his ear—it was a realization of the Veronese Tale in all the bright imagining of bewildering love, and of the delirium of impassioned fancy. How often would they steal away from the world to wander by the banks of some flower-enamelled stream, whose music was the accompaniment to nature's sweetest melody, that breathed from their lips the confiding and mutual outpourings of their overladen bosoms: and how often, beneath a summer sky, "when stars were holding revelry," and were the only witnesses to their compact, have they sworn to live for each other, and placed their only hopes of earthly happiness in the full assurance and conviction of a reciprocal feeling. At such times she would lay her head upon his bosom, and look into his eyes as if to search the deep recesses of his inmost soul, and to read there the counterpart of the emotions under whose influence her cheeks would flush, and her frame thrill with rapture; while he, clasping her fondly in his arms, gazed upon her with that radiant expression which only kindles in man's eyes ere he has learned the bitterness of unrequited love, and which woman should prize as her dearest

triumph, inasmuch as it is her sweetest reward, and the brightest homage that can be paid to her beauty and affections. But I will not detain you Messrs. Editors, with all the minutiæ and circumstances of their courtship—how they met and how they parted—for part they did—but not until protestations of eternal love and constancy had been given and received. Affairs of moment compelled his presence abroad, where he remained for many months—but this period of absence was beguiled of a portion of its dreariness by the frequent interchange of letters, all breathing the same affectionate devotedness by which their previous intercourse had been so signalized. How heavily dragged the leaden-footed hours, and how his heart yearned for her society. At length, her letters grew less frequent, and when they did come, their tone was altered. Cold and careless words supplanted the glowing and impassioned language that had marked the beginning of this correspondence, and he began to feel the sinking of an ill-foreboding heart, a loneliness and prostration of mental and bodily energy, for which no reason could be assigned. And were her feelings toward him changed? He could not think it—he doubted everything but Isabella's truth. At last her letters did not come at all—but he accounted for that, by the idea that she must be incapacitated by illness, and he resolved to fly and comfort her, and by his attentions restore her to love and happiness, which he imagined she could only enjoy with him. He stopped at the house of a family who knew her well from her earliest youth, and which he had often visited with her. Under such circumstances it was very natural that she should be the subject of their conversation. Wishing to conceal the extent of the influence she had exercised over him, and not being willing to explain how affairs stood between them, he listened with attention to the sound of her dear name breathed from their dear lips. But what was his mortification and horror, when he learned that instead of a warm, pure, fresh, impassioned heart, that had chosen him for its first and earliest love, Isabella Herbert's had been given away and returned times without number, and in the self-same manner in which he himself had received it! That her name was as familiar as that of a garrison beauty, who has been toasted, admired, and had flirted with all the subalterns of half a dozen regiments. At first, as he listened, his incredulity amounted to a feeling of contempt for his informants—and he shut his ears and his heart to their narration, thinking it a species of sacrilege to her fondly-cherished image to listen to such a profanation of her name. But as one circumstance hinged itself upon another, unpleasant thoughts began to arise, until an unpleasant conviction was forced upon his belief.

"Why, bless us, Mr. Manners, Isabella is not likely to give herself much uneasiness for any man. She is a true flirt, and has no more heart than my thimble; she can look unutterable things, but, believe me, she cannot feel them. Why, there was Mr. Dallas; she was in love with him once. Heavens, how she used to hang about him, fling herself into his arms, walk with hers around his waist, kiss him, fondle him, act the menial to him, and what pretty loving things they used to say to one another? I never saw two persons so fond! Everybody remarked it—it made quite a talk at the time. What letters they used to write to each other! But somehow she managed to forget him, and turned her attentions and endearments to Mr. Sallows, and then the same scenes were acted over again. I believe you know these two gentlemen, sir? But, bless my soul, what's the matter with you Mr. Manners?"

Manners sat as if he had been rooted to the spot; the blood forsook his heart, a paleness overspread his countenance, a thickness was rising in his throat, and the wretchedness of his whole life seemed to be condensed into that moment of utter misery and despair. The good woman, struck by the sudden alteration in his looks and bearing, arose to offer him assistance, when he partially recovered himself, and in broken accents begged her to forbear, as it was nothing but a sudden faintness, from which he should soon recover. The blood had no sooner turned his cheeks, than she rattled on with her rambling gossip.

"So you know Dallas and Sallows, Mr. Manners. They are extensive manufacturers of some kind. Both nice men in their way, but neither of them will set the river on fire. Do you think they will, sir?"

"I have never thought about them or their concerns, madam," was Manners's somewhat brief rejoinder; "but," and as he uttered the question, a slight tinge shot across his brow, "was miss Herbert so *very* much attached to them, and was their intercourse of so very intimate a nature as you have described?"

"Oh, sir, I cannot tell you half, but everybody talked about it at the time; if you don't believe me, only ask Harry Meadows, who had a flirtation with her himself, and used to kiss her almost as much as Dallas."

"Kiss her, madam," said Manners; "impossible!"

"Pooh! why, everybody kissed her; her kisses were as cheap and abundant as those sold at the confectioner's"

Manners would hear no more—he rose from his seat, took his hat, and bade her an abrupt adieu. He walked hastily through the village, with a thousand contending emotions at work in his bosom—the principal of which, however, were scorn for the slanders he had listened to, and self-reproach for having, for an instant, wronged the woman he loved by entertaining one suspicion of her faith and constancy. The tumult of his passions, however, arose to such an excess, and his agitation became so intense, that he found it necessary to proceed immediately on his journey. He travelled all night, and when he alighted the next morning at the village of Boxford, he found himself so utterly prostrated that he could not continue his journey. Isabella's long silence, and a thousand trivial circumstances, which singly were nothing, and which he had imagined he had forgotten, but which called up from the recesses of memory, and linked together by connecting events, formed an array of painful and disquieting sensations, which he could not easily dismiss from his mind. The stories he had so recently heard, the doubts and fears which had been so busy within him previous to the commencement of his journey, and for the solution of which that journey was undertaken—all conspired to agonize his feelings and wring his heart to the utmost; so that, when the morning dawned, a raging fever was scorching his brow, and revelling in his veins. A long and painful sickness ensued; from which, however, he recovered after the lapse of many weeks.

It was at the close of a beautiful autumnal day, when the rays of the setting sun in their western slope were lingering upon the quiet vales of S., and throwing a golden flush upon its forests, that blushed beneath the rich colouring with which autumn is invested ere she takes her farewell, and yields to the near approach of winter—when the wind, as it whistles through the sere foliage, shakes the leaves in myriads to the earth, and sighs, as if it were mournfully chanting the requiem of the season—when nature puts on her holiest and most beautiful vesture, and a silent melancholy is hanging over the face of all things, above, below, around—pervading the field, the hill, the valley, and the stream—covering the former with its russet robe of brown, and crisping the waters with her fresh but invigorating breath—that Edward Manners knocked at the well-known portal of the idol of his soul. A cordial welcome greeted him from all the inmates of the dwelling, and it was not until a thousand questions respecting his health and prospects had been answered by him, that he ventured to interrupt the conversation by an inquiry for Isabella. This seemed to occasion some embarrassment, and a long silence ensued, which was broken by the information that she had gone from home, and was not expected to return. The state of his feelings was such that he asked no more about her, until he had an opportunity of speaking to her sister, from whom he learned, that soon after his separation from Isabella, a gentleman of the name of Landseer, visited that part of the country, with whom Isabella, after a short acquaintance, had eloped, and it was supposed, had gone to Italy. Edward Manners received this intelligence with so much composure, that the sister never for a moment suspected how deeply he was interested in her communication—there was a slight flush upon his pallid cheek, that lingered there a moment, and then left it as before. But, oh, the anguish of his heart! that heart that so prized his lost Isabella, in which he had garnered up for her the rich harvest of his hopes and feelings, and which he had brought home to lay at her feet, and to consecrate to her service. Among all her admirers, his sensibilities were the most delicately strung, his soul the most refined, and his love the most sincere. He had entrusted the whole of his happiness to her keeping; and when he discovered that the rich deposit had been consigned to hands regardless of its value, he left the scene of his disappointment, and in other regions and among other society sought out new motives of energy, and fresh inducements to support existence—he toiled on in the pursuits of the world with a cheerful look, but a sered and blighted heart. The impression of his only attachment could not be effaced, and I believe that I am the sole person on earth to whom he ever confided the brief particulars that I have woven into this sketch. Of Isabella, and the other

admirers, I know nothing farther; but I suppose they are all living on, and contented with their lot.

I intended to add another sketch or two, and to accompany them with some reflections arising therefrom; but the length of this communication admonishes me to defer them, and it only remains for me now to subscribe myself, Messrs. Editors, your friend and well-wisher.

PORTIA.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

THE following opinions of that good man, Mr. Coleridge, on the proper observance of the christian sabbath, are entitled to much attention on account of their intrinsic merits, and for the sake of the excellent and devout spirit by which they were inspired.

"How grossly misunderstood the genuine character of the christian sabbath, or Lord's day, seems to be even by the church! To confound it with the Jewish sabbath, or to rest its observance upon the fourth commandment, is in my judgment heretical, and would so have been considered in the primitive church. That cessation from labour on the Lord's day could not have been absolutely incumbent on Christians for two centuries after Christ, is apparent; because, during that period the greater part of the Christians were either slaves or in official situations under Pagan masters or superiors, and had duties to perform for those who did not recognise the day. And we know that St. Paul sent back Onesimus to his master, and told every Christian slave, that, being a Christian, he was free in his mind indeed, but still must serve his earthly master, although he might laudibly seek for his personal freedom also. If the early Christians had refused to work on the Lord's day, rebellion and civil war must have been the immediate consequences. But there is no intimation of any such cessation. The Jewish sabbath was commemorative of the termination of the great act of creation; it was to record that the world had not been from eternity, nor had arisen as a dream by itself, but that God had created it by distinct acts of power, and that he had hallowed the day or season in which he rested or desisted from his work. When our Lord arose from the dead, the old creation was, as it were, superseded, and the new creation then began; and therefore, the first day and not the last day, the commencement and not the end, of the work of God, was solemnized. Luther, in speaking of the *good by itself*, and the good *for its expediency alone*, instances the observance of the Christian day of rest—a day of repose from manual labour, and of activity in spiritual labour—a day of joy and co-operation in the work of Christ's creation. "Keep it holy," says he "for its use's sake, both to body and soul! But, if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake—if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it—to do anything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty." The early church distinguished the day of Christian rest so strongly from a fast, that it was unlawful for a man to bewail even *his own sins*, as such only, on that day. He was to bewail the sins of *all*, and to pray as one of the whole of Christ's body. And the English Reformers evidently took the same view of the day as Luther and the early church. But, unhappily, our church, in the reigns of James and Charles the First, was so identified with the undue advancement of the royal prerogative, that the puritanical Judaizing of the Presbyterians was but too well seconded by the patriots of the nation, in resisting the wise efforts of the church to prevent the incipient alteration in the character of the day of rest. After the Restoration, the bishops and clergy in general adopted the view taken and enforced by their enemies. By-the-by, it is curious to observe, in this semi-infidel and Malthusian parliament, how the Sabbatarian spirit unites itself with a rancorous hostility to that one institution which alone, according to reason and experience, can insure the continuance of any general religion at all in the nation at large. Some of these gentlemen, who are for not letting a poor labouring-man have a dish of baked potatoes on a Sunday, *religionis gratia*—God forgive that audacious blasphemy! are foremost among those who seem to live but in vilifying, weakening, and impoverishing the national church. I own my indignation boils over against such contemptible fellows. I sincerely wish to preserve a decent quiet on Sunday. I would prohibit compulsory labour, and put down operas, theatres, &c., for this plain reason: that if the rich be allowed to play, the poor will be forced—or, what comes to the same thing, will be induced to work. I am not for a Paris Sunday. But to stop coaches, and let the gentleman's carriage run, is monstrous."

THE ALGERINE CORSAIRS.

[We have been much amused with the following account, which we find in Mr. Lord's work, of the origin of American relations with Algiers. It is highly characteristic of the barbarians who so long bade defiance to the civilized world, and compelled even brother Jonathan to pay tribute, notwithstanding his national antipathy thereto].

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During the long struggle at the early part of this century between the French and English, commerce, in consequence of Buonaparte's attempts to enforce a general blockade, was excessively diminished, insomuch that, few nations having merchant vessels at sea, little was heard of the piracies and atrocities of the Algerine corsairs. With the return of peace, in 1814, the seas were re-opened, and at the same time it became evident, that these barbarians had lost none of their former disposition by inaction. Their fleets, more numerous and active than ever, ploughed up the Mediterranean in every direction; the unfortunate inhabitants of the coasts of Spain, Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia, were daily exposed to the descents of those sea robbers, who plundered their property, and bore away to the bagnios of Algiers those who did not rescue themselves by a speedy flight. But a new power had now sprung up, from which this insolence was to receive a first check. This power was the United States of America. But to understand its relations with Algiers we must go a little back, and notice the mode in which these relations were commenced.

Nothing indeed can well be simpler. The states were scarcely freed from British rule, and established as an independent power, than the Dey, hearing that vessels had appeared on the ocean under a new flag, and seeming to carry on a thriving commerce, issued a declaration of war against them in 1785. The consequence was, that some of their vessels were soon captured, and the crews added to the list of Christian slaves, which already embraced inhabitants of most European countries. The States were at that time almost struggling for existence, so that they could do nothing else than send two deputies, Messrs. Randall and Lamb, to treat for the ransom of their citizens, and endeavour to procure a treaty. To this latter proposal the Dey was quite deaf. "If," said he, "I make peace with every body, what shall I do with my corsairs? What shall I do with my soldiers? They would take off my head for the want of other prizes, not being able to live on their miserable allowance." To the other proposal, however, he paid all becoming attention; and, as a preliminary to business, had the politeness to inform the deputies that he was well acquainted with the exploits of their illustrious countryman, General Washington; and feeling a great admiration of his conduct, and never expecting to see him, if Congress would do him the favour to send him a portrait of that celebrated person, he would hang it up in his palace at Algiers. This mark of sensibility, however, seems to have had no effect in moderating the price of the captives, the following valuation of which was by the Dey's order handed to Mr. Lamb. Its commercial accuracy, and the insertion of custom-house duty at the end, will shew that in such matters the Dey was not a whit behind his more civilized neighbours.

ESTIMATION OF AMERICAN CAPTIVES.

	Dollars.
For 3 captains, at 6,000 dollars each . .	18,000
2 mates, at 4,000 dollars each . .	8,000
2 passengers, at 4,000 dollars each	8,000
14 seamen, 1,400 dollars each	19,600
	53,600
For custom 11 per cent. . . .	5,896
Total . .	59,496

As this amounted to an average of about 2800 dollars a captive, the dismay of the poor deputies, who had come prepared to offer 200, may well be conceived. Unwilling to relinquish all hope of liberating their fellow-citizens, yet unable in the impoverished state of the American treasury to come at all near the terms proposed, they felt themselves in a most disagreeable dilemma, from which they saw no means of escape, but by accepting the proffered intervention of the Mathurin Fathers, who still continued to have an establishment at Algiers, and had lately succeeded in purchasing some French captives at so low a rate as 500 dollars a head. Into their hands, therefore, the negotiation was committed; but they were so unskilful, or so dilitory in their proceedings, that the revolution in France put an end to their own revenues and order before any thing had been effected; so that the Americans still continued to languish in chains until the year 1792, when Washington, finding that there

was no other resource, proposed to the senate to buy a treaty with Algiers, allowing 40,000 dollars for their captives, now reduced to 13, together with 25,000 dollars as a present to the Dey on signing, and 25,000 dollars more yearly tribute. The proposal was revolting to national pride and honour; but it was the result of dire necessity, and the example of most European powers might be pleaded in extenuation. Still there was much repugnance to its acceptance, and even some efforts were made towards fitting out a fleet to protect their Mediterranean commerce, and chastise the barbarians, when further delay was prevented and all their scruples overcome by news that the corsairs had, in a single cruise, swept off ten of their vessels; so that in November, 1793, the number of captives at Algiers had increased to 115, of which only ten remained of the unfortunate men originally captured in 1785. Negotiations were at once set on foot; the Dey's demands had of course risen in proportion to the number of his prisoners, and the Americans had not only to pay ransom at a high rate, with presents, marine stores, and a yearly tribute, but to build and present to the Dey, as a propitiatory offering, a thirty-six gun frigate; so that the whole expenses fell little short of a million of dollars: in return for which they obtained liberty for their captives, protection for their merchant vessels, and the right of free trade with Algiers. The treaty was signed September 5th, 1795: and from that time up to 1812 the Dey continued on tolerably good terms with the Congress; indeed, so highly was he pleased with them in 1800, that he signified to the consul his intention of sending an ambassador to the Porte, with the customary presents, in the Washington, a small American frigate, at that time lying in the harbour of Algiers. In vain the consul and captain remonstrated, and represented that they had no authority to send the vessel on such a mission; they were silenced by the assurance that it was a particular honour conferred on them which the Dey had declined offering to any of the English vessels then in harbour, as he was rather angry with that nation. The Washington was obliged to be prepared for the service; the corsair flag, bearing the turbaned head of Ali, was run up to her maintop, under a salute of seven guns; and in this respectable plight she sailed up the Mediterranean, dropped anchor before the Seven Towers, where, having landed her cargo, she was permitted to resume her own colours, and was thus the first vessel to hoist the American Union in the Thracian Bosphorus.

In 1812, however, the Dey, finding his funds at a low ebb, and receiving from all quarters reports that a wealthy American commerce was afloat, determined on trying them with a new war. He was peculiarly unfortunate in the time chosen, as the States, having about a month previously declared war with Great Britain, had, in fact, withdrawn most of the merchant ships from the sea, so that the only prize which fell into the hands of the Dey's cruisers was a small brig, with a crew of eleven persons. The time at length came for putting an end to these lawless depredations, and peace having been concluded with England, President Madison, in 1815, despatched an American squadron, under Commodores Bainbridge and Decatur, with Mr. Shaler as envoy, on board, to demand full satisfaction for all injuries done to American subjects, the immediate release of such as were captives, the restitution of their property, with an assurance that no future violence should be offered, and also to negotiate the preliminaries of a treaty on terms of perfect equality, no proposal of tribute being at all admissible. The squadron reached its destination early in June, and having captured an Algerine frigate and brig of war, suddenly appeared before Algiers, at a moment when all the cruisers were at sea, and delivered, for the consideration of the divan, the terms on which they were commissioned to make peace; together with a letter from the President to the Dey. Confounded by the sudden and entirely unexpected appearance of this force, the Algerines agreed on the 30th of June to the proposals of a treaty, almost without discussion. Some difficulty having occurred in the execution of the stipulations, Mr. Shaler, who had taken up his residence as American consul, at once retired; on which occasion, the Dey wrote the following letter to the President, which, though rather lengthy, we give entire (from the American Diplomatic Papers), as affording a curious specimen of Algerine notions respecting American government and independence, and as we are not aware that it has before appeared in any English publication.

(Translation.)

" With the aid and assistance of divinity, and in the reign of our sovereign,

the asylum of the world, powerful and great monarch, transactor of all good actions, the best of men, the shadow of God, director of good order, king of kings, supreme ruler of the world, emperor of the earth, emulator of Alexander the Great, possessor of great forces, sovereign of the two worlds and of the seas, Mahmoud Kahn (may God end his life with prosperity, and his reign be everlasting and glorious!), his humble and obedient servant, actual sovereign governor and chief of Algiers, submitted for ever to the orders of his Imperial Majesty's noble throne OMAR PASHA (may his government be happy and prosperous),

"To his Majesty, the Emperor of America, its adjacent and dependent provinces and coasts, and wherever his government may extend, our noble friend, the support of the kings of the nation of Jesus, the pillar of all Christian sovereigns, the most glorious amongst many lords and nobles, the happy, the great, the amiable JAMES MADISON, Emperor of America (may his reign be happy and glorious, and his life long and prosperous), wishing him long possession of the seal of his blessed throne, and long life and health. Amen. Hoping that your health is in good state, I inform you that mine is excellent, thanks to the Supreme Being, constantly addressing my humble prayers to the Almighty for your felicity.

"After many years have elapsed, you have at last sent a squadron, commanded by Admiral Decatur, your most humble servant, for the purpose of treating of peace with us. I received the letter, of which he was the bearer, and understood its contents. The enmity which was between us having been extinguished, you desired to make peace, as France and England have done. Immediately after the arrival of your squadron in our harbour, I sent my answer to your servant, the Admiral, through the medium of the Swedish consul, whose proposals I was disposed to agree to, on condition that our frigate and sloop of war taken by you should be returned to us, and brought back to Algiers:—on these conditions we would sign peace according to your wishes and request. Our answer having thus been explained to your servant the admiral, by the Swedish consul, he agreed to treat with us upon the above mentioned conditions; but having afterwards insisted upon the liberation of all American citizens, as well as upon a certain sum of money for several merchant vessels made prizes of by us, and of other objects belonging to the Americans, we did not hesitate a moment to comply with his wishes, and in consequence of which we have restored to the said admiral your servant, all that he demanded from us. In the meantime, the said admiral having given his word to send back our two ships of war, and not having performed his promise, he has thus violated the faithful articles of peace which were signed between us, and by so doing a new treaty must be made.

"I inform you, therefore, that a treaty of peace having been signed between America and us, during the reign of Hassan Pasha, twenty years past, I propose to renew the said treaty on the same basis stipulated in it, and if you agree to it our friendship will be solid and lasting. I intended to be on higher terms of amity with our friends the Americans than ever before, being the first nation with whom I made peace; but as they have not been able to put into execution our present treaty, it appears necessary for us to treat on the above-mentioned conditions. We hope that, with the assistance of God, you will answer this our letter immediately after you shall have a perfect knowledge of its contents. If you agree, according to our request, to the conditions specified in the said treaty, please to send us an early answer. If, on the contrary, you are not satisfied with my propositions, you will act against the sacred duty of man, and against the laws of nations.

"Requesting only that you will have the goodness to remove your consul as soon as possible, assuring you that it will be very agreeable to us, these are our last words to you, and we pray God to keep you in his holy guard.

"Written in the year of the Hegira 1231, the 20th day of the month Dge Mazirl Covel, (April 24, 1815).

"Signed in our well-beloved city
"of Algiers, OMAR,
"Son of Mohammed, Conqueror and Great."

As the conditions, to which the Dey refers in this letter, included the payment of tribute, they were of course rejected, and a treaty, founded on the American proposals, was finally concluded; but not until Algiers had been humbled to the dust by the British bombardment, under Lord Exmouth, which took place the following year.

THE PARTERRE

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BRIGADIER HART'S MISFORTUNE!

(For the Parterre.)

Our battle is more full of names than yours;
Our men more perfect in the use of arms;
Our armour all as strong, our cause as just;
Then reason wills our *hearts* should be as good.
SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are few persons for whom I entertain a more sincere regard than George Hart of B—— Street. I would give his address in full, but that I fear it might bring more acquaintances around him than it would be convenient for my friend George to receive, in his small but comfortable home. It is probable, however, that my readers never would have heard of him but that George is a very excellent and "pleasant fellow withal." He has the steady honesty of the Englishman before dinner, and *after it* all the whim, fun, and eccentricity of the Irishman. Would that my friend could be seen as I have seen him—having taken with due discretion, and the proportionate quantity of hot water and sugar, one glass of smuggled Irish whiskey (for after all, the only way to procure the real, pure, unsophisticated, and unadulterated *native*, in London, is by smuggling it), and, having placed another jug of hot water before him, and filled out a second glass, while his eye twinkled with humour, and scintillated with conscious satisfaction of the inward man, he proceeded to tell the following story:—

"We have been talking a great deal this evening about the army. I love the army—as an Englishman I am proud of its achievements, and I am almost as fond of the sight of a red-coat as a woman is. I respect a soldier, I reverence an officer, and I almost idolize a general. They all seem so grand, with their feathers, and their gold lace, and have such *a killing look*, with their swords, their guns, and their cannons, that I would long since have purchased a commission for myself but for two reasons—first, the Horse-Guards give very bad interest for the money, and next, I feel that I have so little bravery about me, that had it been my misfor-

tune to have been at Waterloo, I should never have worn the medal; for *I should have died of the fright*. To say the truth, gentlemen, I would defy all the craniologists in the world to discover on the cranium of a true-born Hart the bump of combativeness. We are infected with none of your rash bull-dog-like valour that makes men volunteer in 'a forlorn-hope' or face a *chevaux-de-frise*. No, we are a quiet peaceable race, and have not had even a single 'affair of honour' on our hands. Few of us have ever handled a loaded pistol—one or two venturesome spirits, I am told, were upon a time enticed into a shooting gallery, and their courage was tried there, but they missed the mark, and were near hitting their own toes.

"There was a single exception to the amiable placability of the Harts; he of whom I speak, was indeed a hero, and died like Wolfe, and Abercrombie, and Picton 'in the red field of fight.' This distinguished soldier was my great-great-grand-uncle, Brigadier Hart. Bless his old head! but *his picture*—for I have seen it a thousand times, is *the very picture* of a martial hero. I think I see the pattern of chivalry standing before me—his hair white with powder, and erect with pomatum, stuffed into a black equilateral triangle, decorated with a fiery little red feather, that looks as angry as a burning cinder in a coal-box. His face as brown as an old boot top, and relieved by a cocked up nose, the smallness of which is greatly compensated for by its determined rosy hue. His neck was long as a swan's, and from the lace cravat, as white, and as stiff as a drum-stick—his red coat almost lost, in the width and extent of its blue and gold facings; and then his nethermost man encased in boots as dark and bright as a raven's wing, and reaching to the middle of his thighs, while above them his spotless, his white, his never-to-be-forgotten, his ever-to-be-mentioned *unmentionables*. With those *subligacula* breeches, pantaloons, or whatever else you choose to call them, I should premise to you, that a sad and melancholy story is connected. Poor, dear, brave, lamented chevalier, there was nothing in the world respecting which he was so particular as his pantaloons—they were composed of the best buck-skin, they were white as the driven-snow, not a wrinkle was to be seen in them, not a spot to be noted on them, and yet in what a sad plight have they been transmitted to posterity!

"Brigadier Hart, from his boyhood, was so very brave, in fact, so outrageously courageous, that he never could procure an opportunity of displaying his valour. There was pugnacity in his eye, destruction on his brow, and death in his fist. And then he spoke so boldly, and so magnanimously, and challenged his playmates to box, so ferociously, that all shrunk from him, and would never even gratify him with a pugilistic encounter. He talked with such transcendent courage of splitting sculls with slates, flattening noses with leaden ink-bottles, and ripping up stomachs with pen-knives, that even his preceptors feared to lay their ferule on his shoulders, when it was his will and pleasure not to learn any of the lessons prescribed to him. As he grew up, his delight was in blood—he was great in shooting birds, and he was awful in a cock-pit, where he insisted on having the pleasure of killing every cowardly *dunghill* that ran when once it felt the steel. His exalted chivalrie bravery exhaled upon such occasions in magniloquent execrations against even a dumb creature, because nature had not endowed it with his own enduring and never-to-be surpassed courage. As if he were, however, possessed of a prophetic intimation of his ultimate fate, he never indulged in hunting, although he had been often heard to declare, that he delighted in feats of dangerous horsemanship.

"All the peaceful professions of life were estimated by the young Brigadier as being beneath the dignity of manly virtue, and those who devoted themselves to such occupations, were regarded by him as so many poltroons. He contemned commercial men, denounced both lawyers and churchmen,—there was no restraining his military ardour, 'he would be a soldier,' and accordingly a commission was procured for him, as soon as he could poise a sword, and almost before he could write his name legibly. At seventeen years of age he entered the British army, then commanded by Lord Churchill, afterwards created Duke of Marlborough.

So exuberantly brave was the bold Brigadier, that he broke his first sword against the palings of his father's park, in shewing to the fear-stricken tenantry with how little remorse he would cut through an entire troop of French cavalry. He maintained the same character for his readiness to perform gallant achievements to the very termination of his career. Even "the great duke" it is positively asserted has admired him—

at a review. He was a most rigid disciplinarian. There was not a man in his company who was not exactly five feet nine inches high, and who had not been flogged, at least three times. A buckle misplaced, a button lost, were offences for which the Brigadier was sure to bring the culprit to the halberts. His men were as like one another as if they had been all cut out of the same block, and there was as little difference between them in appearance, as between so many candlesticks of the same pattern—all were the same height—all were of the same stiffness, and all were ornamented in the same manner. They were as like as nine-pins, and intended for the same purpose, to hold their places in a field until a ball should knock them down.

"As long as the regiment remained in England, the Brigadier was the admiration of the officers, the wonder of the men, the fear of the women, and the terror of all the vagabond boys that lurk round a regiment at home, as in time of war vultures and other unclean birds hang on the skirts of an army. My great-great-great grandfather calculated, nay, he boasted, that the Brigadier would return (if any chance shot should take off the Duke of Marlborough) the commander-in-chief of the English forces; as amongst them, my venerated ancestor was aware, that not a single officer or even soldier spoke so minaciously as the undaunted Brigadier was wont to do. Terror plumed his three-cornered hat, victory seemed to rest upon his sword, war rustled in his epaulettes, fear fled trembling before him, and fame appeared to hurry after him, that she might present him with the baton of a field marshal. Thus in all 'the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war' did Brigadier Hart sail with his regiment from England. But alas, and a lack-a-day! the course of war is like love's, 'it never did run smooth.' When once the army got into the field, the character of the Brigadier began to diminish. Upon the shores of his native land it shone with all the undiminished effulgence of the full-moon. It lost a portion of its brilliancy at Schellenberg, became still less at Hochstadt; my great-great-grand-uncle being prevented by a sudden illness in both places, from aiding the Duke in his defeat of the French and Bavarians; it was almost totally obscured at Ramilies, where a sore foot confined the warrior to his camp, and it was in its last quarter at Oudenarde, upon which occasion a bowel complaint precluded my renowned ancestor from wielding his redoubted sword, and thus expediting the victory of England over France. It was said, (in our family) that the Duke of Marlborough had heard of the anticipations entertained respecting the future fame of his son, by my great-great-great grandfather, and therefore, instead of making the young man a major-general at least, he returned to his home at the close of the war, still a simple Brigadier.

"Here was a great man labouring against misfortune, and my soldier-like ancestor endured it with the most magnanimous patience. He always consoled himself for not having been promoted, by abusing in the most christian-like manner the Duke's mode of warfare. He declared that he possessed none of the qualifications of a general—that he was a mere soldier, only fit for fighting, and would never give any of his officers the opportunity of displaying their tactics, nor of himself creating materials for such a work for posterity, as Xenophon's 'retreat of the ten thousand.'

"An officer of the gallant bearing of the Brigadier could not be permitted to remain in tranquillity, and 'inglorious ease' at home. Upon the death of the Duke of Marlborough, whom he always estimated as his rival, he was recalled to the service, and he again left England, promising to obtain for himself, by some unheard-of glorious achievement, an undying renown. Sad promise! and alas, too faithfully observed! He was in the English army under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick at Bergen. The climate there was unhealthy, and by a sad coincidence of misfortunes he was not able to partake of the dangers of the day, or most assuredly the English army would on that occasion have been saved from 'the check' as we term it, but as the French had the impertinence to designate it, 'the defeat' then suffered. Although not sufficiently strong to be in the battle, the Brigadier exhibited to the admiration of the entire army, his noble management of his favourite manœuvre in the retreat, and led on his men in such gallant style from Bergen to Minden, that the French were never able to come up with him,—so that his muster-roll was complete, and at the latter place he had all his men fresh and fit for *another battle.*

"I come now to 'the last sad scene of all'—flushed with all the triumph of the gallant deed he had performed, my valorous progenitor encamped at Minden. Woe's the day! he was there to fall a victim to his impetuous bravery. I do

not mean to describe the battle of Minden —sufficient is it for me to state that the Brigadier was in the field that day, and had as little idea he should have been engaged in it, as the celebrated Lord George Sackville, who upon the same occasion commanded the cavalry, and refused to bring them into action, as he said he had received contradictory orders, and like my ancestor, was too good a disciplinarian to fight without being directly, and positively, and unequivocally commanded so to do.

"The Brigadier, who always paid particular attention to the safety of his men, had them drawn up under the shelter of a scanty wood, when unexpectedly a body of French carabineers and gendarmerie turned the wood and fronted the hero and his soldiers. Prince Ferdinand saw the French were unsupported, and directed the Brigadier to charge them. Nothing could equal the delight of my great-great-grand-uncle upon receiving such an order—he actually turned pale with pleasure. He waved his sword over his head, cut six with it, dashed his spurs into his horse's side, and called on his men to follow him. At that moment the French appeared to be retreating, the Brigadier shouted 'victory,' and hurried after them. What a splendid figure of a warrior he presented at that moment! his hat martially cocked on his head, the tails of his red coat streaming behind him, his bright sword flashing, his big boots thundering at his horse's side; and the most chivalrous curses in his mouth, as he charged upon the French. They however, with their national treachery, wheeled unexpectedly round—their polished bayonets blazed suddenly in the eyes of the Brigadier's horse—a nasty, stubborn, wilful, headstrong, hard-mouthed, obstinate animal; for, instead of running on the bayonets of the French, as the rider no doubt wished, despite of all the efforts of my great-great-grand-uncle to control it, its back was in an instant to the faces of the foe, and at that sad moment the French fired—the shot struck with an unerring aim. The Brigadier, in order that he might the better bring round his horse, had his head drawn as low as possible on its neck; in fact, some say his head was as low as its chest, and thus that very portion of his person which he never contemplated should be seen by an enemy was the very place in which his death-wound was inflicted! Achilles was mortal in his heel, and my uncle *there*. The skirts of his coat were shot to nothing, and the back-part of his pantaloons as full of holes as a sieve! Thus died 'the bravest of the brave'—thus mutilated were those white buckskin pantaloons, which theretofore were immaculate. Such gallantry has not been unrewarded—these mutilated remains of the most dauntless valour are still to be seen in the Tower. I have been told that it is in contemplation of the Garter King-at-Arms, that, at the next coronation, they shall be worn by our future Queen, or at most presented to her, as a suitable testimonial of the devotion of our modern soldiers to their female sovereigns. My only surprise is, that a monument has not been erected in Westminster Abbey to this brave soldier. What a noble subject would it not be for the chisel of Chantry, to depict the Brigadier at the very moment in which he was killed, and in the very attitude in which he was thus inhumanly shot by the French soldiers, whom he was so resolved upon cutting to pieces!

"At the conclusion of the day's engagement the body of the Brigadier was found 'lifeless, pale, and cold;'—the frown of outraged heroism was still upon his brow, and—he was almost as destitute of a nether garment as a Highlander. But, will it be believed, that he who had thus fallen, was assailed in his gory tomb by the resurrection-like, calumnious tongues of envious Burkers. They had, I assure you, the audacity to assert that he was running away when he was killed!!! He, the most undaunted, valorous-spoken gentleman that ever described a fight, or cried out 'Victory' (as he supposed) after a retreating foe! No; he was 'eager for the fray;' his courage was strong, but his hand was weak, or his horse could never have placed him in a position in which he might be killed. It was alleged, in proof of his want of courage, that the wound was in the posterior portion of his person; but if it were, he was only the more like that great general, Marshal the Duke of Berwick, who states in his memoirs, he never was in all his life wounded but once, and that was *in the back*.*

"Gentlemen, my sad tale is concluded. The Allies won the battle of Minden; but they lost Brigadier Hart."

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* Je reçus une grosse contusion à l'épine du dos; c'est l'unique blessure que j'ai eue de ma vie.—*Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick.*

OLD MAIDS.

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The following letter came into our possession on the demise of its talented and most amiable authoress; she bequeathed to us a certain packet of papers, containing, among other rare and curious documents, this brief history of her life.

At the age of sixty-five, she retained many traces of a very lovely woman, and was a model of happy existence. Cheerful in temper, and beneficent in disposition, she went about doing good—remarking to her friends, that, as she had no husband to humour, nor children to engross her care, she had adopted the unfortunate and the distressed. Thus, like an "angel of light" she lived, and her death made good the saying:

"How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!"

Her letter is highly characteristic of the woman, and the old maid. How delightfully and unconsciously her vanity peeps out; and how accurately, albeit by "accident," she traces the career of a beautiful woman.

Well, "peace be with her ashes." She was an admirable creature, and full of the purest elements of humanity. She had in perfection the "*mens rite quid indoles.*" We have mourned for her as a "bright star" departed—we have planted over her "narrow home" a white rose-tree; and as the summer breeze "gives and takes odours" as it sweeps over its narrow flowers, we sit and moralize in the secluded spot she selected for her final resting-place. *Eheu! Vale!*

—

"My dearest Jane,—You have done quite right, my love, in consulting me on the subject of your letter. Our intemperate and irregular foot-post did not deliver it till yesterday, so that you will perceive, my dear, how anxious I am that you should have my advice early—indeed, so much do I feel myself interested in your welfare, that I would have paid your excellent mother a visit on this occasion, had it not been quite impossible.—I must, however, tell you, my love, that I am seriously angry, that you should have suffered this '*affaire du cœur*' to come so near a crisis, before mentioning it to me. This was ill-considered—I hope, however, that you have kept it as secret as such things can be—and that I am your only confidante.

"You say, in your note, my dear child, 'that you have always understood that I was a distinguished beauty, and a reigning belle in my youth; (a circumstance you declare you should have certainly found out from my present appearance); and that I had numbers of excellent opportunities of being well married.' And farther, that you have often heard me say—that I am an old maid by accident—and, in conclusion, beg that I will be so good as to give you a few hints, to enable you to avoid a similar catastrophe.

"Ah! my young friend, when I was barely your age, Agatha M—— was, indeed, all you have heard; celebrated alike for beauty and feminine accomplishments, and hovered round by a crowd of suitors, all of whom strove zealously to win her favour. Time, my sweet Jane, has changed me greatly; though, unlike my friend Mrs. Inchbald, I dare still look the few relics of my male admirers in the face. My hair, once floating in raven blackness, is becoming stiff and slightly grey; and my figure, once rounded, and of very graceful contour, is somewhat thinner. But I must remember, my love, that fifty winters have seen me a maiden—and, indeed, for the last four or five years I have almost ceased to think of such vanities. Your letter, however, and your situation, have carried back my thoughts more than twenty years. You are yourself, my dear Jane, eminently handsome—and said to be somewhat like what I was at your age. I therefore feel for you—and though you consider old maidism to be something dreadful, I will say nothing at present to the contrary.

"After some consideration, I think it will be the best to tell you briefly my 'mischances,' as you term them; leaving your own wit to extract the moral. This will, I conceive, be more to the purpose than a dry catalogue of hints—which you might fail to apply.

"My first love, if indeed I did love him, which I now seriously doubt, was Sir James Chartres. I was then little more than sixteen—full of vivacity and childish gaiety, and playful as a kitten. He was a young man of aristocratic birth and education; and proud and formal to a most tiresome degree. I walked with him, sang for him, and sat with him; and in return, he recited Latin quotations, and laboured speeches, full of 'wise saws,' I dare say, but which required all the awe I felt for him to preserve me from laughing in his face. Proposals were made, however, and accepted, and I was congratulated on my good fortune by all my friends, and in the end, a day was fixed for our marriage.

"I looked forward to the event with a sort of girlish wonder—for a lover's kiss, or a lover's embrace, I had never had from my betrothed husband. When he visited me, 'stately stepped he east the wa', and stately stepped he west'—but no murmured vows of tenderness did he ever breathe—the whole seemed a sort of mechanical contrivance to get a wife, and whether he had any warmth of feeling under his dignified and prepossessing exterior, I never knew.

"We were seated, one delicious summer evening, in our garden-house, the quiet hour. The odour of the closing flowers, and the deepening twilight, had, I presume, stirred some chord of love in my bosom—for I sighed audibly, as the whispering breeze stole softly around me. Sir James was standing at the open window, with folded arms, looking probably at the stars, as they were just becoming visible, and hearing this sigh, commenced a long harangue to the moon. I was vexed, I believe, and to requite his lover's tact, I laughed outright. He turned round thunderstruck, for he was vain and pedantic. 'Really,' I said, 'Sir James, it is a little hard, that you should address the moon, in place of doing the agreeable to a young lady, like myself.' My gentleman was silent—I went on, for I was piqued—'I should like a little more familiarity in our intercourse, and that you should direct your talents toward amusing your bride elect;' and saying this, I rose and put on my bonnet. 'Familiarity, Miss M——, breeds contempt.' 'I wish you good evening, Sir James;' and opening the door, vanished from his eyes—I saw no more of him that night, and in the morning my father received a very cold note, regretting that Sir James Chartres had misunderstood his daughter's sentiments, and made both him and herself ridiculous. An explanation was asked and given, and I received a severe lecture on my imprudence. A long apologetic letter was sent, but it failed in softening Sir James's displeasure; and so the affair ended. A very childish affair you will perhaps think it was; but if your lover is proud, cold, selfish, and fancies himself learned, and you like him, let him talk his talking, and don't be familiar or laugh at him. This sort of individuals may, for anything I know, make good husbands, provided their wives are content to be silent; but it cannot be denied, that they are very stupid lovers; and besides, my dear Jane, I was a child.

"The report of my engagement with Sir James, and of our approaching marriage, had of course, to a certain extent, deprived me of that incense which is ever grateful to a woman—universal admiration. But no sooner was this understood to be off, than I was again surrounded by flatterers. Among the most assiduous of these admirers, was Edward Manly—a man of singularly elegant and refined manners—yet little liked, because little understood by the society in which he moved. Shy, retiring and shrinking from general observation, he, nevertheless, possessed in perfection every moral and physical attribute, to make him deeply and devotedly beloved by a woman of feeling. The coldness and abstraction which rendered him unpopular, gave way in privacy to a warmth, an *empressement*, and a tenderness of acting and speaking, which were quite enchanting. His cultivated understanding displayed its wealth, by embellishing his social feelings; and the low and rich tones of his voice came wooingly upon the ear, and chained her who heard them, with a delicious fascination. His attentions in public were never obtrusive, and seldom apparent to common observers—but they were abundantly obvious to the one who was their object. I was this object, and soon felt their full force. While others deemed him proud and repulsive, I saw, in a thousand ways, how delicately and how touchingly he was paying me homage—and I loved him, Jane—loved him before I was even aware.

"My heart had been untouched by Sir James; I had seen him come and depart, without emotion—but the footfall of Edward Manly was music to my ears. I was uncomfortably happy in his presence, and unreasonably dejected during his absence. He was my equal in rank, and our attachment was sanctioned by my friends. Again I sat in the garden-house, but Manly was at my side. With one hand clasped in his, and my head resting upon his shoulder, twilight enshrouded us, the flowers closed, the stars came forth to gem the evening sky, the moon rose in unclouded majesty—but I heeded them not, for the glow of a first love enwrapped all my faculties. The murmured speech, the half-heaved sigh, the long, yet speaking silence, made the hours fly like 'winged moments'—and the one kiss at parting was an interchange of souls.

"Manly's moral peculiarity was an excessive refinement of feeling, a morbid delicacy of temperament, which made

him shrink from everything coarse or vulgar, as if its touch would have been profanation. Nay, so far did he carry these notions, that I believe it was painful to him to see his mistress eat or drink. But I loved him, and love taught me cunning; and though it would occasionally happen that the vivacity of my temper hurried me beyond bounds, yet I was ever anxious and ready to make atonement. It was upon this rock, however, that my hopes and my love were shipwrecked.

"There was a Mr. Favell, who frequently dined at our table—a man of property, but of rough and blunt manners. He was a noted *roué*, and I shame to say, a very general favourite among our sex. He was a licensed freebooter of small favours among us, while his ready laugh, and a fund of native, though coarse wit, made him very amusing.

"This man and Manly were the antipodes to each other; and a fit of the sullens generally followed Favell's visits. One memorable day, he had dined with us, and from some cause, I was left alone with him. As was his custom, he began a game of romps; and in the midst of our follies, I was struck dumb on seeing the pale and intellectual countenance of Manly. He had opened the door unnoticed and unheard, and was watching us with an air of disgust and contempt I shall never forget. He retired immediately, and left the house. Knowing his opinion of Favell, and the detestation in which he held his character and habits, I wept and trembled for the consequence of my unintentional offence.

"I had walked out on the following morning to visit your mother, who then resided about two miles from us, and who was my intimate friend; and on my return I was overtaken by Favell, who was accidentally passing that way. The road led through quiet country lanes, and was Manly's chosen walk with me. I was annoyed at this rencontre, but Favell's amusing stories soon raised my spirits; and I laughed heartily at some ludicrous incident he was relating, when Manly, at a sudden turn of the narrow lane, confronted us. He bowed haughtily, and passed on.

"In the course of a few hours, I received the following note from Manly—I have the original still; and, even at this time, I not unfrequently moisten it with my tears.—'Agatha, I have loved you as man seldom loves, and I believe you have loved me with equal sincerity. But we are parted, and for ever. Twice, within the last few hours, I have seen my betrothed bride in unseemly intercourse with a professed debauchee—a boaster of ruined female innocence, and a man utterly destitute of honourable principle—I shall be miserable—but the sacrifice is made; as I can never take to my bosom, and call her 'wife,' who has thus cruelly and wantonly lacerated my best feelings. Farewell—E. M.'

"I never saw him again, for he died young and in another country; but his memory is embalmed in my heart—and many months passed over before I recovered my equanimity.

"Four years elapsed; and although I had many lovers, and some '*petite affaires*,' they are not worth detailing. Manly's delicacy, and his sensitive refinement, had made me fastidious, and I turned away with disgust from many men who were very generally sought after. My parents died, and I was left mistress of a moderate independence. I was still young, and esteemed beautiful, and had little intention of dying an old maid.

"My next adventure worthy of note was with a gallant and fashionable knight, Sir Thomas Morgan, who is yet, as you are aware, one of my friends. I met him accidentally, at Leamington, and was pleased with his manners and address; for he had seen much of the world, and had experienced several moving accidents, 'by flood and field,' which invested him with an interest, higher, perhaps, than his personal merits deserved, in the eyes of an imaginative and romantic woman, who was now twenty-four. He was exceedingly attentive, and although wanting in the delicate tact which had made Manly so dear to me, he had the benefit of long experience, and made up tolerably well in finesse, for that which he was short of in reality. Our acquaintance became closer and closer, and before long, he was my accepted lover, and as such enjoyed all the privileges usually claimed by gentlemen so situated. Everything went on well—and if I did not love him with any great devotion and tenderness—I admired him, and determined to become his wife. The day for our union was fixed; proper arrangements made; and it appeared almost impossible that any cross purpose should again cheat me of a husband: but, alas! I was unfortunately deceived.

"My next '*liason*' was with the late celebrated preacher, Mr. F——; a circumstance, my love, you will perhaps

wonder at, as I had been educated as a member of our national church. I was, however, given to understand, that the doctrines delivered by Mr. F—— were in unison with her tenets, and that the dispute was merely about outward forms, *and I was thirty years of age.* I was induced to visit this chapel by some female friends; and this I did not regret; for more eloquent or more impressive discourses I had never heard. F—— was not particularly handsome, and had a somewhat rustic appearance; but when in the pulpit the man seemed inspired; so fervent, so touching, and so powerful were his appeals. He was almost idolized by a very numerous and very respectable congregation—and I became a constant hearer.

"My thoughts were turned from their accustomed channel; I laid aside that species of literature which had hitherto been my delight, and I became a visitor of the sick, and a distributor of tracts and Bibles. I employed myself in making articles for the poor, and was a diligent teacher in a Sunday school, with several other ladies, where our labours were lightened by the presence of F——, whom we looked upon as a man whom it was our duty to honour. He visited my house, and we became friends. He was no gloomy ascetic, no self-denying anchorite, but an agreeable and conversible companion. His character and position made him at all times welcome, and seldom did a day pass without my seeing him.

"I was still in the prime of life, but with F—— I should never have dreamt of coquetting; I looked upon him as something too sacred. Our intercourse, however, soon savoured of worldly passion, for to this he skilfully led the way: and I candidly own, my love, that never, in the hey-dey of my spring-tide triumphs, had I felt so profound a gratification as when F—— unequivocally declared that he adored me; and that to call me *his* would be the summit of happiness.

"I was now rich, and I gloried in the idea that I should raise him from dependence to affluence. I gave way to the revulsion of feeling, and the passions and desires I had so long kept in check made me now as bashful as a girl. He saw his advantage, and urged me to name a day for our marriage; this I did, but with a stipulation that it should be a secret between ourselves. To this he consented gladly; and, with a proud heart, I waited for the appointed time.

"About a fortnight before the important event was to take place, I went to a neighbouring town, in order to see my bankers, and to do some other necessary business. Passing along one of the streets, I was much struck with the beauty of a head-dress exposed in a shop window, and went in, in order to examine it more closely. While thus engaged, I was saluted by Miss Orton—a genuine old maid, my dear Jane—whom I held in abhorrence. She had friends in my neighbourhood, and was often among them. She was envious, spiteful, tale-bearing, mischief-making; and had, more than once, honoured me with the name of old maid. I disliked her exceedingly, I assure you, but could hardly help being civil to her, though I always avoided meeting her, and it was chance only that ever brought us together.

"'So,' she said to the person in the shop, 'you will have busy times, Mrs. Dresser—your famous parson is about to be married to Miss M.,' and seating herself beside me. I dare say I blushed and looked confused; for of course I imagined she had ferreted out my engagement, and took this opportunity to expend her ill-nature upon me. 'Ah,' she continued, 'he's a black sheep, Miss M.; a wolf in lamb's clothing; better be an old maid, Miss M., like you and me, than have anything to do with parson F.'

"My face, no doubt, was sufficiently expressive, for I was exasperated beyond bearing at the woman's assurance. Before I could say a word, however, she went on. 'Yes, yes, Miss M., you will be shocked to hear that the sanctified parson is, at the present moment, under promise of marriage to four of your friends—Miss Famish, Miss Tideaway, the lively widow, and Miss Stubbs. Under a vow of secresy, they have each told me of their approaching union, for they are my very dear friends. Most women are such fools—but you and I, Miss M. know better. Well, you may laugh at them finely for it; my firm belief is, that he is already married; and so saying, she curtesied and withdrew. Anger kept me silent, and though I looked upon Miss Orton's story as a scandalous chronicle, yet my heart misgave me; for these four ladies were my sister colleagues, and I was aware that he visited them full as frequently as he did myself.

"I returned home, and instantly drove out to make a round of calls upon my

four suspected rivals. From Miss Famish, and Mrs. Plaintive, the widow, I heard a confirmation of the old maid's story, given under the seal of secresy. Both these ladies were plain, nay, ugly, and scarcely as rich as myself, and both considerably older. From Miss Tide-away and Miss Stubbs, I wrung the same confession—and, oh, Jane! I had the mortification to find that to these four ladies he had promised marriage, *at an earlier day* than had been fixed for mine. Had I the preference, love, it would have been something; for it might have been reasonably inferred that his kindness to others had been shewn merely to keep them quiet.

"I could have brooked all but this. To sport with the feelings of five of his best supporters, and to make me the *last!* It was unpardonable, my love; and hoping it was a secret *not* in Miss Orton's keeping, I made instant preparations for a distant and lengthened visit; and left F. and his promises to my friends.

"This, my love, was a cruel blow, and I will not fatigue you by any of my latter mischances. After this date, indeed, they became less interesting; disputes about settlement, matters of priority, gout, rheumatism, wine-drinking, and politics, took place of sensibility with my admirers; and I have before said that, for three or four years, I have ceased to think about these things.

"Now, my dear Jane, you perceive that my being an old maid has arisen from accident—in the first instance, laughing like a silly girl; in the second, permitting an innocent familiarity; in the third, stumbling upon a kept mistress; and in the fourth, meeting with a cankered, ancient story-teller. And now, my love, for my advice:—

"If you will marry, and your intended is formal, vain, and cold-hearted, never laugh at him; if he is sensitive, refined, and intellectual, be a perfect vestal in your deportment, and hold yourself sacred from the touch and conversation of other men; if he is gay, and a man of the world, never inquire into the cause or origin of unwonted distress, or of pale and melancholy features among your maids; if a parson, listen to no old maid's history, nor inquire among the females of his flock as to his amatory propensities. And, *in fine*, my love, conceal your natural character, and blind yourself to the faults of your admirer; take him as he is, if you catch him; and may you be as happy as a wife as I am as an old maid. I am, dearest love, your sincere friend,

"AGATHA M.

"P.S. I have been so absorbed in my narrative, and so anxious to have it ready by to-night's post, that I have not stirred from my writing-table for three hours, during which my blue macaw has torn to pieces the pretty waxen doll you gave me; I am so terrified, lest the colouring matter should be poisonous, as he has eaten a great part of the figure, that I have sent for Dr. Chemical express. Adieu. A. M."

THE AQUEDUCTS AND WATER-WORKS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT ANDREOSSY.

(For the Parterre.)

CHAPTER I.

Of the traditionary rules respecting the water-works of Constantinople.

OF the various monuments of public utility, those relating to the manner in which a large city is supplied with water for the use of its inhabitants, excite the greater interest in proportion as they present a more admirable system as a whole, and as they are distinguished by the use of works of art not in general appliance. The water conduits of the capital of the Ottoman empire are deserving of notice in both these respects, but they have hitherto been very little known. In this endeavour to facilitate an acquaintance with their characteristics, it will be readily conceded that the water-works of Constantinople may be numbered with the noblest constructions bequeathed to us by the Greek emperors. Amongst the methods availed of to circulate the water from its source to the reservoir of distribution, will be found a construction called souterazi, or hydraulic pyramid, of which the period of the invention cannot be assigned; but that has the merit of novelty, since it is scarcely known beyond the dominions of the Grand Seignior, whilst its properties have not yet been pointed out by any one. The practical rules regulating the flow of the water in constructions of this sort, and in the conduit pipes adapted to them, have been preserved by uninterrupted traditions, of which daily application is made.

IT was supposed that the ancients in their water conduits did not make use of the property of liquids to rise to the

same height in pipes communicating together. In France, in the bridge of Gard, not far from Nimes, in the aqueduct of Jouy near Metz, and in many other places, works of a similar description done by the Romans, seemed to indicate that they employed only aqueducts on arches to transmit a stream of water from one side of a valley to the other; but visiting in the month of June 1818, the remains of Roman aqueducts above Lyons, I discovered that to carry the water destined for the supply of this noble city across deep ravines, conduits of syphons reversed, placed upon arcades, had been used; these syphons are consequently open, and I was enabled to ascertain decidedly their primitive outline. I have subsequently seen a detailed account of these works in a memoir by M. Delorme, read before the Academy of Lyons, in 1750.

The souterazi are heavy buildings of masonry, having generally the form of a truncated pyramid or Egyptian obelisk. To make a conduit or souterazi, care is taken to select springs whose level is higher by some feet than the reservoir of distribution intended to be established. The water from these springs is brought down by subterranean canals slightly inclined, until it reaches the verge of a valley, flat, or mound of earth: upon either side of this valley a souterazi is built, to which vertical leaden tubes are adapted, of a given diameter, and which are placed parallel to each other, on the two opposite faces. These pipes not being joined in the upper part, a basin is formed. One pipe permits the water to ascend to the level whence it has descended, by the other the water descends from this level to the base of the souterazi, where it meets with another subterranean canal that carries it to a second souterazi, whence it rises and falls in a third, and so on in succession until the last station. There a reservoir receives and distributes it in different directions, by apertures of a known expenditure.

From the use of the souterazi have resulted several practical rules preserved by tradition, and which are still habitually followed, although the origin is indeterminate: they are these.

For a definite quantity of water to flow freely in the souterazi without losing its swiftness, to the ascending and descending pipes is given a diameter double that of the last orifice, which must be kept constantly and completely filled.

The usual distance between two communicating souterazi is about two hundred and fifty *picks*:* which may be computed at ninety-six fathoms.

It has been said that the souterazi have both an ascending and a descending pipe; the former rises to the height of the receipt of the water, which is seven inches of the old French foot lower than the source; the second ought likewise to be seven inches lower than the other, and thus in succession to the last souterazi.

The reservoir of distribution, called Takçim,† ought also to be seven inches lower than the last souterazi. With a little attention it will be seen that this system of conduit pipes is no other than a succession of syphons reversed, open and communicating in the upper part: the cost of a conduit by souterazi is reckoned at a fifth of that of an aqueduct on arches. Since the aqueducts of Arcueil, Maintenon, and Montpellier, these expensive methods have fallen into disuse in France; and are replaced by metal conduits in syphons reversed; the towns of Metz and Phalsbourg are supplied with water in this manner. Recently an equal substitute for aqueducts of masonry has been made by chains containing conduit pipes, from one side to the other of the ravine. But it must be remembered that the souterazi are applicable to conduits of water several leagues in length, and across very uneven soil; that they form themselves part of the syphons; and finally, that they serve at the same time both for ventilators, and as will be shewn presently, for water-castles for lateral supplies, regular or accidental, which cannot be done by syphons reversed placed beneath the line of descent.

A circular orifice four lines in diameter through which passes a stream of water flowing twelve hours in succession under a constant pressure of three inches, and furnishing during that time two thousand four hundred *orgues*, or four thousand eight hundred in twenty-four hours, is called a maçour.‡ Eight maçour make a lulè:§ the orifice of this latter is eleven lines in diameter. The maçour and the lulè are the only measures employed in the distribution of the water. To regu-

* The *pick*, or *archine* of the architects, is two feet four inches of the old French foot.

† *Takçim*, an Arabian word; root *kacemé*, meaning it has divided.

‡ *Maçour*, vulgarly *maçoure*, a Persian and Turkish word; it is the eighth of a lulè.

§ *Lulè*, properly *loulè*, a Persian and Turkish word signifying water-pipe, or any pipe in general.

late this distribution, the water from a spring is received in a chest or cask, to which are adapted horizontally the maçour and the lulè. For the expenditure to be kept up as desired, the chest must be constantly full to three inches above the tangent brought to the upper part of the pipes. If the receipt exceed the expenditure it will be discovered by the overflow escaping through a slope existing at the partition of the chest at this height.

The standard just spoken of, is called *mousslouk*, or lulè chest; its size is indefinite. It is placed at the source of the water, and at the takçim, as well as at the upper part of the souterazi in cases where several distributions are made; such as, at the summit of the great souterazi of Saint Sophia, the mousslouk that divides its waters between Baghtchè-Kapouçi, the dwelling of the Bostandji Bachi, and the Seraglio.

The conduit makers have besides a portable mousslouk, which they use to ascertain if there be leaks in a conduit. As it is known at every point of the conduit the number of maçouk and lulè that ought to pass through, if in the standard or gaging chests, arranged for a given number of maçouk and lulès, the waters do not rise to the edge of the slope, it is a certain proof that there is a leakage.

The mousslouk is employed likewise in the same manner to determine the quantity of water in a spring, reservoir, brook, or small river. For the two latter purposes the mousslouk must be placed across the bed of the river, and for a spring or reservoir, in an artificial canal, so that its upper edge may be on a level with the bottom of the canal, and that all the water can enter in above this brink. For the reservoir, care must besides be taken to remove the mousslouk to a sufficient distance from the point of the fall, that the water may take an uniform movement before entering the mousslouk. This method is simpler and more certain than that of the ordinary gaging of springs, as it dispenses with the observation of time, which gives uncertain results.

From what has been said, it is obvious that the conduits or souterazi, date from a time when the knowledge of hydraulics had made some progress. It must have been known, in fact, that the confinement of water in pipes was prejudicial to its rapidity, since the proportion was sought that the diameter of the conduit-pipes should have to the volume of water to pass through them; the proportion is that of two to one: this is the only fixed determination to be remarked, and it is very ancient. It must likewise have been known, that the expenditure by circular apertures gave the greatest products, and that this expenditure was only uniform when the vases were kept full to a given height: it is only since the discovery of the acceleration of gravity, that in the West, note has been taken of the pressure of water above an orifice to ascertain its supply. This discovery is due to Galileo. He is known to have broached it in his *Dialoghi delle science nuove*, published for the first time at Leyden, in 1637. The souterazi being open in the upper part, is a proof likewise, that the necessity for ventilators had been long admitted. The progress in this respect had made little advance: in 1732, long after the discovery of the weight of the air, "M. Couplet found," says the historian of the Academy of Sciences, "that in letting water into the mouth of a conduit, ten days elapsed before a drop of it appeared at the other end. In the water conduits of Versailles, this inconvenience was remedied by placing ventilators at the most elevated angles. After this the water appeared at the end of twelve hours, preceded by puffs of wind, bubbles of wind and water, and intermitting gushes of water, that occupied together about half the twelve hours of expectation."

There are simple souterazi, and compound souterazi. The simple souterazi are those which have but two pipes, and supply water only in one direction. These pipes are placed in grooves of wood, and are defended by a slight masonry, to allow them to be easily laid open when they require repairs. The other souterazi have several pipes, and supply in different directions; and, therefore, at the upper part of these latter, is fixed a *mousslouk*, or basin of *sub-division*. Winding staircases within the souterazi, lead from the base to the summit; but they are oftener ascended by means of stones, wrought out in prominence, and placed like ladders on one of the fronts. The broad vestments of the Orientals enable them to climb up without danger, which the Europeans would be unable to do in their tight costume. The souterazi are susceptible of architectural decoration: that remarked near the Adrianople gate, is cylindrical, with a base, to the angles of which four columns correspond.

The *takçim* is a closed chamber, generally vaulted, in which the partition of a definite quantity of water is effected. This division is made by means of a rectangular tub, of marble or stone, having one of its principal fronts placed against the wall through which the water comes; and on the other sides, having attached maçour and lulé, there are similar tubs pierced with an aperture beneath, or on the outer face, for the distribution of the water. In times of drought the supply to the takçim is diminished to a quantity corresponding to the water remaining in the alimentary reservoirs, and to the stream continuing to feed them. This reduction is regulated by means of a mousslouk placed at the mouth of these reservoirs. Notwithstanding this care, when the autumnal rains are tardy, the scarcity of water is felt, particularly at Pera, and the murmurs it excites will sometimes cause seditions.

From what has been said, it may be judged that the European manner of supplying water, particularly at the branches of navigable canals, by moving locks, to open or close the flood-gates, and where the contraction of the fluid vein renders the flow very uncertain, is far inferior to that in use in the water-conduits of Constantinople.

The form of the chamber of the takçim is arbitrary, and, as well as its architecture, depends upon taste or fancy. But in general, the fabrics of this kind of recent construction are in an agreeable style of elegance, whilst those dating farther back are less ornamented, but built with much ingenuity, and with a real and apparent solidity much more considerable.

The takçim supplies an external fountain for the accommodation of the public. Water being the only beverage of the Turks, and being employed likewise for many domestic purposes, as well as for religious exercises, the care of the fountains is a species of devotion in the Levant. Fountains are numerous in every city, and in the country on the borders of the roads. The water is frequently conveyed to them from great distances, and at a large expense. Every where they are easily available, and are so situated as to be commodious for men, as well as accessible to animals.

Chapter II.

Conduits conveying water to Constantinople for the requirements of the inhabitants.

The principal springs that afford the several supplies of water to Constantinople, and its suburbs beyond the port, are found at the extremity of the Balkan, terminating at Kavak on the Black Sea. This chain, in the most elevated point of the part corresponding to the springs, is about two hundred and forty-five mètres in height. Its distance from Constantinople is about six leagues, of two thousand fathoms each, and from the shores of the Black Sea about a league and a half.

The declivities of these mountains, fronting the port of Constantinople, in the vicinity of Belgrade, are covered with beautiful forests, in which the oak and chestnut predominate; they have very abundant springs. The opposite declivity, facing the Black Sea, was formerly well wooded, but is now entirely cleared; the arbutus alone grows there freely. This declivity, in its descent to Domouz-Dèrè, supplies scarcely any running water. In the environs of Belgrade, conservative precautions regarding the water are in force, not generally used in Europe. With intent to economise the springs, it is forbidden, under severe penalties, to sink pits, or to water gardens. Irrigation for the cultivation of garden ground is only permitted in the parts of the valley that are lower than the reservoirs and the water conduits. The Greek emperors likewise issued at different times very severe laws, for the maintenance and conservation of the water.

The lateral chain on the extremity of which Constantinople is situated, divides the western valley of Fresh Waters from the Sea of Marmora, and terminates at the Seraglio Point. This chain has a terrace or platform, and two slopes; on these latter are deep and extensive valleys. From the relative position of these three lines of water-conduits; one, having its origin at Belgrade and the vicinity, follows the descent of the lateral chain on the side of the Fresh Waters and along the port; the second, rising on the *plateau*, collects the streams from the founts welling up there, and supplies in different directions; lastly, the third gathers the waters from the springs on the side of the Sea of Marmora, and conveys them by points of distribution to the interior of the city.

It is not from the valleys of Pyrgos,

and Ali-Beï-Keuïu, that the water required for the supply of Constantinople has been drawn; it has been gathered from the valleys of Aïvat-Bendi and Belgrade, joining the vale of Pyrgos, the one above, the other below the Greek village, giving its name to that valley. The water has been collected also of the valley of Djebedji-Keuïu, that joins the valley of Ali-Beï-Keuïu, half a league below the aqueduct of Justinian.

From the position of Constantinople, it was necessary for the water to be taken from artificial founts, that it might with the least practicable extent of works have a sufficient height to be conveyed to the several points of distribution. The necessity for three lines of water-conduits has arisen from the springs, corresponding in height to the top of the counterfort, not being abundant. It was indispensable in a manner to create them—to extract them from the damp marshes, by sinking a multitude of pits. The water-conduit of Belgrade and its vicinity is, on the contrary, fed from running streams rising there, and of which reserves have even been formed to insure a uniform distribution when prolonged drought diminishes the springs.

There does not occur in any author mention of the name of the fountain-head of the river of Pyrgos, which we have called Aïvat-Bendi, in the language of the country. The other fountain-head was known under the name of Hydrale, by the writers who preceded Gyllivs. In his time, some called it Belgrade, from the name of a village situated on its banks, and still in existence; and others, the covered river, from the aqueducts on arches, by means of which the waters were conveyed to Constantinople. From the lateral direction of the valleys of Aïvat-Bendi and Belgrade, the valleys of Pyrgos and Ali-Beï-Keuïu obstructed the flow of the waters they supplied. These valleys are in the vicinity of each other, and are separated by a ridge. One of the conditions of the hydraulic problem for the derivations towards Constantinople was, to choose on this ridge in direction of the great Bend (reservoir) of Belgrade, to the takçim of Egri-Kapon beyond Eïoab, a spot that should be on the due line of descent necessary for the flow of the water, and that might at the same time gather the streams from the valleys of Belgrade and Aïvat-Bendi, and send them on to the takçim of Egri-Kapon. This object was accomplished by the construction of Bach-Havouz, a reservoir of a circular form, placed in the neck of a small ravine opening into the valley of Ali-Beï-Keuïu. By placing this on the declivity to the right, the height of the line of fall mentioned was preserved. This repertory being established, there was no difficulty in subordinating to it the situation and height of the several aqueducts to be constructed.

The waters of the Aïvat-Bendi were conveyed across the valley of Pyrgos, by means of an aqueduct three hundred fathoms in length, called the Long Aqueduct, situated to the west of the village.

The waters from Belgrade were supplied at the upper part of the valley by three springs flowing in very narrow dells. They unite in a single stream a little below the village, and enter almost immediately a great reservoir formed by a bend of admirable construction. Below this bend, the valley of Belgrade has to the left a fountain-head, and, farther on to the right, another fountain-head, called Pacha-Dèrèçi, whose waters have been collected to supply a conduit that takes its rise from the great bend. The vale of Pacha-Dèrèçi has a bend, and a great aqueduct. At a short distance from the latter work, the waters of the bend of Pacha-Dèrèçi, and those of the great bend of Belgrade, increased by the waters from a new bend, made in 1817, in the first fountain-head, enter into a single stone conduit, and are conveyed thus united to the Curved Aqueduct of Pyrgos. Two other conduits, having numerous mouths, receive the waters of Aïvat-Bendi and Belgrade on their issue from the Long Aqueduct, and the Curved Aqueduct, and transmit them to the same Bach-Havovz of Pyrgos, which they reach from different directions. A third conduit, commencing from the same Bach-Havovz, brings the united stream as far as the top of the valley of Ali-Beï-Keuïu, which it crosses by means of the aqueduct of Justinian. This aqueduct is a splendid construction; undoubtedly the finest monument remaining to us of middle ages.

The waters on emerging from this aqueduct pour into a vaulted conduit following the sweep of the hills to the right of the valley, and crossing, half a league below the aqueduct of Justinian, the valley of Djèbèdje-Keuïu, by means of a handsome aqueduct on a double tier of arches. The same conduit re-

ceives, by the intermedial Bach-Havovz placed at the mouth of this aqueduct, the waters of another conduit, fed by the various derivations obtained in the valley. The blended streams from the aqueduct, and the valley of Djèbèdje-Keuïu, are carried back on the side of the valley of Ali-Bei-Keuïu, the course of which they follow as far as the takçim of Egri-Kapon, whence they diverge towards the different quarters of Constantinople.

The takçim of Egri-Kapon, standing without, but near the walls of this capital, in the vicinity of Eioab, dates from the epoch of the construction of the aqueduct just mentioned. It forms a part of their system, as well as the vaulted conduits parting from this takçim, of which one leads to the takçim of Saint Sophia, and the other, passing through the Adrianople gate, to Narli-Kapon, on the Sea of Marmora, in the neighbourhood of the Seven Towers. The conduit conveying the waters from the takçim of At-Bazari,* an intermediary, between the takçim of Egri-Kapon and that of Saint Sophia.

The takçim of At-Bazari communicates with the aqueduct of Valens, from which it is not far distant. It stands eight fathoms below the highest part of this aqueduct: thus these two works belong to two distinct water-conduits. The first follows the slope of the hills to the right of the valley of Ali-Bei-Keuïu; and the aqueduct of Valens receives the water collected in the higher part of the hills. The greater number of writers, amongst whom must be reckoned Gyllivs, who has been quoted, assert the aqueduct of Valens to receive the waters coming from Belgrade; but this is an error, as has just been proved. The takçim of Saint Sophia supplies the seraglio of the Grand Seignior. The waters collected there, passing below the Mint, flow into a cistern in one of the courts of the Harem, whence they are raised by means of a noria. They afterwards empty themselves near Top-Kapouçi into a basin, said to be twenty-five fathoms in length, by twenty-two in breadth, and on which a boat is floated for the amusements of the Seraglio.

The course of the conduit from the takçim of Egri to Narli-Kapon is towards the Sea of Marmora, and, in the part corresponding to the height of the counterfort, near the cemetery of the Armenians, passes down a slope twenty-six mètres in depth. From the Adrianople gate it goes to Yeni-Baghtchè, and to Kaldirim, which have each a takçim. Lower down, at Daoud-Pacha, there is another takçim, whose waters are divided between Daoud-Pacha-Kapouçi, and Saint John Studious. At this latter place, there is likewise a takçim to distribute the water in its environs.

(*Concluded at page* 388).

* Horse-bazaar, or market.

IMITATION.

All men are of opinion that they have a will of their own, and nothing vexes them more than any assertion to the contrary. The great majority are "led by the nose as easy as asses are;" yet as they trot along in the wake of some shrewd fellow, who is in turn led by some still shrewder than himself, they actually imagine themselves free agents, that their opinions are their own, and that their actions are the result of those opinions. This delusion is universal and very complete, and (heaven knows the reason), it appears to be the most provoking thing in the world to awaken any one from it. Tell a man that he is a sad profligate, and he is proud of the appellation; but tell him he is an honest, well-meaning gentleman, though somewhat liable to be guided by the example of others rather than his own judgment, and he gets into a perfect fury, and asks what you take him for? A monkey is an imitative animal, but nothing to a man, who is at once the most servile copyist in creation, and a sturdy asserter of his moral independence—a being who tells you it is his pleasure to do so and so, *because* "every body does so." He sacrifices his ease and convenience to do as other people do; and eats, drinks, and sleeps, not when it suits himself, but when it pleases others. The fashion of the hour is a moral despotism, whose omnipotent decrees he dares not dispute, however curious a figure he may cut in obeying its mandates. The effect of this is often singular, in consequence of the inappropriateness of the fashion to the individual, or the unhappy attempts of the individual to assimilate with the fashion. In dress, for instance, it is strikingly so. Some lady and gentleman of sufficient notoriety to entitle them to "set the fashion" for the season, array themselves in such garments as they think best adapted to their figure and complexion, and such as will give prominency to their beauties, and throw

into the shade their defects. As soon as they have arranged this to their satisfaction, it becomes "the mode;" and the whole tribe of bipeds, great and small, thick and thin, short and tall, judiciously follow their example without any reference to the shape or colour heaven has given them. You will see a brunette blackening her complexion by bringing it in violent contrast with straw-colour and lilac, because it is the fashion; and a *blonde*, looking sickly and consumptive, by having glaring orange, purple, or dark green, in the vicinity of her delicate skin:—you will see a long column of humanity, of no thickness at all, with a broad-brimmed beaver on his head, and a sporting jacket on his back; and a short, pursy, corpulent individual waddling along in a swallow-tailed coat and steeple-crowned hat, all because it is the fashion! Yet these people imagine they have a will of their own.

In literature the imitative principle has been, and is, in full operation, though it is perhaps half intentional and half unconscious. A master-spirit starts from the crowd of men, strikes out some new course, ranges through unexplored and unthought of regions, and there reigns an object of wonder and admiration. Immediately a whole troop of pigmies attempt to tread in his giant footsteps, imitate his faults, exaggerate his defects, and imagine, before they advance one step up the hill of fame, that they are nearly at its summit. It will be in the remembrance of all, when Byron was in the zenith of his glory, what an immense quantity of second-hand misanthropy was afloat among the poetasters; how they all set to work to draw their own portraits for the amusement of the public, and what a precious set of good-for-nothing vagabonds they made themselves out to be. They were all, according to their own story, made up of splendid errors and useless virtues, and were unanimously unhappy. It was for a time a most ludicrous evil; for nothing can be more ridiculous than to see a small mind playing the egotist, and describing the agony of its feelings at the same time that it is hunting for a rhyme, and seeing that the line contains the requisite number of syllables. This folly has in a great measure passed away; and the Waverley imitation fever, which succeeded, has been much more rational in its motives and creditable in its results. True, historical novels have become almost as much a drug in the market as fashionable ones. The public is beginning to get tired of the portraits of defunct kings, queens, and courtiers; and the number of great men that have been resuscitated and made to speak in the first person singular, has become alarming. Indeed, our novelists are perfect literary resurrection-men. Many persons, because the great magician, Walter Scott, can raise the spirits from the past, and make them act and speak as they were wont, think they can do the same—but the public do not. It is far from pleasant to see these liberties taken with the mighty dead, except by one as mighty as any of them, Shakspeare excepted. Still there has been much talent, learning, and research displayed in works of this description, by Horace Smith, Mr. James, and others, which might have gained for their authors great credit with posterity, as they have already with the present generation, had not their merits been overshadowed by those of their immortal prototype. As it is, they will as surely go to the "oblivious cooks" as every word of this essay will be forgotten next week by the people who read it. For our own poor taste, after Sir Walter Scott, in the present age, give us Washington Irving's portraits of great dead men. His Wouter Von Twiller, Uilliam Klieft, and Peter Stuyvesant, are three as finished pictures in the fine, quiet, rich old Dutch school as any one need wish to look upon.

But the greatest field for imitation is theatricals, and here it is of the very worst species. The beauties of a great actor are never attempted to be copied; they are too difficult; but any unfortunate peculiarity or bad and vicious habit is seized upon with avidity and fondly cherished. Because John Kemble was troubled with an asthmatic complaint, all the Rollas, Catos, and Hamlets that came for some time after him were likewise troubled with asthma, and a short dry cough; with Macready came the almost ridiculous stateliness of gesture and fastidious arrangement of the garments, without any of his fine qualities; and Kean's fame has been the means of introducing many a young man on the stage, who could do nothing but imitate those little *Keanisms* and physical defects which occasionally disfigured his beautiful intellectual acting. A would-be vocalist, with the voice of a raven, thinks himself a good deal like Braham, because in singing he can hold his hat precisely as he does, and has succeeded in catching a few of that gentleman's peculiarly

awkward gestures. Talking of singing —is the prevailing admiration of Italian music and performances counterfeit or real, or a little of both? Is it in imitation of the French in this respect, or is it a genuine indigenous feeling? The Italian is a noble school of music, and it would be gratifying to perceive a gradual relish for it; but it is apt to create mistrust to see the exuberance of admiration expressed for it all of a sudden by a large party of people, nineteen-twentieths of whom are neither familiar with the music nor the language; and we are afraid there *is* some truth in the anecdote, now whispered round the city, of a musical cognoscenti having been thrown into a fit of enthusiasm by what was supposed to be an Italian gentleman's manner of giving a composition of Cimarosa's, but which words and air eventually turned out to be a genuine Welch ditty, howled out by one Taffy ap Shenkin, of Glamorganshire! Certain it is, that many things pass off with great *éclat* when sung in a foreign language by signors, signoras, or signorinas, which would sound vilely from the mouth of plain Mr. John Dobson, Mrs. Brown, or Miss Dobbs. The blunt tradesman had really some reason to be astonished when on inquiring if "signorina" did not literally mean in Italian "great singer," he was given to understand that it was merely equivalent to the simple English word "Miss." We recollect a gentleman of the name of Comer, formerly of this city, who used to sing an Italian air with English words to it—"When the banners of freedom are waving"—without producing any marked effects; but no sooner did the same gentleman replace the Italian words, "*Non piu andrai,*" than it was instantly recognised as something extremely fine, and vociferously encored. Now, without meaning to undervalue worthy foreigners who reach these shores, it is probable that there is no small quantity of affectation in the admiration expressed for them, and that the majority applaud without having any definite idea on the subject, in imitation of the few who are supposed to know. Such foreigners are, at the same time, both overrated and not sufficiently appreciated —overrated as a whole, and not appreciated in detail, for what is really meritorious. Our harsh northern dialect may not be so well adapted to musical composition as that of the "sweet south," but it does not follow that every Italian composition and singer must of necessity be superlatively fine; and, allowing our general inferiority, a song in a language which a man understands will always, affectation aside, be more grateful to his ear than the mere tinkle of soft sounds. The one, indeed, goes no further than the ear, while the other, through the medium of the understanding, reaches the heart, and any song that does so is worth twenty others that do not. If people would take the trouble to consult their own judgments, feelings, and common sense on such subjects, instead of being carried away by vague ideas and learned-looking words, they would find it to their interest; as it is, they let others inoculate them with opinions which in time they come to believe their own.

WILLIAM COX.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

I behold on this broad sheet a glorious combination of fraud, falsehood, and folly. Look at this array of advertisements. One offers to lend fifty thousand pounds on good security, who scarcely possesses fifty pence; another desires to sell a horse, warranted without blemish, and only to be disposed of because the owner has no farther use of it. The last part of the sentence alone bears any relation to truth, as the animal can be of no use to the owner, or to any one else. A third is eloquent upon the virtues of a vegetable pill, which cures all diseases—to which it should have been added, by destroying both the disease and the patient. A fourth, acknowledging the most disinterested intentions, delicately confesses his wants of a wife in possession of moderate property, while stating himself to be a gentleman of a middle age with a small income; but, in truth, his income is so small that it might have been named without the use of figures, and the middle of his age is as near the end of life as it need be. Here, a worthy citizen offers some pipes of foreign wines of the most approved vintage; and he is the most likely person to know their genuineness, having manufactured them in his own warehouse. There an honest tradesman announces that he is selling off his goods, much under prime cost, for the benefit of his creditors, which benefit will prove to be a great loss, he having most successfully swindled every person who would give him credit. Wherever the eye glances it finds evidence that one set of people prey upon another, as one species of insect is devoured by a more powerful race.—*Mephistophiles in England.*

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KINAU AND TUANOA;

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SPERM WHALE."

—

A heavy gloom was upon the minds of the people of Oahu, in consequence of the recent death of their king Hoapili. Melancholy filled their hearts, wailings and lamentations of various kinds were heard over all parts of the island. Every grade mourned for the legal victim of death; and men, women, and children, might have been seen tearing their hair, wounding themselves with sharp-pointed weapons, and breaking their front teeth with stones, to convince each other of the acuteness of their sorrows; and, above all, they prepared, as was their usual custom on such occasions, to offer up to the Great Spirit five human beings as a sacrifice! Many a loving maiden, when she heard of the king's death, felt a pang rush through her heart, and a whirling through her brain, as she thought of the youth who had won her affections. On such occasions, it was usual for the erie, or chief of each district, to select a young man from that part of the country over which he had control, and to send him to the proper place, as one of the victims for immolation; thus the minds of the whole people were kept in dreadful suspense until the unfortunate had been chosen. There was no appeal against the will of the chief; so that when the summons was delivered, there remained no hope of escape for the unhappy chosen one.

In the village of Waikukii, of which Nahi was the chieftain, or erie, lived Tuanoa, a young man, and Kinau, his betrothed bride. They had resided near each other from their infancy; and even in that early dawning of the mind and the affections, they were observed constantly together; and no doubt, at that time, there was interwoven with their young heart-strings the tender passion of love, that grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. Tuanoa was a fine young man, much beloved by his neighbours. He was active and brave in the extreme, and had performed many acts of prowess, which gave him a standing place within the circle of the conquerors at a feast, or houri houri; and he was withal of a

most kind and affectionate disposition, of which all his neighbours were well aware. Kinau, his beloved maiden, was the most beautiful girl in the village, and of good family and estate; besides which, she was the most esteemed taipa maker in the whole island: none of her competitors could approach her genius, which was so frequently displayed in designing figures and ornaments for her productions, so that her taipas (native clothes) were worn by the king and queen. Her disposition was of that rare and delightful description which finds pleasure in searching after the sorrows of others, and relieving them; and blessing itself that it possesses the power so to do. With such a person, disposition, and possessions, we cannot wonder that Kinau was much beloved, and that Tuanoa was much envied by the spirited young men of the place; but they possessed no hope of gaining the object of their admiration; for she took every opportunity of expressing to every one her undying love for Tuanoa, and he to her. But there had been an eye fixed long and ardently upon Kinau, much to her sorrow, for she was well aware of the fact; and many a burning tear, as it rolled down her beautiful cheek, awakened in Tuanoa's breast a powerful feeling of regret, mingled with surprise, at the unhappy change which had come over the mind of his beloved. How often did he entreat, in tenderest words, for an explanation of the cause, which never was fully given. Kinau knew full well that had Tuanoa been made aware of the cause, he would have committed some rash act which would, most probably, have hurled them both to destruction; and therefore she left the whole to chance, hoping that some day or other the dark cloud of anticipated misfortune would be dissipated by some bright and fortunate rays, that would pierce its blackness, and scatter it abroad. It was the eye of the powerful chief, Nahi, which had fallen upon Kinau, and he had even sought a private interview with her, and declared his passion; but she resolutely refused to listen to his advances for a moment. "What," said the haughty erie, "do you refuse to listen to the voice of Nahi, your chief? —daughter of my neighbour, tremble! Let tears, as salt as the waters of the ocean, fall quick and fast from thy earth-bound eye!—refuse to listen to the voice of Nahi, and the volcano of Waikukii shall consume the blood of Tuanoa as the shark of the ocean devours the newly-hatched turtle!" "O great Nahi," answered Kinau, "suffer your neighbour's daughter to return the love of Tuanoa, whose love, like mine, burns as the fire of the volcano, which the waters of the ocean cannot quench." "Tremble," exclaimed the erie, "daughter of Kuakini, and the beloved of Tuanoa; go from the presence of Nahi, and let there be no more said." Kinau went from his presence with trembling limbs and palpitating heart;—she knew the disposition of Nahi, cruel and vindictive—he spared nothing to obtain the object of his wishes. He had committed many crimes, for which he had often been reprimanded by the late king, and several of the chiefs; the people also were disgusted with his tyrannical behaviour; and these three things combined, caused him to be more careful of his conduct than he had been in the earlier part of his government. Kinau was also aware of these things, and she therefore trusted that he would cease his importunities; but she dreaded his revengeful disposition, as she knew that, if any opportunity should ever occur whereby he could injure her, or Tuanoa, and escape the observations of the people, from the apparent justice of the acts, he would seize it with avidity; and this was the cause of her dejection.

The king, Hoapili, had been dangerously ill for some days, and the active mind of Kinau saw the dreadful chasm that might be opened to receive her, in the event of the king's death. She knew that Nahi, the chief, had the power of naming one of the victims for the sacrifice; and the thought almost bereft her of her senses. She well knew that poor Tuanoa, the brave and beloved Tuanoa, would be sacrificed to his revenge. Under these trying circumstances, the constitution of Kinau began evidently to decline, much to the grief of her lover, who perceived the worm in the germ, without the power of destroying it:—she still kept the secret within her own breast.

One evening as, to their minds, the sun 'was once more going to rest in the bosom of the ocean, the lovers reclined, near the site of her house, in the beautiful valley of Menoa, and as the pelé of Nuanu cast its deep shadow across the valley of their fathers, a deep cry of sorrow fell upon the ears of the unhappy pair. To Kinau's mind the cause was revealed in an instant;—"the king is gone," shrieked the unhappy maid: "Oh, Tuanoa, let us fly, let us bury

ourselves in the depths of the ocean, for death is for us also." The extreme agitation of her mind robbed her of her senses; and, as she lay apparently lifeless in the arms of her beloved and thunder-stricken Tuanoa, a number of their neighbours quickly approached the scene, to render assistance, and to inquire into the cause of the outcry. "Neighbours," exclaimed the bewildered Tuanoa, "my peace is broken; my beloved Kinau is no longer herself!—the spirit of darkness has been, and has stolen the light of her soul." While they were endeavouring to recover Kinau, and relieve the mental anguish of Tuanoa, a band of persons approached, and proclaimed, amidst loud wailings, that Hoapili the Good, had given his breath to the winds; and, from out of this mass rushed three men, with their dress disordered, and their hair dishevelled, with blood gushing from wounds which they had inflicted upon themselves, and approached Tuanoa. In a moment they produced, from under their torn taipas, the fatal summons from the chief Nahi; they were merely three poisonous dark-coloured nuts, carved with a few figures to denote their use; and their appearance quickly explained to Tuanoa, and the shuddering crowd, the purport of their visit. They presented them to Tuanoa with particular forms, which was enough! In an instant he was bound, and carried away by the multitude; but his neighbours stood around Kinau, with their hearts ready to burst with grief, and their minds filled with astonishment at the choice of Nahi, which had fallen upon the best person in the village, in place of the worst, as was the usual custom; for there was even a bye-word among them, which was used to persons of bad repute, "Ah, you will serve for the fire, you will serve for the fire," which meant they would serve for the purpose for which Tuanoa had been taken.

When the wild sounds of the frenzied multitude had passed away, and there was only heard at intervals, from out of the group which surrounded the bereft and senseless maid, the low murmur, or the sorrowful exclamation for the departed king, and the sorrows of the divided lovers, Kinau opened her discoloured eyes, and shot them round the group, but saw not Tuanoa. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "half of my soul has expired; friends and neighbours, go: stay not with Kinau;—the sun no longer shines upon her tarro patches, the water of the mountain has also turned from their roots, and has fallen into the lands of Nahi!" Her kind neighbours did all they could to comfort her in her great affliction, and then left her under the care of her aged parents. Nature soon overcame the infirm pair with sleep, and Kinau left her home, never more to return, except with her beloved Tuanoa. She was quite a different being now to what she had been a few months before; her features were shrunk and distorted, her hair torn and loose; her dark eyes rolling and flashing, betokened the storm within; but her step was firm, and she stood erect, as if, with the last effort of a shattered frame, she had determined to use all her remaining strength for one great purpose. She was convinced that there remained no hope, from human means, for the restoration of her beloved Tuanoa, and therefore determined to visit the enchanter, Kelkuehewa, a thing seldom, or indeed scarcely ever attempted before, even by the bravest of their chiefs; but Kinau, feeling strong in her virtue, feared not, and dared destruction in its wildest forms. Kelkuehewa, the enchanter, resided in a glen at the bottom of the pelé of Nuanu, and near the entrance of which the enchanted water-fall, of two thousand feet in descent, finished its perpendicular career. Here was the supposed habitation of a lizard, as large as a man, which tradition held out as having resided there ever since the deluge.

Kinau, with firm determination, commenced her task. Passing alone away from her friends and neighbours over the dark plains in the valley of Menoa, she soon began to ascend the steep and rugged mountain of Nuanu; and, after excessive exertion, reached its summit. She cast her wild eyes around, and saw the dark ocean which encompasses Oahu; behind her was the valley of Menoa, in which she saw the last of her lover; before her was the deep valley of Nuanu, four thousand feet in depth; midway dashing its white foam, she could just observe the enchanted stream gushing out of a small division in the rocks, and falling two thousand feet into the enchanted glen; at the bottom of which Kelkuehewa resided. Still determined to visit him, or die in the attempt, she began to descend the dangerous pelé of Nuanu, which required the greatest experience to perform it with safety; and, after much difficulty, now clinging to the branches of some friendly

tree, and now sliding in various positions, she succeeded in reaching the sources of the water-fall. Here she rested, almost overcome: a torrent of tears relieved her overpressed spirits; and she commenced again her arduous task of descending, by the side of the foaming stream, over slippery rocks, and sharp craggy points: her feet all torn, her heart almost broken, and her frame almost exhausted. Still Kinau wended her way. Yes, the tender, still powerful passion of love, supported her—the passion of love in woman—invincible love! which has caused, as a great writer has observed, "the change of empires and the loss of worlds"—has "inspired heroism, and subdued avarice." She succeeded in reaching the glen; she bathed her bleeding feet for a moment in the waters of the cascade. The moon, which had before been hidden behind dark clouds, now peeped through an opening in them, as if anxious to look upon the devoted girl, and admire her fortitude; the large grey owl, which inhabits the valleys, flapped his broad wings over her head, as he moused among the rocks; and the quick flying bat darted in and out of its caves, as if disturbed by the intruder. Lifting her eyes, Kinau beheld a tall old man descending the pelé. Quickly he took advantage of the jutting points of rocks, to secure his footsteps; and he descended, with apparent ease, to the spot where Kinau rested. Long grey hair fell over his shoulders in considerable quantities, and he addressed himself to Kinau in these words;—"Daughter of Kuakini, and the beloved of Tuanoa, I am he whom you seek. I have followed you from the valley of Menoa. I have watched, and feel astonished at your strength, fortitude, and love. I know the spirit of darkness has flown from Menoa with the gladness of your heart; your love for the brave Tuanoa is like the mountain of Nuanu, fixed for ever, and can never change. It is as clear and bright as the water which falls from the pelé of Nuanu; it is like the fire of the volcano of Waikukii, which is unquenchable. Daughter of Kuakini, arise, go to the valley of thy fathers, and rest in the bosom of thy neighbours; for, before to-morrow's sun setteth in the dark ocean, a Great Spirit shall come, who will save thy Tuanoa from the blood-consuming fire." "Oh, great Kelkuchewa!" said Kinau, "your words are like water to the parched tarro; they are like the waters of the ocean to the expiring fish, which the fisherman returns to its element. I feel my heart lightened; the cold hand of the spirit of darkness has moved from my heart. O, Kelkuchewa! they say you have no daughter; I will be your daughter—I will make your taipas; I will water your tarro patches, though I fetch the water from the other side of the mountain of Nuanu." The enchanter seized the hand of Kinau, assisted her over the pelé, and saw her descend to the valley of her fathers.

The morn of the day in which the tragedy was to be ended, appeared. Thousands of the islanders were moving, before the sun had risen, towards the plains of Whitetee, where the immolation of the victims was to take place. Lamentations were heard all over the island. The plains of Whitetee were soon covered with countless multitudes; five immense fires were lighted; as the sun rose, the odour from the sandal wood, which they contained, perfumed the whole of Oahu. In an inclosure (about one hundred feet long, and forty feet from front to back, the front wall of which was about six feet high, and the back one about twelve, formed of loose stones or masses of lava, piled upon each other, and situated on a rising ground, at the end of the plain facing the sea), the five victims were placed. On a mass of rocks, which rose abruptly out of the plains about one hundred feet in height, commanding a view of the whole of the proceedings, sat the princes and chiefs, with all the great people of the island. Among them Nahi was observed, in a conspicuous situation, watching the proceedings with great earnestness; for he had heard that Kinau had visited the enchanted glen, and he had heard also of the prophecy of Kelkuchewa:—indeed, it was upon every one's lips, and many hoped that the prophecy would be realized; for many of the best informed chiefs, and numbers of the people, began to feel disgusted with these cruel exhibitions. But it was an ancient custom—their fathers had followed these ceremonies with scrupulous exactness; and they, therefore, were difficult to abolish, as national customs, whether bad or good, generally are; for, independent of the horrible nature of the practice, it was liable to great abuse, as the conduct of Nahi fully exemplifies.

The proceedings of this assembly soon commenced. The first victim, who happened to be an abandoned wretch who had murdered his own father, was

led out of the enclosure by the priests, and thrust among the multitude. There were plenty of the wild and infuriated to commence the attack by hurling stones, and beating the unfortunate being with any weapon which they might have supplied themselves with for the occasion; and he was hunted to and fro, like a wild beast, until the spark of life was nearly extinct; then he was hurled upon the funeral pile, amid the wild exclamations of the savage throng, while

"Liquid fire curled around his limbs,
And to his hissing bones and marrow clung."

Kinau, surrounded by her kindred, was seen, in an agitated state, frequently looking towards the pelé of Nuanu, as if she depended upon the words of the enchanter, and wondering how the Great Spirit would interpose to save her beloved Tuanoa. Sometimes, full of hope, her countenance brightened up a little, and she appeared to possess new life;—then she would doubt the possibility of the enchanter's successful interference, and then her gentle bosom was torn by a thousand conflicting passions. Despair, for a moment, shadowed her invincible spirit with his dark and death-giving wings; and she felt ready to sacrifice her beautiful form by any violent means. Tuanoa observed his beloved girl with those acute feelings which had better be anticipated by the reader than attempted to be described by me. Another unfortunate, but criminal victim, was now given to the multitude and sacrificed—when the next was to be Tuanoa, the beloved and innocent Tuanoa, who stood bound and guarded in the enclosure, without a hope of escape. The brave girl, Kinau, could no longer endure with inaction the uncertainty; she rushed through the crowd of her kindred, scaled the walls of the enclosure, glided between his guards with a supernatural quickness, and fell into the arms of her beloved. The enchanter at this moment, and for the first time, appeared among the people; he pointed to an object which appeared upon the ocean at a great distance. All eyes were instantly directed towards it. During the confusion, a stone was hurled from an unseen hand, which struck Nahi, and killed him in an instant; but the event scarcely received attention. The object to which the enchanter still pointed, approached the island rapidly; it appeared larger every moment; in a short time its colour was distinguishable. Fear and curiosity increased: at times it appeared of an immense breadth, with wide-spreading wings; and then, in a moment or two, it would appear quite narrow, but of great height: occasionally its apparent wings shook; then, anon, the whole mass appeared to stoop to the surface of the ocean. The princes, chiefs, and the people, went down to the edge of the sea; the victims, surrounded by their kindred, followed; the prophecy was fulfilled; they were liberated by common consent. Never can painter or poet represent or describe the two lovers, as they appeared walking together to the beach, amidst the congratulations of their friends.

Reader, the *Great Spirit* which so rapidly approached, and was bringing to those islanders light, to disperse their darkness; humanity and religion, to abolish their cruelties; the arts and sciences, to banish their ignorance—was the great spirit of our immortal navigator, Cook! who had just discovered those fertile islands. T. Beale.

HUDUSI, THE DOUBTER.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

On this day a cause was being heard, and, although weighty reasons had already decided the verdict, still, *pro forma*, the witnesses on both sides were examined; one of these, upon being asked whether he witnessed the proceedings, replied, "That he had no doubt, but there was doubt on the subject; but that he doubted whether the doubts were correct."

"Doubt—no doubt—what is all this? do you laugh at our beards?" said Mustapha sternly, who always made a shew of justice. "Is it the fact or not?"

"Your highness, I seldom met a fact, as it is called, without having half a dozen doubts hanging to it," replied the man: "I will not, therefore, make any assertion without the reservation of a doubt."

"Answer me plainly," replied the vizier, "or the ferashes and bamboo will be busy with you very shortly. Did you see the money paid?"

"I believe, as much as I can believe any thing in this world, that I did see the money paid; but I doubt the sum, and I doubt the metal, and I have also my other doubts. May it please your highness, I am an unfortunate man, I have been under the influence of doubts from my birth; and it has become a disease which will only end with my existence. I always doubt a fact, unless——"

"What does the ass say? What is all this but bosh?—nothing. Let him have a fact."

The pacha gave the sign—the ferashes appeared—the man was thrown, and received fifty blows of the bastinado. The pacha then commanded them to desist. "Now, by our beard, is it not a fact that you have received the bastinado? If you still doubt the fact, we will proceed."

"The fact is beyond a doubt," replied the man, prostrating himself. "But excuse me, your sublime highness, if I do continue to assert that I cannot always acknowledge a fact, without such undeniable proofs as your wisdom has been pleased to bring forward. If your highness were to hear the history of my life, you would then allow that I have cause to doubt."

"History of his life! Mustapha, we shall have a story."

"Another fifty blows on his feet would remove all his doubts, your highness," replied Mustapha.

"Yes; but then he will be beaten out of his story. No, no; let him be taken away till the evening, and then we shall see how he will make out his case."

Mustapha gave directions, in obedience to the wish of the pacha. In the evening, as soon as they lighted their pipes, the man was ordered in, and, in consideration of his swelled feet, was permitted to sit down, that he might be the more at ease when he narrated his story, which was as follows:

"My name is Hudusi. Of my parents I can say little. My father asserted that he was the bravest janissary in the sultan's employ, and had greatly distinguished himself. He was always talking of Rustam, as being a fool compared to him; of the number of battles he had fought, and of the wounds which he had received in leading his corps on all desperate occasions; but as my father often bathed before me, and the only wound I could ever perceive was one on his back, when he spoke of his bravery I *very much doubted the fact.*

"When I was grown up, my father wanted me to enrol myself in the corps of janissaries, and become a lion-killer like himself. I remonstrated, but in vain; he applied, and I was accepted, and received the mark on my arm which constituted me a janissary. I put on the dress, swaggered and bullied with many other young men of my acquaintance, who were all ready, as they swore, to eat their enemies alive, and who curled their mustaches, to prove the truth of what they said. We were dispatched to quell a rebellious pacha; we bore down upon his troops with a tremendous shout, supposing to frighten them; but, as they stood their ground and would not run, *we did*, leaving those who were not so wise to be cut to pieces. After this, when any of my companions talked of their bravery, or my father declared that he should be soon promoted to the rank of a spahi, and that I was a lion's whelp, I *very much doubted the fact.*

"I have heard it observed," continued Hudusi, "that the sudden possession of gold will make a brave man cautious, and he who is not brave, still more dastardly than he was before. It certainly was the case with me; my five hundred pieces of gold had such an effect, that everything in the shape of valour oozed out at my fingers' ends. I reflected again, and the result was, that I determined to have nothing more to do with the business, and that neither the sultan nor the pacha should be the better for my exertions. That night we made a sally, and, as I was considered a prodigy of valour, I was one of those who were ordered to lead on my troop. I curled my mustaches, swore I would not leave a janissary alive, flourished my cimiter, marched out at the head of my troop, and then took to my heels, and in two days arrived safely at my mother's house.

"I did not remain long at home, as it was my duty to appear to return to my corps. This I had resolved never more to do. I reflected that a life of quiet and ease was best suited to my disposition, and I resolved to join some religious sect. Before I quitted my mother's roof I gave her thirty sequins, which she was most thankful for, as she was in straitened circumstances. 'Ah!' cried she, as she wrapped up the money carefully in a piece of rag, 'if you could only have brought back your poor father's head, Hudusi!' I might have told her that she had just received what I had sold it for—but I thought it just as well to say nothing about it, so I embraced her and departed.

"There were a sort of dervishes, who had taken up their quarters about seven miles from the village where my mother resided, and as they never remained long in one place, I hastened to join them. On my arrival, I requested to speak with their chief; and imagining that I was come with the request of prayers to be offered up on behalf of some wished-for object, I was admitted.

"'*Khoda shefa midched*—God gives relief,' said the old man. 'What wishest thou, my son? *Khosh amedeed*—you are welcome.'

"I stated my wish to enter into the sect, from a religious feeling, and requested that I might be permitted.

"I received my dress, took an oath of secresy, and was introduced to my companions; whom I soon found to be a set of dissolute fellows, indulging in every vice, and laughing at every virtue; living in idleness and by the contributions made to them by the people, who firmly believed in their pretended sanctity. The old man with the white beard, who was their chief, had outlived his appetite for the vices of youth, and fallen into the vice of age—a love of money, which was insatiable. I must acknowledge that the company and mode of living were more to my satisfaction than the vigils, hard fare, and constant prayer, with which the old man had threatened me when I proposed to enter the community, and I soon became an adept in dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a great favourite with my brethren.

"I ought to have observed to your sublimity, that the sect of dervishes, of which I had become a member, were then designated *howling* dervishes; all our religion consisted in howling like jackals or hyenas, with all our might, until we fell down in real or pretended convulsions. My howl was considered as the most appalling and unearthly that was ever heard, and, of course, my sanctity was increased in proportion. I had not joined more than ten days, when they continued their route, and after a week of very profitable travelling, passed through Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and regained their place of domiciliation, and were received with great joy by the inhabitants, to whom the old chief and many others of our troop were well known.

"But I became tired of the life of a howling dervish. I therefore set up one last, long, final howl, to let my senior know that I was present, and then immediately became absent. I hastened to the bazaar, and purchasing here and there—at one place a vest, at another a shawl, and at another a turban; I threw off my dress of a dervish, hastened to the bath, and after a few minutes under the barber, came out like a butterfly from its dark shell. No one could have recognised, in the spruce young Turk, the filthy dervish.

"I hastened to Constantinople, where I lived gaily, and spent my money; but I found that to mix in the world, it is necessary not only to have an attaghan, but also to have the courage to use it; and in several broils which took place, from my too frequent use of the water of the Ghiaour, I invariably proved that, though my voice was that of a lion, my heart was but as water, and the finger of contempt was but too often pointed at the beard of pretence. One evening, as I was escaping from a coffee-house, after having drawn my attaghan, without having the courage to face my adversary, I received a blow from his weapon which cleft my turban, and cut deeply into my head. I flew through the streets upon the wings of fear, and at last ran against an unknown object, which I knocked down, and then fell alongside of, rolling with it in the mud. I recovered myself, and looking at it, found it to be alive, and, in the excess of my alarm, I imagined it to be Shitan himself; but if not the d—l himself, it was one of the sons of Shitan, for he was an unbeliever, a Ghiaour, a dog to spit upon; in short, it was a Frank hakim—so renowned for curing all diseases, that it was said he was assisted by the Evil One.

"I remained a fortnight under the hakim's hands before I was well enough to walk about; and when I had reflected, I doubted whether it would not be wiser to embrace a more peaceful profession. The hakim spoke our language well, and one day said to me, 'Thou art more fit to cure than to give wounds. Thou shalt assist me, for he who is now with me will not remain.' I consented, and putting on a more peaceful garb, continued many months with the Frank physician, travelling everywhere, but seldom remaining long in one place; he followed disease instead of flying from it, and I had my doubts whether, from constant attendance upon the dying, I might not die myself, so I resolved to quit him the first favourable opportunity. I had already learned many wonderful things from him; that blood was necessary to life, and that without breath a man would die, and that white powders cured fevers, and black drops stopped the dysentery. At last we arrived in this town; and the other day, as I was pounding the drug of reflection in the mortar of patience, the physician desired me to bring his lancets, and to follow him. I paced through the streets behind the learned hakim, until we arrived at a mean house, in an obscure quarter of this grand city, over which your highness

reigns in justice. An old woman, full of lamentation, led us to the sick couch, where lay a creature, beautiful in shape as a houri. The Frank physician was desired by the old woman to feel her pulse through the curtain, but he laughed at her beard, (for she had no small one), and drew aside the curtains and took hold of a hand so small and so delicate, that it were only fit to feed the prophet himself, near the throne of the angel Gabriel, with the immortal pilau prepared for true believers. Her face was covered, and the Frank desired the veil to be removed. The old woman refused, and he turned on his heel to leave her to the assaults of death. The old woman's love for her child conquered her religious scruples, and she consented that her daughter should unveil to an unbeliever. I was in ecstasy at her charms, and could have asked her for a wife; but the Frank only asked to see her tongue. Having looked at it, he turned away with as much indifference as if it had been a dying dog. He desired me to bind up her arm, and took away a basin full of her golden blood, and then put a white powder into the hands of the old woman, saying that he would see her again. I held out my hand for the gold, but there was none forthcoming.

"'We are poor,' cried the old woman to the hakim, 'but God is great.'

"'I do not want your money, good woman,' replied he; 'I will cure your daughter.' Then he went to the bedside and spoke comfort to the sick girl, telling her to be of good courage, and all would be well.

"The girl answered in a voice sweeter than a nightingale's, that she had but thanks to offer in return, and prayers to the Most High. 'Yes,' said the old woman, raising her voice, 'a scoundrel of a howling dervish robbed me at Scutari of all I had for my subsistence, and of my daughter's portion, seven hundred sequins, in a goat's-skin bag!' and then she began to curse. May the dogs of the city howl at her ugliness! How she did curse! She cursed my father and mother—she cursed their graves—flung dirt upon my brothers and sisters, and upon the whole generation. She gave me up to Jehanum, and to every species of defilement. It was a dreadful thing to hear that old woman curse. I pulled my turban over my eyes, that she might not recognise me, and lifted up my garment to cover my face, that I might not be defiled with the shower of curses which were thrown at me like mud, and sat there watching till the storm was over. Unfortunately, in lifting up my garment, I exposed to the view of the old hag the cursed goat's-skin bag, which hung at my girdle, and contained, not only her money, but the remainder of my own. 'Mashallah—how wonderful is God!' screamed the old beldame, flying at me like a tigress, and clutching the bag from my girdle. Having secured that, she darted at me with her ten nails, and scored down my face, which I had so unfortunately covered in the first instance, and so unfortunately uncovered in the second. What shall I say more? The neighbours came in—I was hurried before the cadi, in company with the old woman and the Frank physician. The money and bag were taken from me—I was dismissed by the hakim, and after receiving one hundred blows from the ferashes, I was dismissed by the cadi. It was my fate—and I have told my story."

THE AQUEDUCTS AND WATER-WORKS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(*Concluded from page* 382).

WORKS OF ART CONNECTED WITH THE PRECEDING CONDUITS.

THE Curved Aqueduct, the Long Aqueduct, and the Aqueduct of Justinian, are all in the neighbourhood of the village of Pyrgos. Their distances form an isosceles, of which the Long Aqueduct to the Aqueduct of Justinian is the base, being two thousand fathoms in length, and of which the two other sides meeting in the Curved Aqueduct are each fifteen hundred fathoms in length. The village of Pyrgos is on the line from the Long Aqueduct to the Curved Aqueduct, at nearly equal distances from both. The Bach-havouz of Pyrgos stands within this triangle, in the direction of Pyrgos, and the aqueduct of Justinian, being eight hundred fathoms from this aqueduct, and six hundred from the village. The distance from Pyrgos to Egri-Kapon is reckoned to be from eight hundred to a thousand fathoms.

*Curved Aqueduct of Pyrgos.**

This aqueduct conveys the waters from the valley of Belgrade. It is composed of two branches: one being sixty-three fathoms in length, is placed above the counterfort, to which flow the waters of the conduit from Belgrade; the other

* So named from the two lines of which it is formed, making together the angle of a square.

branch, forming nearly a right angle with the first, is a hundred and eight fathoms in length, and is built over the valley of Pyrgos, which it croses from one extremity to the other. This second branch is composed of three tiers of arches, the openings of which gradually increase in size from tier to tier, beginning with the lowest. It is evident that this arrangement gives greater solidity to the aqueduct than if the piers of the different arches had corresponded togegether; whilst the eye loses in the perspective the inequality of size they present in their elevation. The arcades of the two higher tiers are broad-arched; those of the lower tier are pointed, or Gothic arched. The middle tier is composed of ten arches, and the upper one of twenty-one. The piers are pierced with vaulted openings, which lighten the aqueduct, and form a gallery, affording a passage from one side to the other of the valley. The thickness of this aqueduct in the lower part is three fathoms five feet, so that each of its fronts presents a distinct slope of wall. The weight of the masonry being thus diminished, gives a broader base to the foundation, in proportion to the height, the tendency of which is to impart at once a lightness and solidity to the whole fabric. This solidity is still farther increased by eight small counterforts, adapted to the piles of the lower range, and rising as high as the commencement of the arches of the second tier. The height of the aqueduct, from the level of the valley to its highest point, is seventeen fathoms four feet. The third tier of arches contains the conduit in which the water flows; it is covered by flag-stones joined, forming a sloping wall, to prevent the rain from penetrating within, and to throw it off quickly, like a penthouse. The branch of this aqueduct, built on the height of the counterfort, is composed of twelve Gothic arches, in one tier only.

The Curved Aqueduct of Pyrgos cannot be of very ancient construction, since the arcades of the lower tier are of the Gothic arch: a style in architecture not introduced until the tenth century. Although this fabric is not faced with wrought stone, it pleases by the excellent proportion of its details, and the regular arrangement of the materials of which it is composed. The pyramidal form, from the base upwards, given to the weight of the masonry, and that from the summit downwards, given to the voids, combine to secure to every part of the Curved Aqueduct, with the least possible vertical pressure, that equilibrium of resistance which imparts inherent strength, and dispenses with the adventitious aid of beams and supports, always ineffectual, and often dangerous, when the whole mass is really in need of defence.

The Long Aqueduct.

This aqueduct, which is perhaps, from its length more imposing than the Curved Aqueduct, is far inferior to it in regularity of plan, and choice of materials; hence its evident degradation is considerable. The Long Aqueduct, as it now stands, is undoubtedly a Turkish construction; that is to say, it has been rebuilt by the Turks. This aqueduct is composed of two tiers of gothic arches. The lower tier contains forty-eight arches, and the upper fifty. The length of the Long Aqueduct is three hundred and fifty-eight fathoms, and its height thirteen fathoms.

Bach-havouz of Pyrgos.

The Bach-havouz are basins generally circular, placed in ravines, and destined to collect the waters averted from their natural course, to receive another direction. The water enters and leaves them by vaulted conduits. They have besides, a third conduit, likewise vaulted, used to return the overflow of the basin to the natural bed of the stream.

The Bach-havouz established near the reservoirs, and those just mentioned, have a similar destination. The latter may be called Bach-havouz of derivation, and the others Bach-havouz of distribution, as they receive the waters emerging from a bend, and then send them on in determinate directions.

The waters flowing through the Curved Aqueduct and the Long Aqueduct, reach the Bach-havouz of Pyrgos, by two different vaulted conduits, and leave it blended in one only, that conveys them to the Aqueduct of Justinian.

The Bach-havouz of Pyrgos is circular; it is thirty feet in diameter, and the masonry of its encircling wall, three feet six inches in thickness. A terrace four feet in breadth surrounds the wall of enclosure. A gate, and two stair-cases, one leading up to the terrace, and the other down to the descent of the basin, facilitates the inspection of the conduits, and the making the necessary repairs. The Bach-havouz of Pyrgos offers nothing remarkable in regard to its construction, but the determination of its site, involving minute topographical researches, deserves attention

from the manner in which it has been effected.

Aqueduct of Justinian.

This aqueduct is built in a valley, through which flows the Cydaris of the ancients, now called Ali-Bei-Keuiu Souion. It is composed of two tiers of gothic arches, each tier containing four arches. Those of the lower story being eight fathoms four feet in breadth, are longer than those of the upper, which are only six fathoms, four feet, six inches, in span. These arches are separated by piles, propped from without by prismatic counterforts, on a triangular base, cut off diagonally, so as to terminate above in a right line; they cross each other in different directions, and present levels ingeniously executed. In the middle of these piles, at three different heights, are wrought small arches, which without injuring the solidity of the aqueduct, are intended to diminish the weight of the structure, and impart a lightness to it throughout. The piles of the second tier are regularly perforated lengthways of the aqueduct, by vaulted passages four feet in breadth, similar to those of the Curved Aqueduct, and having the same object; to lighten the structure and furnish a communication from one side of the valley to the other. The length of the Aqueduct of Justinian, is a hundred and twenty fathoms, and its height eighteen. The piles at the level of the soil, are eight fathoms, three feet in thickness in the middle. The water conduit is about two feet broad, and four feet high; it is covered by flag stones forming a shelving roof with the drains.

The Aqueduct of Justinian, is built with remarkable solidity; and notwithstanding the little care paid to its preservation, seems destined to endure for centuries. This aqueduct, and the Curved Aqueduct, are both particularly distinguished amongst the structures remaining to us of the Greek emperors; the one by the grandeur of its construction, and the other by the elegance of its design and the admirable proportion of its details. Having verified the principal dimensions of the Aqueduct of Justinian, I have ascertained the correctness of the plan taken by Baron Tott, and published by M. Guys, in the second volume of his "*Voyage litteraire de la Grèce.*" *

The aqueduct just described, was not built by Justinian, although it bears his name. Procobius, in his "Book of Edifices," which he devoted to an acquaintance with the buildings erected by Justinian, does not mention it. The Book of Edifices, is indeed, one of the smallest of the productions of Procobius; but it is curious, as it enumerates the prodigious number of structures of magnificence and public utility, of defensive works and religious edifices, reared by Justinian, through the long duration of his reign, in every direction, and to the remotest bounds of his empire.

Some authors have ascribed this aqueduct to Andronicus Comnenus, chosen emperor in 1183, and who reigned not quite two years. Gyllius seems to have adopted this opinion. He asserts, that Andronicus undertook to convey the waters from Belgrade to Constantinople by very lofty aqueducts, situated in the vicinity of Pyrgos, and by subterranean canals. But, Nicetas Choniatas, who continued the annals of Zonarus, says, that Andronicus Comnenus *renewed* these works, which supposes their previous existence. It cannot really be doubted, that the water conduit of Belgrade was cotemporary with the great cisterns, still seen in the capital of the Ottoman empire, and the most considerable of which belong to the time of Constantine.

They all bear, in truth, the signet of Roman grandeur; for it is known that this emperor was ambitious to make of his new city a second Rome, by building in it edifices in a similar style of magnificence, to those so much admired in his ancient capital. The water conduits of this latter, were, indeed, not among the Roman structures least worthy of notice, nor of those the least calculated still to excite our admiration. But, though these monuments surprise by their grandeur, we may however remark a deficiency of correctness in their outline, and inequalities in their component details. We do not speak of the grouping together of columns and capitals of different materials and proportions, nor of different orders of architecture observable in the same dome, as may be seen in the cistern of Yèrè—Batan—Serai, and others; this incoherence can only be justified by the pretension of Constantine, to demonstrate that he was able to create in a few years a city, that should not cede even to Rome in grandeur and magnificence. The hurry with which these works were executed, compelled the use of materials taken from the structures of Byzantium, destroyed by order of that emperor, as belonging to another religion, and which were assembled without arrangement or

* Paris, 1783.

taste. Such was the prelude to the disastrous period of the middle ages, or Lower Empire, that brought with it the total degradation of the arts on the same soil, where they had flourished with so much lustre.

Aqueduct of Djèbèdji Keuïu.

This aqueduct, placed nearly at the entrance of the valley, deriving its name from the village so called, which is situated a league higher up, is composed of two tiers of arches; the higher tier has eleven, and the lower eight only. The piers are strengthened by counterforts. The three piles standing in the bed of the stream have spurs on the side of the water, doubtless intended as a resistance against the floods, and apparently indicating them to be considerable. Near the mouth of the aqueduct a Bachhavouz has been made, to receive the waters from the several valleys, which are afterwards conveyed by a single conduit, to the takçim of Egri Kapon.

The conduit that formerly carried the waters from the valley to this Bachhavouz, having been abandoned, to heighten by a few feet that which still exists, I was enabled to discover, when I visited this valley, May 23, 1814, the interior of the ancient conduit, that the inhabitants have in many places destroyed, and the construction of which appeared to me to merit notice. This conduit being two thirds of a metre in width, and one metre in height, is built on a heavy masonry of stones, smaller than pebbles, joined by a mortar composed of lime reduced to powder, and khorasan or pounded bricks. Its walls are formed in the same manner. It is covered by a dome of bricks and mortar of khorasan, on the outer face of which is the same masonry continued as that which forms its base and sides. The bottom and interior walls of this conduit, to the commencement of the arch, have a tunnel or ditch in cement, fifteen centimetres in thickness, covered again with a composition called lukiom. This cement is no other than mortar of khorasan, in which quick-lime is the base, with an admixture in definite quantities of linseed oil and cotton wool.

The aqueduct of Djèbèdji-Keuiu is a modern structure, but its site is in the primitive direction of the water-conduit of Belgrade and its vicinity, to Constantinople.

The Greeks suppose the elevation of Djèbèdji-Keuiu to date from the reign of Constantine, and to have been the first established in that direction. The water-conduits of Belgrade and Aïvat-Bendi, with the aqueducts of Pyrgos depending on them, are ascribed to Solyman the Magnificent. But this latter supposition is overthrown by the testimony of Nicetas Choniatas, who carries them farther back.

Vaulted conduits receiving the running waters necessarily forming their deposits, have numerous passages pierced through them longitudinally, by which they may be entered and repaired.

The takçim of Egri-Kapon, of At-Batzavi, and of Saint Sophia, in the direction of the Seraglio, and the takçim of Yèni-Baghtchè, in that of Navli-Kapon.

These works are of ancient construction; their form is square; they are surmounted by a cupola, round, arched, or in angular vaults, and are lighted by an opening wrought in the centre of the cupola. The conduits running into and going out from these takçim are vaulted. The mousslouk now remarked in them, by means of which the distribution of the water is regulated, did not exist there originally; it is easy to perceive they are a later addition.

The takçim in question are constructed with great solidity. The most deserving of notice for its beauty of execution, is that of Yèni-Baghtchè. One is at first surprised that these works, of which several are almost entirely under ground, where they form a void towards which the filtered waters naturally converge, should not have experienced the slightest change during the many centuries elapsed since their construction. It must however be acknowledged, that their facings are so well joined, their layers so well adjusted, the arch of their domes so perfectly levelled, that they might be supposed to be of a single piece, neither can one devise, in what way it would have been practicable to have applied any method of conservation to them.

During the day, the waters of the takçim move towards their respective destinations; but in the evening the mouths of the lulè supplying water to certain conduits are stopped, to convey the water into one only. Thus, for example, all the water received by the takçim of Saint Sophia, is directed during the night towards the Seraglio of the Grand Seignior.

The method used to stop the mouths of the lulè in the takçim is singular enough, at least in appearance. A handful of some herbage, (wild celery) al-

ready saturated with water, is thrown into the mousslouk. This herbage is carried into the funnel formed above the mouth of the lulè, where its course being completely checked, it stops the orifice as exactly as a plug; the mere pressure of a piece of linen against the mouth produces the same effect. In fitting a plug to the lulè, the supply of water would have been less regular; and by closing the lulè in any other manner, their bore might eventually have been altered, which would have been prejudicial to the regularity of the distribution of the water. This mode of closing the lulè, at first sight appearing so rude, is nevertheless adopted on principle, and is when carefully inquired into, an additional proof of the simplicity and correctness with which all that concerned the supply of water in Constantinople was originally established.

Water conduits conveying towards the upper part of the counterfort, and on the side of the Sea of Marmora.

The greater number of the water conduits we are about to enumerate, are works piously attached by benefactors to the mosques. The running streams they bring, have their reservoirs in these mosques, where they supply both without and within the entrance court, fountains for the ablutions enjoined before prayer. Part of the water is conveyed by pipes of stone or lead to the aqueduct of Valens; a work that will be presently noticed: it was originally a noble monument, but has been mutilated for a trivial object. The first conduit we find on ascending from the western valley of Fresh Water, to the terrace or platform fronting Constantinople, is that which supplies the mosque of Sultan-Bajazet.

At a league from Eioul, passing by Kutchuk-Keui, a Greek village, we come to a large marshy tract called Pacha-Tchaïre. By sinking the earth a few feet, fountains have been formed in many places, to which, stone pipes have been adapted, that terminate at a kind of slope, or inclined platform; from this the water enters an aqueduct of recent construction, and is afterwards conveyed through the mountain by means of a subterranean conduit.

The broad extent of country from which the running water has been collected, is quite stripped of trees and shrubs; it is a marshy moss-covered tract, dotted here and there with a very short heath, but on which not a single thicket is to be seen.

The mountains of Karamatli, six hours' journey from the Adrianople gate, furnish an abundant supply of water that has been derived through various channels. The heights of Kalkali, to the east of San-Stephano, have likewise many springs. The waters from these two districts flow into the aqueduct of Kharass-Keuïu, from two contiguous stone pipes, enclosed in brick work. This aqueduct is a very ancient structure; it has eleven arches. Its outer walls are strengthened by counterforts, faced with wrought stone, uncemented, but linked together within by iron hooks well leaded in. The aqueduct of Kharass-Keuïu is in ruins; the wild fig tree that flourishes bravely amidst the rubbish of the masonry, contributes its aid towards the task of destruction.

In the vicinity of the Adrianople gate, on the road from Porte-Piccolo, is a ridge of earth that has many springs; they have been collected in a place called *Bairam-Pacha*, surrounded by vegetable gardens.

Several lulè of water have been drawn from eminences near Toptchilar, a village of some fifty cottages, and distant from the same gate about eight hundred fathoms. The site of the village is a kind of terrace, whence go two ravines descending towards Eïoul, at the extremity of the port, and where the valley running to Daoud-Pacha takes its origin, as well as that which, avoiding Constantinople, sweeps on towards the Sea of Marmora.

There has been gathered besides, for the use of the capital, the water from springs rising between Nifeg and Aïpa, amongst the hills on which these two villages are situated, distant about two hours' ride from the Adrianople gate, on the shore of that sea.

Several springs rising on the hills of Baloukli have also been made available. These hills run parallel with the ravine, on the opposite banks of which is situated the part of Constantinople facing the Sea of Marmora. The springs they supply are a little beyond the Aïazma, or sacred fountain, containing fish, that the Greeks, who are somewhat inclined to superstition, regard as miraculous.

Chapter III.

Water-conduits for the supply of Pera and its suburbs.

The valley of Baghtchè-Keuïu, the most eastern of those running towards the Fresh Water, and, at the same time, the

nearest to the Bosphorus, supplies, by means of reservoirs and conduits, the water for the use of Pera, as also several villages on the shores of the Bosphorus.

This valley originally consisted of two valleys and a great ravine, adjoining each other. The waters of the eastern valley, confined above the village of Baghtchè-Keuïu by a dyke, form a reservoir, called Mahmoud-Bendi. Another reservoir, formed in the same manner, in the adjacent valley, is called Validè-Bendi, or reservoir of Validè. After the junction of the waters of the two Bend, they are conveyed to the arched aqueduct of Baghtchè-Keuïu; thence to the takçim of Pera, they are carried by means of souterazi, made on the ridge between the eastern valley of the Fresh Water and the Bosphorus.

WORKS OF ART.

These works consist of two bend, an aqueduct, two takçim, and a number of souterazi with conduits.

The Bend of Baghtchè-Keuïu is formed by a dyke of masonry forty fathoms in length, crossing the middle of the valley in which it is situated. It has in the middle a stunted spur directed against the course of the river, which runs along the valley, and is strengthened downwards by two large square counterforts, rising to the level of its greatest height: the facings of the dyke and counterforts are slanting, and constructed of hewn stone.

The bend of Baghtchè-Keuïu was constructed in 1731, by Sultan Mahmoud I., and restored in 1784, by Sultan Abdalla-Hamed. This bend, as well as that of Valide and Aïvat-Bendi, are faced with white marble. Placed in the gorges of mountains, well and agreeably wooded, they are in harmony with the rest of the landscape, and have a very picturesque effect. The bend established in the valley of Belgrade are more ancient; their direction is in a right line, without spurs or counterforts.

Aqueduct of Baghtchè-Keuïu.—This aqueduct, placed at five hundred fathoms below the village of that name, stands at the commencement of one of the fountain-heads of the valley of Buyukdere, in a defile, forming the communication between this valley and that of Baghtchè-Keuïu. It it composed of twenty triangular arches, the piers of which are strengthened by counterforts. The arches are three fathoms in width each; their greatest height is seven fathoms and one foot. An arch of a greater span than those just mentioned, placed beneath, in the lowest part of the ravine, gives a passage to the high road from Buyukdere to Baghtchè-Keuïu, Belgrade, and other places. The length of this aqueduct is about two hundred and ten fathoms, and its height, corresponding to the defile, is thirteen fathoms two feet.

The aqueduct of Baghtchè-Keuïu, built by the Turks, is a solid structure, in good preservation. This aqueduct is one of those monuments of public magnificence that the Ottoman sovereigns, or eminent personages, take delight in constructing to signalize their reign or administration; for a souterazi might have been easily substituted for it; a work much less expensive, but which would not have attracted nearly so much notice. For instance, this aqueduct cost five hundred thousand piastres: while a souterazi in the same position would not have cost more than twenty-five thousand. But the sultans are never guided by views of economy in the erection of public works—their object being to obtain thereby a lasting fame, by imprinting on their monuments a character of grandeur and magnificence that shall infuse into the people a feeling of admiration for their founder.

Takçim of Pera.—This takçim contains four small reservoirs, that supply water to Pera, Galata, Kaçim-Pacha, and Top-khana. The form of the room is octagonal. Columns placed at the angles support broad arches; a cornice runs round the top of the arches; the edifice is completed by a hemispheric dome. The mousslook is placed opposite to the entrance door: a divan, or alcove with benches, elevated a few feet, placed to the left, is intended for persons of distinction who visit the takçim. It is likewise used by the Turkish women, who stop there on returning from a promenade, to take the *kief*,* and to rest at their ease, and drink the fresh water so much prized by the Turks. The door is closed during the time they remain there, and no man is permitted to approach the place.

Sultan Mahmoud I. constructed in 1734 the takçim of Pera; and Sultan Selim III. that to be seen near the cemetery of the Armenians, before reaching the other takçim, distributing a part of its waters between the village of Saint Dimitri, and Bèchik-Tach, a summer

* A platform, or kind of terrace, raised a few feet from the ground, shaded with trees, and having generally a fountain in the centre, where the Turks delight to rest, and take their *siesta*.

palace of the Grand Seignior, on the Bosphorus.

The state of the springs is sometimes such as to make it necessary to regulate the consumption of water. Visiting different hydraulic works, in particular the Long Aqueduct, and the aqueduct of Justinian, we perceived that, for want of keeping in repair, a great waste of the water occurs. This leakage, besides, will bring along with it the dilapidation of these noble structures. The Turks think not of the ravages of time; their own existence is so uncertain, so precarious! They construct, but they are little careful to preserve. The dependents, eager to grasp the receipts of to-day, avert the sums appropriated for the repairs of these works; they thus deceive the government, and, when at length some repairs are unavoidable, these same dependents are in their turn deceived by the khalfa (Greek, Armenian, or Jewish architects), who intentionally introduce some defect into the works, that they may the sooner be called again to repair them. A most respectable individual, M. Ruffin, who will not soon be forgotten in the Levant, a *détenu* at the Seven Towers during our expedition to Egypt, remarked to the khalfa of that castle, that it was singular the house of the dizdar, or commandant, should be built of wood, whilst the ruins of four towers, fallen through decay, offered building materials of stone suitable for a superior and more convenient dwelling. The khalfa entreated M. Ruffin not to speak of it, from compassion to him as the father of a family, who drew his livelihood from the annual repairs of this house.

Chapter IV.

The Aqueduct of Valens.

Standing in Constantinople, in the defile between the third and fourth hills, is the aqueduct of Valens; a beautiful edifice constructed of hewn stone, the appearance of which is most imposing. It was originally formed of two tiers of arches: a part of those of the upper story were destroyed, to give a view of the royal Mosque Chèh-Zadè, subsequently constructed. It however, in its present mutilated state, conveys the streams collected on the higher part of the counterfort, dividing the western valley of the Fresh Water from the Sea of Marmora. But instead of a direct and regular conduit, conduits on souterazi have been substituted, and a takçim has been created at the western extremity of the aqueduct; its use is to subdivide the water supplied from the springs of Kalkali, the greater part of which is conveyed to the seraglio of the Grand Seignior. This water always limpid and pure, is more particularly intended for the use of the Harem.

The length of what remains of the aqueduct of Valens is three hundred and fourteen fathoms, and its height eleven fathoms four feet. The length of the whole fabric may be reckoned at least at six hundred fathoms.

The higher part of this aqueduct commands the two valleys that terminate, the one at the Sea of Marmora, whose waves are discernible, and the other at the port. These valleys, covered with an immense number of houses, standing among the large trees, with which the gardens in the interior of the city are planted, present one of the most beautiful prospects in Constantinople. It is heightened, in every direction, by a perspective of the public buildings of the captital and its suburbs, rising in an amphitheatre beyond the port. To have a good view of the position and extent of the aqueduct of Valens, one ought to stop half-way down the hill, descending the *Echelle-des-Morts*,* near the outer wall of Galata, to the west of this suburb. The flight of stairs just mentioned is that where the Turks embark the dead bodies to convey them to the great cemetery of Scutari, on the Asiatic coast.

The aqueduct of Valens, built at first by Hadrian, before the foundation of Constantinople, rebuilt by Valens, destroyed by the Avarians, during the reign of Heraclius, again restored by Constantine Iconoclastes, was, according to M. le Chevalier, once more entirely rebuilt by Solyman the Magnificent.

This last assertion appears not to be well founded; for in the aqueduct of Valens is remarked a part more ancient, but of better construction than the new. This latter has had so little care taken of it that it is fallen into ruins; it was not, besides, constructed on the same plan as the older part, whose arcades are Gothic arched; whilst those of the new are round arched.

The period of the construction of the aqueduct of Valens can be ascertained with sufficient accuracy.

* Ladder, steps (*ishèle*). By this name are designated the different points appropriated to landing from vessels and boats.

Valens was raised to the empire in 364. Historians assert that this emperor, having ordered the demolition of Chalcedonia, to punish the city for the part it took in the revolt of Procobius, decided that the stones from the ruins should be used for an aqueduct to convey water to Constantinople for the use of its inhabitants; and that an oracle had foretold that, after this demolition, the barbarians should be defeated. This event took place in 368, and the death of Procobius had occurred two years before. There is reason then to fix the first construction of the aqueduct of Valens between the years 366 and 368. The oracle alluded to was contained in the following inscription, related by Zonarus (a Greek historian and monk of the twelfth century), found, according to this author, in destroying the walls of Chalcedonia:—

"When the nymphs shall form dances in the liquid element in the midst of the city—when they shall play together in the public squares—when the reverberating walls shall enclose the circumference of the baths, then shall appear swarms of divers barbarous nations. These cruel tribes, proud of their brute strength, having passed the Ister (Danube), shall ravage Mœsia and Scythia; but when without other support than their audacious hopes, and, led away by their irresistible destiny, they shall have put foot on the soil of Thrace—death awaits them."

Constantinople having been supplied with water for the baths and other uses, great rejoicings were held in acknowledgment of the benefit: the basin which received the water, constructed in the Square of Theodosius by Clearchus, then prefect of the city, took the name of Dapsilehydor, or Abundant Water. Valens built likewise for the public, *thermae*, or warm baths, finished in 375, and to which he gave the name of his daughter Carosa.

Chapter V.

Of the Company of Sou-Yoldji, or Conduit Makers.

Nothing is more common than to fancy that in Turkey there are neither definite laws, nor rules for public administration. We shall be therefore surprised to hear of a company of Sou-Yoldji, or conduit makers, which supposes a body of men regularly organised, and exercising an art founded if not on a known theory, at least on traditionary practices giving definite results. Such a body, however, exists at Constantinople, and to it is entrusted the charge of collecting, conveying, and distributing the water necessary for the wants and conveniences of life.

The body of Sou-Yoldji is at present composed of three hundred Turks, taken from the inhabitants of the capital, and about a hundred Greek Albanese, chosen exclusively from certain families of the canton of Drinopolis in Epirus, of which Argyro-Castro is the capital, and distinguished by the denomination of Loundjidès, or inhabitants of the district of Riza, in the canton of Loundjiara. They expatriate themselves, to exercise at Constantinople, and in the principal cities of the Ottoman empire, the trade of Sou-Yoldji. This industrious tribe appear to be of Greek origin, although speaking spontaneously the "*Schrype:*" their works have been known in Epirus from remote antiquity; for to them is ascribed, though without proofs, the honour of having constructed the aqueducts and canal that formerly carried the waters from Saint George to Nicopolis. But it is beyond dispute, that to them is due the building of the aqueduct of three hundred and sixty-six arches, that brought the water from springs across an arm of the sea to the citadel of Saint Maura, during the period when the Turks were masters of Leucadia. Under the Greek Emperors, the Loundjides found themselves in the sole possession of the privilege of being conduit-makers in the capital; and the Ottomans who afterwards employed them, continued to them certain rights which they still enjoy.

No Greek Albanese can be chosen in preference to the Loundjides for the office of conduit maker, which always passes from father to son. If the son inheriting the post, be not old enough to exercise the craft, the company name a guardian for him, until he shall be of sufficient years. When a conduit maker dies, leaving behind him no son, the company is then authorised to sell the place, and the purchase money, generally as much as four or five hundred pounds, is placed at the disposal of his widow, for the benefit of herself and her other children.

The conduit makers by a *Hatti-sherif* are exempted from paying the poll-tax. The inspector of the water works, upon whom alone they are dependent, furnishes them with a written protection

that frees them from imposts; an advantage which the other rayahs do not enjoy. This Hatti-sherif was granted as far back as the time of Sultan Murad the Fourth, the conqueror of Bagdad; he bestowed it in favour of several conduit makers of Upper Albania, who following in the train of his army during his expedition, rendered him valuable services.

The Sou-Nazari, or Inspector of the Water-works, is named by the Grand Seignior; he is generally chosen from among the subaltern officers of the palace. His annual salary is three thousand piastres. He has in addition the revenues and command of twelve villages, in which the works belonging to the water-conduits are situated. The Sou-Nazari has no connexion with the district entrusted to his administration. The Greek conduit-makers do not themselves receive any theoretical instruction; but rules and traditionary practices are inherited by oral transmission in their families. What they know, they know well; they explain their ideas with much clearness, and operate upon the soil with equal dexterity and exactness.

The Greeks of Argyro-Castro whom we have mentioned, had preserved from father to son, from time immemorial, traditions respecting conduits on souterazi. The Turks subsequently imitated them, and established themselves as conduit makers and miners, rather to profit by the revenues of these officers, than for the execution of great structures. The works done under the Turkish emperors unite both classes of conduits; those of aqueducts on arches, and of souterazi: the water conduit from Baghtchè-Keuïu to Pera is an instance of this. But the Greek families of Argyro-Castro remain equally in possession of the means to concur in the erection of works of this kind in the capital; and it is still to individuals of these families that the charge is entrusted of constructing the water-conduits presenting the greatest difficulties. Under the Greek emperors, the general system of the water-conduits was completed by the use in Constantinople of cisterns, of which one only still communicates with the primitive water-conduit of Belgrade and Aïvat-Bendi, whilst the rest are either deserted, or alienated to other purposes than that of the conservation of the water. These cisterns are constructions of a higher order, not less interesting than the *Bend*, the *Aqueducts*, the *Takçim*, and other structures distinguishing the remarkable system of water-works for the supply of the capital of the Ottoman empire, and its suburbs beyond the port.

Bedford. B. E. M.

A "NIGGER" WEDDING AT BERMUDA.

Last Sunday (says Miss Lloyd in her sketches of Bermuda), I witnessed the amusing ceremony of a negro wedding; and as the parties were well known, many of their kinsfolk came to have a peep. The bride was attended by a train of *paranymphas*, all attired in transparent muslin dresses; and the glimmering of their black arms had a strange effect amid the profusion of white satin ribbons, flowers, etc. There was such a display of white gloves and favours—such shifting of sides—such crowding around the bride to enjoy the privilege of ungloving—such whimsical blunders between the right hand and the left, that, though I wished the good people all possible felicity, I could with difficulty preserve my gravity, especially when the bridegroom, in a very hearty tone, cried out, "I Cupid take thee Venus for my wedded wife!" Though these names had now become familiar to my ear, the effect of this association was more ludicrous than I can describe. A wedding is quite a grand affair among the negroes, and the women are at infinite pains to dress themselves in the most becoming fashion. Poor Blanche, who, I must tell you, is as black as jet, was found by her mistress, on her bridal morning, standing before the glass, and reviewing the labours of her toilet with intense interest. She seemed pleased with the effect of a bunch of red coral flowers which were placed beneath her bonnet, and once more adjusting the folds of her long white veil, was about to retire, when turning round, she exclaimed, with a desponding air, "Ah! how beautiful I should be if I were white!" Marriages are not published by banns, and the poorest persons must have a license, for which it is necessary to apply to the governor. They are commonly celebrated in the evening, and most frequently at the house of the bride. The marriage of a great heiress with the colonial secretary, which has just taken place, was, however, contrary to the usual fashion, performed at church. There are two or three rich heiresses in Bermuda, but the people in general are not opulent; for all the wealth of the colony is in the hands of four or five individuals, who made large fortunes during the last war.

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GENERAL ALLARD'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE EAST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(For the Parterre).

For the last month, General Allard has been the theme of conversation in the Parisian *salons*. The daily papers, and the reviews have given to public curiosity, a number of peculiarities of this astonishing man, who has carried the French name and flag to the centre of the Indian continent.

There arrives in Paris, every now and then, some eastern personage, who absorbs the attention of this great city, always so eager to listen to, and to see all that come from afar. In the reign of Louis XIV, a Persian ambassador arrived, who dazzled all Versailles, and even turned, for a moment, the public attention from one of Corneille's *chefs d'œuvre*. When Orientals have been wanting for Parisian curiosity, authors have been found who have invented them; and the public has then granted to these imaginary heroes the same favour which it did to the real ones. Voltaire's Usbeck, and Ricca de Montesquieu; his Zadig and Princess of Babylon, enriched the publishers, and caused an innumerable family of rather awkwardly imitated Persians and Babylonians to spring up. Galand has lulled us sweetly to sleep with those fables he relates so well: thanks to him, we have had dreams, sparkling with precious stones; we have known Asia before we knew France; the caliphs of Bagdad, before the magistrates of our own department; and have visited the wives of the Sultan of Cashmere on descending from the winged horse. On leaving college, our first friendship was given to Nourredin Ali and Bedreddin Hassan. All this explains clearly enough, why in 1825 the oriental, Sidi Mahmoud, obtained so much notice when he shewed off his turban at the Basilique at Rheims—Paris loves the East; and for want of Bagdad, she is contented with Tunis. We owe to this frivolous passion the preservation of our conquest in Africa:

it is a shred of the East which Paris holds in her hand. Should railroads or steam be brought a little more to perfection, it would require but two days to bind together the towers of Notre-Dame and the Minarets; the city magistrates and the cadis. The North has always had a great predilection for the East—it is the order of nature. The North has only her aurora borealis: the East has her sun. Light never came from the North, although the North has said, in her vanity, "Those that have enlightened the world have turned, like the planet Mercury, within the rays of the sun."—Moses, Confucius, Zoroaster, Homer, Mahomet! honour to him then, who comes from the East!

In the last century, the ladies of rank used to say, "How can one be a Persian?" We know now that it is easier to be a Persian than to turn Indian, like General Allard. In my opinion, his is the most wonderful of all cotemporary dramas. The Lahorite General has seen our theatres and our melodramas of Paris; his motto was that of Lord Bolingbroke—*niladmirari*. In fact, what could *he* be astonished at? "I pass from one dream to another," he would say to me sometimes, in his Provençal idiom; "but I know I do not sleep." It is really enough to confuse you to think that the fate of Lahore, perhaps of India itself, is bound up in a bloody scene acted in 1815, at an inn at Avignon. Allard was a brave and intelligent officer. Marshal Brune was assassinated at his side. Allard heard the noise of the brigands' steps, who were seeking for him also; he was saved by the devoted affection of his host, a soldier of the Italian army; he escaped from this bloody Avignon, where the murder of a marshal was only concealed by giving his corpse a watery grave. He arrives in Paris to demand justice and protection; in answer, he receives an order to leave Paris immediately. Allard then understood that France was no longer his country; he takes the first road which offers, and commences his march; any roof will afford him protection. There are not two *Avignons*. He soon after found himself in Egypt, and the Arab offered him milk beneath his tent. The old soldiers of Mourad-Bey lived as brothers with the soldier of Napoleon.

The fellahs of the Nile are more humane than the green uniforms of the Rhone. Soon, his travelling mania urges him to take up his staff, and mount his knapsack, and, not long afterwards, the exile of Avignon stops before an immense city, which rose to his view like a vast amphitheatre, piercing the azure firmament with its spires and cupolas; a magnificent bay watering its feet. And there, darts upward the spire of many an aerial kiosk, kept cool by its Persian blinds, and shadowed by the palm tree—it is Constantinople. Our pilgrim looks upon Stamboul as but an inn on the high road of the world; he will walk on, like Regnard, as long as the universe fails not beneath his feet—*ubi deficit orbis*. Persia smiles on him—he is now in the odoriferous avenue—a slip of those sandy deserts which lead to the lovely Hindostan. He breakfasts on the melancholy ruins of Persepolis; on dates, and water from the rock, like Paul and Macarius, the hermits of the desert. But he is still too near France. The traveller crosses the Himalayan mountains, seeking still some more mysterious city, where he may relate our glory, and deposit his conquered eagles. One evening, when he felt fatigued, for Asia is *very* large, he perceived on the horizon a town, girt about with walls, standing in a plain as verdant as a beautiful garden—it was the capital of Punjaub, the kingdom of the Five Rivers—it was Lahore, which commands the Indus, the Hydaspes or Djelim, the Tchenab, the Ravi, and the Sutledje. The wonderful fertility of this country made our pilgrim from France rejoice; this corner of the world invited him to rest; he pitched on the banks of the Ravi the stakes of his imperial tent, and slept. On awaking, a genius crowned with rays, conducted him by the hand before a throne all dazzling with carbuncles; an Indian king gave him his sword, with one of his daughters; the Arabian tales were beginning to be realized; one night more was added to the Thousand and One—our tricolor flag had served, instead of the wonderful lamp, to the new Aladdin.

A soldier of the Empire alone could reach so high, so singular a summit of fortune. The soldier of Napoleon was accustomed to look on the globe as his property; he knew that he should everywhere find attentive ears and friendly hands, by giving as his pass-word—*Napoleon!* he knew that the names of Marengo and Austerlitz had been translated into the polar languages, on the icebergs of Eaheinomauwe, and of Tavaï Poënammoo, those two islands of New Zealand, the boundary of the universe. With this right confidence in his heart

the soldier marched forward. France was his country, the rest of the world his province—conquered, or to be conquered. General Allard had (independent of his disposition) more favourable circumstances than many others. He is a man of a commanding but slender figure; his features are beautifully regular; nothing equals the grace of his smile, nor the mind depicted in his glance. Among the Orientals, physical qualities are always a great recommendation. Besides, Allard was born under a southern sky; he was acquainted with the sun of Provence, and he feared it not: he is one of those men whom a burning temperature excites, but does not overpower. So that, after seventeen years' residence in those fiery climes, he returns to his own with all the vigour and the iron constitution of a soldier. Colonel Fagan brought back from India, after but a short sojourn there, an impaired constitution. Napoleon, who saw him at St. Helena, said to him with a melancholy smile, "Does not one soon grow old in India?" Colonel Fagan was an Englishman. Allard owed part of his good fortune to his glorious natal sun; and, what is more, with that facility possessed by southrons of bending their organs to all the inflections of the south, our countryman had little trouble in converting his Provençal idiom into the Indian dialect. His intelligence, his courage, and his talents did the rest. One must be out of the common order of beings to mount so high. At Lahore, as in Paris, chance is necessary to enable us to conquer our destiny; but many other things must come to the assistance of chance.

General Allard had always preserved in his heart a sincere veneration for the memory of the Emperor, whose standard he had planted on the banks of the Hydaspes and Indus. After seventeen years of this eastern dream, the veteran of Austerlitz and Lahore had not forgotten Napoleon. As he himself told me, Allard has lived two lives; he is dead, if we may use the expression, to the Inn of Avignon, and has risen again in India, as if in another planet, nearer the sun. He has sometimes doubted his existence when a confused remembrance has presented to him some great battle of Europe, with the Emperor on horseback, galloping in front of his old guard; and when this picture of former times, of other men, other skies, has become confounded with some Indian battle with an army of Siks: with the sons of Porus's soldiers obeying the French cry, *Croisez les baïonnettes;* beating our charge on the drum; unfurling the tricolor flag to the breezes of the Hydaspes, and sounding the *reveillée* at dawn on the frontiers of Kafferistan—that mysterious country, where the women, who always adorn themselves with a cross, are so surpassingly fair—often did General Allard, with his southern imagination, surprise himself doubting about Europe, and asking himself if he had ever really been a soldier of the Emperor. Thus, we ought not to feel surprised that, full of this veneration, these remembrances, this double existence, General Allard, when his vessel was wafting him from India to France, should have called on it to weigh anchor before the island of St. Helena—that majestic hostelrie of the ocean—English by its flag, but French by its tomb!

I do not believe that there is in history a more affecting pilgrimage. I loved to listen to General Allard when he related to us, in the intimacy of friendship, this mysterious visit paid to the tomb of Napoleon—the pious homage of a soldier, who comes, after all his labours, to render to his chief that share of glory which is due to him. Thus nothing ever remained incomplete in any work sketched out by the Emperor. The thought conceived at St. Jean d'Acre had conducted Allard to the East, and the imperial veteran, like a faithful messenger, was come to render account of his mission at the august tomb—the head-quarters of death! The French General from Lahore procured a guide, and proceeded in silence towards that other valley of tears, where a willow had replaced all those arches of verdure which the imperial reign had raised. The evening was stormy; the thunder rolled sullenly in the distance, like the clash of a distant battle; the eagles were hovering in the sky. The General knelt on the sacred stone, and he who was so bold and daring, trembled for the first time; cold drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he tried to stammer out the name of Napoleon, but an emotion of terror paralysed his lips—never, says he, had I felt any thing like it! He had smiled at the battles of Europe and India—he trembled beneath the imperial willow. No noise was heard but the murmuring of the fountain at which Napoleon had drank, and the unceasing lamentations of the wind in the high bushes around the mausoleum. The traveller was pale and weeping; he

gathered a few leaves of the willow, and cast one melancholy look at the path which winds towards the foot of the mountain; on those rocks crumbled by volcanoes; on that ocean, which wafted us back to the shore of the island —that funereal Styx, which the Emperor could not pass. At length, after many efforts, the sound of the soldier's solemn adieu fell on the marble; and if departed spirits *can* rejoice at any thing terrestrial, no human voice could have caused more joy to the shadow of Napoleon!

M. A. W.

24*th November*, 1835.

SUPPERS AND LATE HOURS.

Upon the question of early rising, most people are accustomed to preach one way and practise another. Thomson has animated me to a poetical mood in the night, of which no remains were left in the morning; and at twelve I have bribed a servant to break my slumbers, and been strongly tempted to kick him down stairs for an impudent scoundrel, when at six he came to execute my orders!

The luxury of a morning nap levels all classes to a common equality of substantial enjoyment. In times of labour, it is a restoration of strength; and, in periods of unhappiness, a suspension of anguish. The rock rests, for a time, upon the summit of the hill—the wheel ceases to revolve—the vulture rests his bloody beak, and the fires of Pluto lie smouldering in their ashes. A touch—a sound—and the dreadful terrors revert to their old order. A knock at my door sets the rock again in motion, and once more loosens the ever-turning wheel.

O, those unwelcome knocks at your bed-room door! What deceit or artifice would you not practise to be rid of the intruder! You are just sufficiently awake to answer the summons in a tone of disguised impatience—of feigned calmness and good-nature—of forced civility. You assure your servant that you are quite awake—that he can go. You listen with fearful anxiety to the sound of his retreating steps. You fall back into a heavenly abandonment of every earthly responsibility—close your heavy eyes in utter joy and triumph, and sink again, undisturbed, into the blissful regions of forgetfulness and deep repose. One of the most unpleasant hours I ever spent was, when half asleep in the morning at daybreak, just hovering on the brink of a profound slumber, and only held from falling in by an impatient horse, which I had rashly ordered the preceding day, and whose tramping beneath the window kept me painfully awake.

Most people lie a-bed who are not compelled to rise. It depends very much, however, upon habit, climate, and constitution, whether a man should be blamed in this for following the bent of his humour. There are certain parts of the world where, to be early in the open air, is actually pernicious to health; the exhalations rising from the earth being impregnated with miasma. It is almost certain death to breathe the morning air of certain sections of Italy at particular seasons.

It generally happens, that those who lose time in morning-slumbers sit late in the evening, and thus enjoy the same *quantity* of existence as their more industrious fellow-creatures; but, inasmuch as the morning hours are usually employed in some improving occupation, and those of the night in unprofitable idleness or enervating pleasure, he who retires to his pillow at a proper hour, and quits it with the opening day, has certainly the advantage.

I know many excellent men who never enjoy the freshness of the morning-breeze—who dine at seven, sup at three, and breakfast at one or two; thereby almost entirely inverting the order of nature, and holding their existence only in the night. They, undoubtedly, discover a degree of gratification in this, or they would not practise it.

There is a character about the night peculiarly suitable to social intercourse or solitary reveries. What can be more delightful than to break apart the embers of the midnight fire? and then what charms await the supper-table! The day is over —Labour is past—*Business* is done—You are no more upon an arena where your wits are ever sharpened to take advantage of all you meet. Your heart changes from bargain-making and distrust, to friendship, kindness, courtesy and joy. The circle of which you are one, is a select group of kindred souls drawn together by congenial sympathies and situations. This is companionship! Mind comes in contact with mind, and heart with heart; not in discord such as rings from the meeting of miscellaneous crowds in the harsh *daylight* conflicts of life, when all the good of the human character too often lies idle and concealed, and all the evil is distilled from its secret avenues, and brought out on

the surface by an unnatural pressure of grovelling interests and vicious passions, consequent upon an artificial state of society; but in harmony, where each is inclined to do the most he can to be happy himself, and to promote happiness in others. These hours in the labours of life remind one of the pauses made during a long, fatiguing, dusty journey, for purposes of rest and refreshment.

But these stolen periods of pleasure must be paid back to nature, who demands her portion of sleep, and scenes of night conviviality are prolific of morning indolence. Lying a-bed is agreeable enough under such circumstances, but it is to be observed that this habit like all other habits, strengthens with indulgence, and becomes a necessity after it has ceased to be a pleasure. D.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

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After nearly two years upon the continent, musing amid the wonders of Italy, Switzerland, and France, we called for our bill at the Hôtel du Rhin, in the beautiful Place Vendôme, and prepared to quit, perhaps for ever, the gay and glittering metropolis of Paris. On the eve of separation, it is with cities as with friends, all their charms rise pleasantly together in our minds, and their unfavourable features are for the moment forgotten. Several parting calls, deferred till the busy day of departure, now led our way for an hour and a half through the thronged and thundering streets, and we thus paid the adieu of a glance to the most remote parts of the town. The mass of crowded images among which our carriage rapidly glided, produced impressions dazzling almost to pain. It was a bright sunshiny day in April, and from the exceeding narrowness of the streets, and the immense height of the houses which walled them in on either side, we sometimes plunged into shadows so gloomy and abrupt, so damp and repulsive, as almost to convey the idea of a subterranean passage; and again emerged from these wet and unhealthy recesses into an open space, amid white buildings, palaces, domes, bridges, and columns, where the glare of light made the eyeballs ache. There is in Paris something perpetually gay, brilliant and picturesque, breaking through filth and desolation. The houses, inhabitants, horses, carriages, and passengers, are compressed within a place incredibly small. Some of the shops are mere stalls, no wider than a sentry-box; others again are so large as to strike you with an astonishment, not diminished when one of the dozen or two fair nymphs presiding at the counter, in reply to a demand for some article, begs you to mount *au second*, or *au troisième*, (into the second or third story). Then, there is a profusion of goods displayed at the windows and doors, a world of brilliant colours and shining toys, and glass, both in the shape of immense window-panes and mirrors, of every form and size, so that the half-bewildered pedestrian is sometimes puzzled to know which way he is walking, where he is, and whether he is standing on his head or his heels. I have several times deemed myself in a room of spacious dimensions, and quite thronged with ladies and gentlemen, but afterwards discovered it was but a little glass cabinet containing only myself and the fair shopkeeper; and I have more than once beheld walking up to me a person whose countenance I fancied I had somewhere seen before, but presently perceived he was no other than a reflection of myself. These characteristics make Paris all cheerfulness and glitter. The ear is as deafened as the eye is dazzled; and between them both, this one last drive was a strong tax upon our attention. Every now and then you come upon a company of soldiers, whose drum beats as if it would wake the dead, (though its intention is rather in fact to keep the living from awaking). The diligences, among carriages are like seventy-fours among ships; they come tearing and crashing through the town, to the consternation and flight of all the small fry—the horses, of colossal strength and proportions, and six or eight in number; the carriage, a huge bulk, loaded with eighteen or twenty passengers, their mountain of baggage overshadowing the streets—the passengers (poor wretches!) thrust in together amid boxes, bags, canes, and umbrellas; and the driver, *conducteur*, etc., etc. (for there is generally an indefinite number of these savages). There is no other name for them. Their dress is wild and dishevelled—their hair thick, long, and uncombed. They wear caps and blue frocks, of a barbarous shape. Their shoes and boots have a South-sea island look. Their eyes are piercing, untamed and glaring. They urge along their plunging and neighing horses, with repeated cracks of their long whips, stunning to the ears—and they whoop and yell as they drive, like so many devils.

All the women of Paris are beautifully

dressed, and most of the lower orders wear pattens or wooden shoes, which, of themselves, make somewhat of a clatter. Fancy us, then, making our way through these heterogeneous multitudes, for in the present charming day every creature seemed abroad. On thundered the diligences—on came the superb equipages of the great and the noble—the beautiful carriages of the king, wound round a corner as we passed—on came the omnibuses with which Paris is filled, and they very much resemble our own. A troop of cavalry galloped over the pavements, their helmets and breastplates flashing in the sunbeams. As we passed the Tuileries, the garden was full of children, with their mothers and nurses, enjoying themselves in a thousand gay sports, amid the fountains and statues. We were greatly amused with this living and moving panorama. But this is not what most interests us. It is the hold which historical associations take upon the mind—associations which, however hacknied when written, are indescribably thrilling when first called into life by the reality of visible objects. It is like a dream to me, to ride through an old European city; to see every moment growing upon our sight, and passing behind, those huge and curious forms of architecture so familiar in history, and so linked with the beings that are gone. Pile after pile, and outline after outline appear in view, now rising at one side, now imaged darkly against the heavens in the distance—the enchantment of travelling touches you, and those objects, to the careless passers-by most commonplace, become to us not only invested with a character of interest, but of sublimity. Notre-Dame, the Hotel des Invalides, the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Chamber of Deputies, the Place Louis Seize, (ever consecrated to the interest and wonder of mankind), the Place de la Bastile, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the Palais Royal, the Luxembourgh, Père La Chaise, the Champs Elysées—as these celebrated scenes and buildings glanced by the carriage window, mingled with bridges, hotels, and dense interminable streets, and enlivened by the inexhaustible tide of many hundred thousands of human beings, perhaps among the whole multitude scarcely one gazed on them with more lively and ineffaceable impressions than ourselves.

Since our stay here I have taken one or two night strolls through Paris, seen the moonlight glittering upon the bosom of the Seine and slanting through the ponderous arches of the bridges, or across the sculptured fronts of the palaces and cathedrals. Of musing and moralizing, such hours and scenes furnish a feast.

I will not detain you with the Messageries Royales, although a description might tempt an abler pen. I may say of the good people who own and conduct the diligences, that they are in general peculiarly disobliging and uncivil. As it is often their interest, they frequently give you incorrect information respecting the hour of departure, and even that is given rudely. The understrappers and hangers-on are licensed to prey upon travellers, and watchfulness as well as firmness is requisite to escape momentary extortions. For example, as our carriage was about to enter the large court of the Messagerie, two lunatic-looking Frenchmen rushed to the horses' heads and arrested their course.

"What is the matter?"

"You must alight!"

"Who are you?"

"We are authorized agents of the Messagerie," and they pointed to the plate worn upon their bosoms.

"And why must we alight?"

"The carriage cannot enter the court-yard, which is so full of diligences and other *voitures* as not to admit of any more."

"Extraordinary! It is large enough to hold a hundred, or perhaps two."

I hesitated a moment; but in the confusion, for we were in the narrow Rue Montmartre, and surrounded by every kind of vehicle, whose course we obstructed, the rascals had actually unloaded the carriage of our baggage, which consisted of many pieces. Descending, therefore, at the peril of our lives, we succeeded in reaching the office. The court-yard was unusually free from pressure, for we had come early. The porter, however, toiled up, red and sweating under our trunks; and it was for the *job* of carrying them some two hundred yards, for which, of course, he intended to be well paid, that he had put us to all this trouble. He came to me for his money, with a look of great simplicity and a little theatrical fatigue.

"How much do you demand?"

"Five francs."

I very quietly proceeded to tell him that he was a scoundrel, that he had told me a falsehood in the street, and so far from paying him anything for his trouble, I had a mind to present him to the police. I never knew any one more

angry. He was a short, thin man, with a hooked nose; large, keen eyes, and long, black, straight hair. He grew quite pale with passion, and during the half hour that we sat waiting in the diligence, kept continually lurking around us, with his arms folded—his face white and malignant—his eyes fixed on me, and muttering every few moments to some bystander the story of his wrongs.

The country of France, between Paris and Boulogne, is unpicturesque and monotonous to a wonder. Nothing but long plains, almost unmarked by fence or hedge, forest or cottage—sometimes half-heaved into a long and sullen swell, and then broadening off again into a level, extending to the horizon, and resembling the solitary immensity of the ocean. The villages are a ragged, wretched collection of stone huts or houses—with no sign of taste, elegance, or comfort; and in the towns where greater ostentation prevails, the very wealth and splendour look cheerless and dirty. The hand of care is nowhere seen. No paling about the door—no flowers and vines at the window—everything is uncared for and neglected; and the hotels, where you are compelled to dine and sup, are not unfrequently, in plain words, *repulsive*. Yet sometimes you are delighted with an ancient cathedral, its richly carved and wondrous walls, façade and towers, and the most picturesque objects in the world, interwoven, as they are, with a thousand startling, historical recollections; or an old *château*, standing alone upon a plain, half-surprises and half-pleases the eye, with its quaint and antique architecture.

A night in the diligence is a terrible ordeal, or an agreeable adventure, according to your own health, and the circumstances about you. I am generally more amused than otherwise. It is an apt time for the indulgence of sober and pleasing reflection and reminiscences. It is in those dark watches of the night that distant scenes and friends, and past years, are present with you, and mingle solemnly with anticipations of the future. The *foreign* features of all about you, as you look through the dim carriage-window, divest, by their contrast, your own life and character of the commonplace monotony which they usually wear to your meditation; and images of what you have been lately reading in history visit you, and you feel what a wild tide of adventure, is your earthly existence. Your sleep is slight and momentary; and when the morning breaks, and the stars fade, and you behold the early peasants trooping to their morning toil, you cannot comprehend that you are launched upon a new day. In summer, indeed, the division between one day and another is scarcely perceptible; it really requires the paraphernalia of a bed and a night-cap to bring your imagination even with the almanac. I invariably write my letters after a nocturnal ride in the diligence. In common with most *voyageurs* on these occasions, I amuse myself by noting my fellow-travellers, who are probably not less ceremonious with me. On the present occasion I had three—by their prominent marks of individuality, and in the way of contrast, worthy to grace my little sketch-book of trifles. The one was a Frenchman, the other two Englishmen. The former first attracted my attention. He was a handsome man, of almost the middle height, plainly but neatly dressed, and very slightly inclined to *embonpoint*. His face was the most perfect index of a self-satisfied and happy heart of any I ever saw. A clear complexion, open and rather intelligent forehead, and *only* a little nose! a little *retroussé*; round, contented chin, a mouth full and well cut, and a pair of the mildest blue eyes imaginable. The prevailing expression of his face and manner was good-humour; gentle, uniform, self-complacent, irrepressible good-humour. Nay, is was even more. It was a secret delight which filled his heart and his head, diffused itself through his legs, and made itself felt and seen in the very end of his fingers. He had come to the *Messagerie* with a lady, who was, as I suspected, and subsequently ascertained, his *wife*. A large, masculine-looking woman, with a hard face, high cheek-bones, a small, keen eye, and her stature somewhat the taller of the two. She was much affected at the separation, and I saw them in the *bureau* very close together in conversation, during which the lady appeared by words as well as looks and actions to exhibit an inconsolable and undisguiseable anguish and affection: while the sharer of her woes, to soothe her tears, seemed using all those affectionate and endearing ways so familiar to kind-hearted husbands. When the moment of starting arrived, they kissed each other two or three times—the good woman's eyes flowing faster and faster, and her high cheek-bones all bathed in the briny dew which she no longer felt the heart to wipe away. She

lingered a moment in his arms, and the scene began to grow interesting, when the "*allons, messieurs, en voiture*," of the *conducteur*, whose fiat in these matters is as imperative and pitiless as that of fate, cut short their parting pains, and the next moment we were rocking, plunging, and thundering along the pavements, the crack of the huge whip resounding above all the city roar.

Compassion for the connubial sadness of the bereaved husband, then drew my attention first to him. I soon perceived, however, that he stood in no need of sympathy. The buoyant pleasure, which had been kept down by the sight of his wife's sorrow, very soon began to betray itself in innumerable looks and actions. An expression settled upon his face, which appeared each moment about to break into a smile. I saw the inward pleasure rising to his eyes and lurking about his lips; and several times, when, by mere accident, our eyes met, he smiled outright, bowed and waved his hand with the air of a man altogether too happy to conceal it. His eyes passed around upon each object, with the pleasure of one just escaped from prison; so full was he of delight that every casual occurrence caused it to overflow in laughter. With all this his manner was so polite and gentlemanly, that I was certain at once he would prove the very *beau ideal* of a stage-coach companion. By his side was one of the Englishmen, and as much his antipodes as if they had been chosen to set each other off by the force of contrast. He was a comfortable-looking, comfortably-dressed, comfortably-fed man, with a fat, grave face, reminding you in a moment of beef and ale. He looked contented, too, but never smiled. His features had no change of expression whatever; if indeed they had any expression at all. He seemed not disinclined to talk in a plain, sensible way, and I soon discovered him to be one of that class, who without the remotest spark of humour or imagination, possess only a certain few subjects on which they can converse, who rather collect and utter the opinions of others than think themselves—who appear at first fools; after more acquaintance sensible men; and at last, when you have run them through their little wealth of borrowed wisdom, turn out to be fools again. He spoke about the soil, and what the country produced, how railroads and canals came on, what were the relative expenses of living in one place and another, and many similar standing themes of stage-coach discussion.

The third of this trio was a little, lean, restless, discontented fellow, dressed with an air of shabby gentility, without any shirt collar, and I verily believe without any shirt; his waistcoat buttoned carefully up to his throat, and his hair uncombed, and standing straight out from his forehead. He had a common, vulgar face, of an unquiet expression, and a small, sharp nose, bedaubed with snuff and tipped with red. He was shrewd and coarse in his manner and conversation, and at once assumed to be the dictator of our little party. His assertions were pronounced with an oracular emphasis, which seemed sufficient in his mind to settle any matter. He rarely smiled, and when he did, it was a short, accidental condescension, from which he recovered instantly. His snuff-box was continually in his hand. He talked much, seemed generally, but superficially informed, and spoke French fluently, which was the more fortunate, as the Frenchman had but a very slight understanding of English.

There is something in the imprisonment of a stage-coach, which drives the captives to the resources of their own minds; and, I believe, many who are but indifferent companions in a drawing-room, turn out comparatively sensible fellows in a diligence.

Travelling through the continent of Europe has been perpetually to me like being transferred a few centuries back in the history of the globe. I meet things every day which I have before only met in books or in paintings. Both moral and physical objects possess to me the same antique and pictorial aspect. In the armed and stern soldiers ever tramping around me, I view the representatives and relics of those armies which have overthrown empires and subjugated mankind. The very materials of history lie in piles—visible and striking piles—around me. People whom I have long heard of, familiarly cross me in the street. I converse with an agreeable stranger, and find him some author with whose mind I have been almost as familiar as with my own. Laws are in operation which I could not have credited; and most of all, perhaps, in the architecture a spirit of profound and solemn enchantment dwells.

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